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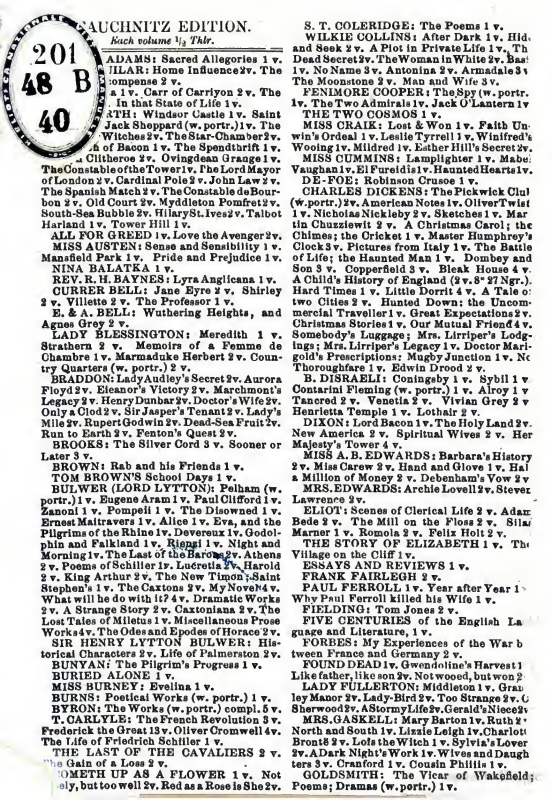
FREDERICK THE GREAT BY CARLYLE

VOL. 4.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: C. REINWALD & C^{re}, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES.

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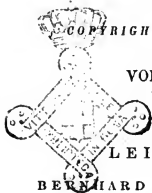


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HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.



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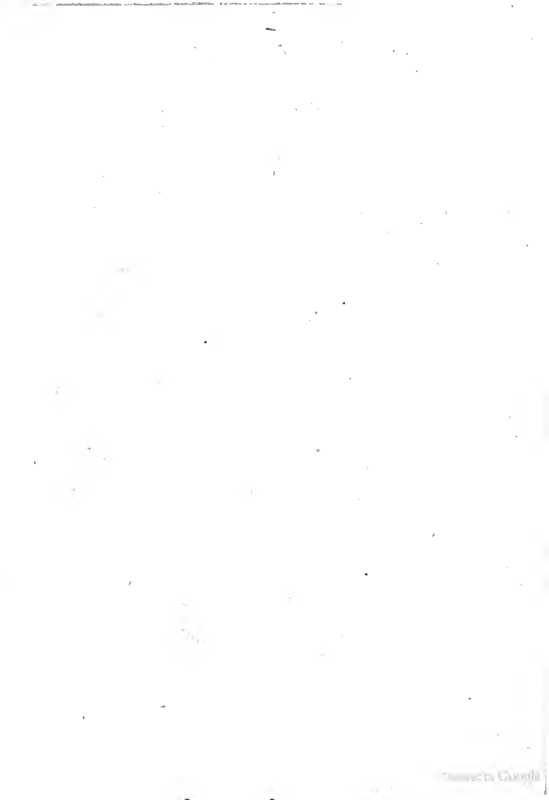


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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1858.

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BOOK VII.

FEARFUL SHIPWRECK OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

EXCELLENCY HOTHAM QUITS BERLIN IN HASTE.

WHILE the Camp at Radewitz is dissolving itself in this manner, in the last days of June, Captain Guy Dickens, the oracles at Windsor having given him their response as to Prince Friedrich's wild project, is getting under way for Berlin again, — whither also Hotham has returned, to wait for Dickens's arrival, and directly thereupon come home. Dickens is henceforth to do the British Diplomacy here, any Diplomacy there can well be; Dickens once installed, Hotham will, right gladly, wash his hands of this Negotiation, which he considers to be as good as dead for some good while past. First, however, he has one unexpected adventure to go through in Berlin; of most unexpected celebrity in the world: this once succinctly set forth, History will dismiss him to the shades of private life.

Guy Dickens, arriving we can guess about the 8th or 9th of July, brings two important Documents with him to Berlin. *First*, the English Response (in the

shape of "Instructions" to himself, which may be ostensible in the proper quarter,) in regard to the Crown-Prince's project of flight into England. Response which is no other than might have been expected in the circumstances: "Britannic Majesty sorry extremely for the "Crown-Prince's situation; ready to do anything in "reason to alleviate it. Better wait, however: Prussian "Majesty will surely perhaps relent a little: then also "the affairs of Europe are in a ticklish state. Better "wait. As to that of taking temporary refuge in France, "Britannic Majesty thinks that will require a mature "deliberation (*mûre délibération*). Not even time now "for inquiry of the French Court how they would take "it; which his Britannic Majesty thinks an indispensable "preliminary," — and so terminates. The meaning, we perceive, is in sum: "Hm, you won't, surely? Don't; at least Don't yet!" But Dryasdust, and any readers who have patience, can here take the Original Paper; which is written in French (or French of Stratford at the Bow), probably that the Crown-Prince, if needful, might himself read it, one of these days:

"*Monsieur Guy Dickens pourrait donner au Prince les assurances les plus fortes de la compassion que le Roi a du triste état où il se trouve, et du désir sincère de Sa Majesté de concourir par tout ce qui dépendra d'elle à l'en tirer. M. Guy Dickens pourrait lui communiquer en même tems les Instructions données à Monsieur Hotham*" (our Answer to the Outrageous propositions, which amounts to nothing, and may be spared the reader), "*et lui marquer qu'on avait lieu d'espérer que Sa Majesté Prussienne ne refuserait pas au moins de s'expliquer un peu*

*"plus en détail qu'elle n'a fait jusqu'ici. Qu'en attendant les
"suites que cette negociation pourrait avoir, Sa Majesté était
"d'avis que le Prince ferait bien de différer un peu l'exécution de
"son dessein connu: Que la situation où les affaires de l'Europe
"se trouvaient dans ce moment critique ne paraissait pas propre à
"l'exécution d'un dessein de cette nature: Que pour ce qui est de
"l'intention où le Prince a témoigné être, de se retirer en France,
"Sa Majesté croit qu'elle demande une mûre délibération, et que
"le peu de tems qui reste ne promet pas même qu'on puisse s'in-
"former de ce que la Cour de France pourrait penser là-dessus;
"dont Sa Majesté trouvait cependant absolument nécessaire des'as-
"surer, avant de pouvoir conseiller à un Prince qui lui est si cher
"de se retirer en ce pays là."**

This is Document *First*; of no concernment to Hotham at this stage; but only to us and our Crown-Prince. Document *Second* would at one time have much interested Hotham: it is no other than a Grumkow Original seized at St. Mary Axe, such as Hotham once solicited, "strong enough to break Grumkow's back." Hotham now scarcely hopes it will be "strong enough." No matter; he presents it as bidden. On introducing Dickens as successor, Monday, 10th July, he puts the Document into his Prussian Majesty's hand: and — the result was most unexpected! Here is Hotham's Despatch to Lord Harrington; which it will be our briefest method to give, with some minimum of needful explanation intercalated here and there:

* Prussian Despatches, vol. lxi. : No date or signature; bound up along with Harrington's Despatch, "Windsor, 20th June" (1st July) "1730," — on the morrow of which day we may fancy Captain Dickens took the road for Berlin again, — where we auspiciously see him on Monday, 10th July, probably a night or two after his arrival.

"To the Lord Harrington (from Sir Charles Hotham).

"Berlin, 30th June (11th July) 1730.

"My Lord, — Though the conduct of his Prussian Majesty
"has been such, for some time past, that one ought to be
"surprised at nothing he does, — it is nevertheless with great
"concern that I now have to acquaint your Lordship with an
"extravagancy of his which happened yesterday," Monday
10th July 1730.

"The King of Prussia had appointed me to be with him
"about noon, with Captain Guy Dickens" (who has just re-
turned from England on what secret message your Lordship
knows!). — "We both attended his Prussian Majesty, and I
"presented Captain Guy Dickens to him, who delivered his
"credentials: after which the King talked to us a quarter of
"an hour about indifferent matters. Seeing him in a very
"good humour, I took that opportunity of telling him, 'That
"as General Grumkow had denied his having held a Secret
"Correspondence with Reichenbach, or having written the
"Letters I had some time ago delivered to his Majesty, I
"was now ordered by the King my Master to put into his hands
"an Original Letter of General Grumkow'" —

— Where is that Original Letter? ask some minute
readers. Minute readers, the *ipsissimum corpus* of it is
lost to mankind. Official Copy of it lies safe here in
the State-Paper Office (Prussian Despatches, volume
xli.; without date of its own, but *near* a Despatch dated
20th June 1730); has, adjoined to it, an Autograph
jotting by George Second to the effect, "Yes, send it,"
and also some preliminary scribbles by Newcastle, to
the like purport. No date of its own, we say, though,

by internal evidence and light of *Fassmann*,* it is conclusively dateable, "Berlin, 20th May," if anybody cared to date it. The Letter mentions lightly that "pretended discovery" (the St. Mary Axe one, laid on the table of Tobacco-Parliament, 6th May or soon after), "innocent trifles all *I* wrote; hope you burnt them, nevertheless, according to promise: yours to me "I did burn as they came, and will defy the Devil to "produce;" brags of his Majesty's fine spirits; — and is, Jotting and all, as insignificant a Letter as any other portion of the "Rookery Colloquy," though its fate was a little more distinguished. Prussian Dryasdust is expected to give it in *Facsimile*, one day, — surely no British Under-Secretary will exercise an unwise discretion, and forbid him that small pleasure! —

"which was an undeniable proof of all the rest, and could not "but convince his Prussian Majesty of the truth of them." — Well?

"He took the Letter from me, cast his eye upon it; and "seeing it to be Grumkow's hand, said to me with all the "anger imaginable" (fancy the thunderburst!), "*Messieurs*, "*j'ai eu assez de ces choses là;*" "threw the Letter upon the "ground, and immediately turning his back went out of the "room, and shut the door upon us,"

— probably with a slam! And that is the naked truth concerning this celebrated Intercepted Letter. Majesty answered explosively, — his poor heart being in a burdened and grieved condition, not unlike growing a

* p. 404.

haunted one, — “I have had enough of that stuff before!” pitched the new specimen away, and stormily whirled out with a slam of the door. That he stamped with his foot, is guessable. That he “lifted his foot as if to kick the Hon. English Excellency,”* which the English Excellency never could have stood, but must have died on the spot, — of this, though several Books have copied it from Wilhelmina, there is no vestige of evidence: and the case is bad enough without this.

“Your Lordship will easily imagine that Captain Guy “Dickens and I were not a little astonished at this most extraordinary behaviour. I took up the Letter he had thrown “upon the floor” (*ipsissimum corpus* of it lost to mankind, last seen going into Hotham’s pocket in this manner); “and re-“turning home, immediately wrote one to his Prussian Ma-“jesty, of which a copy is here enclosed.” — Let us read that essential Piece: sound substance, in very stiff indifferent French of Stratford, — which may as well be made English at once:

“*To his Majesty the King of Prussia.*

“Sire, — It is with the liveliest grief that I find myself “under the necessity, — after what has passed today at the “audience I had of your Majesty, where I neither did nor said “anything in regard to that Letter of Monsieur Grumkow’s “or to putting it into your Majesty’s hands, that was not by “my Master’s order, — it is, I say, Sire, with the liveliest “grief that I am obliged to inform your Majesty of the neces-“sity there lies on me to despatch a Courier to London to ap-“prise the King my Master of an incident so surprising as the

* Wilhelmina, i. 228.

"one that has just happened. For which reason I beg (*supplic*)
"your Majesty will be pleased to cause the necessary Orders
"for Posthorses to be furnished me, not only for the said
"Courier, but also for myself, — since, after what has just
"happened, it is not proper for me to prolong my stay here
"(*faire un plus long séjour ici*).

"I have the honour to be, your Majesty's &c. &c. &c.

"CHARLES HOTHAM."

"About two hours afterwards, General Borek came to me;
"and told me He was in the utmost affliction for what had
"happened; and beseeched me to have a little patience, and
"that he hoped means would be found to make up the matter
"to me. Afterwards he communicated to me, by word of
"mouth, the Answer the King of Prussia had given to the
"last Orders I had received by Captain Guy Dickens," —
Orders, "Come home immediately," to which the "Answer"
is conceivable.

"I told him that after the treatment I had received at noon,
"and the affront put upon the King my Master's character, I
"could no longer receive nor charge myself with anything
"that came from his Prussian Majesty. That as to what re-
"lated to me personally, it was very easily made up; but
"having done nothing but in obedience to the King my Mas-
"ter's orders, it belonged to him only to judge what satis-
"faction was due for the indignity offered to his character.
"Wherefore I did not look upon myself as authorised to listen
"to any expedients till I knew his Majesty's pleasure upon the
"matter.

"In the evening, General Borek wrote a Letter to Captain
"Guy Dickens and two to me, the Copies of which are en-
"closed," — fear not, reader! "The purport of them was to
"desire That I would take no farther notice of what had hap-

"pened, and that the King of Prussia desired I would come
"and dine with him next day," — Engaged otherwise, your
Majesty, next day! "The answer to these Letters I also
"enclose to your Lordship," — reader not to be troubled with
it. "I excused myself from dining with the King of Prussia,
"not thinking myself at liberty to appear any more at Court
"till I received his Majesty's," my own King's, "commands;
"and told General Borek that I looked upon myself as in-
"dispensably obliged to acquaint the King my Master with
"everything that had passed, it being to no purpose to
"think of concealing it, since the thing was already become
"public, and would soon be known in all the Courts of Europe.

"This, my Lord, is the true state of this unaccountable
"accident. You will see, by General Borek's Letter, that
"the King of Prussia, being now returned to his senses, is
"himself convinced of the extravagancy of this proceeding;
"and was very desirous of having it concealed; — which was
"impossible; for the whole Town knew it an hour after it had
"happened.

"As to my own part, I am not a little concerned at this
"unfortunate incident. As it was impossible to foresee this
"fit of madness in the King of Prussia, there was no guarding
"against it; and after it had happened, I thought I could do
"no less than resent it in the manner I have done, — without
"prostituting the character with which the King has been
"pleased to honour me. I hope, however, this affair will be
"attended with no ill consequences: for the King of Prussia
"himself is at present so ashamed of his behaviour, that he
"says, He will order Count Degenfeld" (Graf von Degenfeld,
going at a leisurely pace to remove *Nosti* from his perch among
you)* "to hasten his journey to England, with orders to en-
"deavour to make up the affair immediately.

* Suprà, vol. III, p. 277.

"As I had already received the King's Orders, by Captain "Guy Dickens, To return home forthwith, I thought, after "what had happened, the sooner I left this place the better; "and the rather because it might be proper I should make a "report of it to his Majesty. I shall therefore set out a few "hours after this Messenger; and will make all the expedition "possible.

"The King of Prussia sets out for Anspach on Saturday "next," — 11th July is Tuesday, Saturday next will be 15th July, which proves correct.* "I am, with the utmost respect, "My Lord, Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble "servant,

"CHARLES HOTHAM."**

No sooner was the door slammed-to than his Majesty began to repent. At sight of the demand for Post-horses, he repented bitterly; sent Boreck to ask Hotham to dinner, with what success we have seen. Sent Boreck to negotiate, to correspond, to consult with Dickens, to do his utmost in pacifying Hotham All which Correspondence exists, but is not worth giving. Boreck's remonstrances are in rugged soldier-like style, full of earnestness and friendliness. Do not wreck, upon trifles, a noble interest we have in common; King is jealous about foreign interference with his Ministers, but meant nothing; I tell you it is nothing! — Hotham is polite, good-tempered; but remains inflexible: With myself, on my own score, it were soon settled, or is already settled; but with the King my Master, — no

* Passmann, p. 410.

** State-Paper Office: Prussian Despatches, vol. xli.

expedient but post-horses! The Diplomatist world of Berlin is in a fuss; Queen Sophie and "the Minister of Denmark," with other friendly Ministers, how busy! "All day," this day and the next, "they spent in comings and goings;"* advising Hotham to relent: Hotham could not relent. The Crown-Prince himself writes, urged by message from his Mother; Crown-Prince sends Katte off from Potsdam with this Billet** (if this be a correct copy to translate from):

"To his Excellency Monsieur the Chevalier Hotham.

Potsdam, 11th July 1730.

"Monsieur, — Having learned by M. de Leuvenier," the Danish Minister, a judicious well-affected man, "what the "King my Father's ultimate intentions are, I cannot doubt "but you will yield to his desires. Think, Monsieur, that my "happiness and my Sister's depend on the resolution you shall "take, and that your answer will mean the union or the dis- "union forever of the two Houses! I flatter myself that it "will be favourable, and that you will yield to my entreaties. "I never shall forget such a service, but recognise it all my "life by the most perfect esteem," with which I now am, *Tout à vous,*
"FRÉDÉRIC."

This Billet Katte delivers; but to this also Hotham remains inexorable; polite, hopeful even: No harm will come; Degenfeld will go, I myself will help when at home; but for the present, no resource but post-horses! Which they at last yield him, the very post-horses ready to weep.

* Wilhelmina, i. 229, 230.

** Ib. i. 230.

And so Hotham, spirited judicious English gentleman, rolls off homewards,* a few hours after his Courier, — and retires honourably into the shades of private life, steady there thenceforth. He has not been successful in Berlin: surely his Negotiation is now *out* in all manner of senses! Long ago (to use our former ignoble figure) he had “laid down the bellows, though there was still smoke traceable:” but now, by this Grumkow Letter, he has, as it were, struck the *poker* through the business; and that dangerous manœuvre, not proving successful, has been fatal and final! Queen Sophie and certain others may still flatter themselves; but it is evident the Negotiation is at last complete. What may lie in Flight to England and rash desperate measures, which Queen Sophie trembles to think of, we do not know: but by regular negotiation this thing can never be.

It is darkly apprehended the Crown-Prince still meditates Flight; the maternal heart and Wilhelmina’s are grieved to see Lieutenant Katte so much in his confidence, — could wish him a wiser counsellor in such predicaments and emergencies! Katte is greatly flattered by the Prince’s confidence; even brags of it in society, with his foolish loose tongue. Poor youth, he is of dissolute ways; has plenty of “unwise intellect,” little of the “wise” kind; and is still under the years of discretion. Towards Wilhelmina there is traceable in him something, — something as of almost

* “Wednesday,” 12th (Dickens).

loving a bright particular star, or of thrice-privately worshipping it for his own behoof. And Wilhelmina, during the late Radewitz time, when Mamma "gave four Apartments (or Royal Soirees) weekly," was severe upon him, and inaccessible in these Court Soirees. A rash young fool; carries a loose tongue: — still worse, has a Miniature, recognisable as Wilhelmina; and would not give it up, either for the Queen's Majesty or me! — "Thousand and thousand pardons, High Ladies both; my loose tongue shall be locked: but these two Miniatures, the Prince and Princess Royal, I copied them from two the Prince had lent me and has got back, ask me not for these; — never, oh, I cannot ever!" — Upon which Wilhelmina had to take a high attitude, and pass him speechless in the Soirees. The foolish fellow: — and yet one is not heartily angry either; only reserved in the Soirees; and anxious about one's Brother in such hands.

Friedrich Wilhelm repents much that Hotham explosion; is heard saying that he will not again treat in person with any Envoy from foreign parts, being of too hot temper, but will leave his Ministers to do it.* To Queen Sophie he says coldly, "Wilhelmina's marriage, then, is off; an end to it. Abbess of Herford" (good Protestant refuge for unprovided Females of Quality, which is in our gift), "let her be Abbess there;" — and writes to the then extant Abbess to make Wilhelmina "Coadjutress," or Heir-Apparent to that Chief-Nunship! Nay what is still more mortifying,

* Dickens's Despatch, Berlin, 22d July (n. s.) 1730.

my Brother says, "On the whole I had better, had not I?" The cruel Brother; but indeed the desperate! — For things are mounting to a pitch in this Household.

Queen Sophie's thoughts, — they are not yet of surrender; that they will never be, while a breath of life is left to Queen Sophie and her Project: we may fancy Queen Sophie's mood. Nor can his Majesty be in a sweet temper; his vexations lately have been many. First, England is now off, not off-and-on as formerly: that comfortable possibility, hanging always in one's thoughts, is fairly gone; and now we have nothing but the Kaiser to depend on for Jülich and Berg, and the other elements of our salvation in this world! Then the St. Mary Axe discoveries, harassing shadows of suspicion that will rise from them, and the unseemly Hotham catastrophe and one's own blame in it; Womankind and Household still virtually rebellious, and all things going awry: Majesty is in the worst humour; — bullies and outrages his poor Crown-Prince almost worse than ever. There have been rattan-showers, hideous to think of, descending this very week,* on the fine head, and far into the high heart of a Royal Young Man; who cannot, in the name of manhood, endure, and must not, in the name of sonhood, resist, and vainly calls to all the gods to teach him *what* he shall do in this intolerable inextricable state of matters.

* Guy Dickens's Despatch, 18th July 1730.

Fate and these Two Black-Artists have driven Friedrich Wilhelm nearly mad; and he, in turn, is driving everybody so. He more than suspects Friedrich of an intention to fly; which is horrible to Friedrich Wilhelm: and yet he bullies him occasionally, as a spiritless wretch, for bearing such treatment. "Cannot you renounce the Heir-Apparentship, then; your little Brother is a fine youth. Give it up; and go, unmolested, to the — in fact to the Devil: Cannot you?" — "If your Majesty, against the honour of my Mother, declare that I am not your eldest son: Yes, so; not otherwise, ever!" modestly but steadily persists the young man, whenever this expedient is proposed to him, — as perhaps it already sometimes is. Whereat the desperate Father can only snort indignantly futile. A case growing nearly desperate. Desperate, yes, on all hands: unless one had the "high mast" above alluded to, with two pulleys and ropes; and could see a certain Pair of Scoundrels mount rapidly thither, what hope is there for anybody? A violent crisis does not last, however; that is one certainty in it. Either these agonistic human beings, young and old, will all die, all go to Bedlam, with their intolerable woes; or else something of explosive nature will take place among them. The maddest boil, unless it kill you with its torments, does at length burst, and become an abscess.

Of course Captain Dickens, the instant Hotham was gone, hastened privily to see the Crown-Prince; saw Katte and him "at the Gate of the Potsdam Palace at

midnight,"* or in some other less romantic way; — read him the Windsor Paper of "*Instructions*" known to us; and preached from that text. No definite countenance from England, the reverse rather, your Highness sees; — how can there be? Give it up, your Highness; at least delay it! — Crown-Prince does not give it up a whit; whether he delays it, we shall see.

A busy week for the Crown-Prince and Katte, this of the Hotham Catastrophe; who have many consultations, the Journey to Anspach being on Saturday next! Crown-Prince has given him in keeping a writing-case with private letters; 1,000 ducats of money, money raised by loan, by picking jewels off some miniatures of honour, and the like sore methods. Katte has his very coat, a gray topcoat or travelling roquelaure, in keeping; — and their schemes are many. Off we must and will be, by some opportunity. Could not Katte get a "Recruiting Furlough," leave to go into the *Reich* on that score; and join one there? Lieutenant Keith is at Wesel; ready, always ready. Into France, into Holland, England? If the English would not, there is war to be in Italy, say all the Newspapers: why not a campaign as Volunteers in Italy, till we saw how matters went? Anything and all things are preferable to ignominy like this. No dog could endure it! —

* *Wilhelmina*; Ranke, i. 301.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO THE REICH.

ON Saturday the 15th July 1730, early in the morning as his wont was, Friedrich Wilhelm, with a small train of official military persons, rolled off from Potsdam, towards Leipzig, on that same journey of his, towards Anspach and the *Reich*. To Anspach, to see our poor young Daughter, lately married there; therefrom we can have a run into the Reich, according to circumstances. In this wide route there lie many Courts and scenes, which it might behove us to look into; Courts needing to be encouraged to stand for the Kaiser's rights, against those English, French and intrusive Foreigners of the Seville Treaty. We may hope at least to ease our own heavy mind, and have the chaff somewhat blown out of it, by this rushing through the open atmosphere. — Such, so far as I can gather, were Friedrich Wilhelm's objects in this Journey; which turned out to be a more celebrated one than he expected. The authentic records of it are slight, the rumours about it have been many.* After painful sifting through mountains of dust and ashes for

* Förster (lii. 1-11) contains Seckendorf's Narrative, as sent to Vienna; Preuss (iv. 470), a Prussian *Relatio ex Actis*: these are the only two original pieces which I have seen; Excerpts of others (correct doubtless, but not in a very distinct condition) occur in Ranke, i. 294-340.

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a poor cinder of a fact here and there, our duty is, to tell the English reader, one good time, what certainties, or available cinders, have anywhere turned up.

Crown Prince Friedrich, it has been decided, after some consultation, shall go with his Majesty. Better he go with us, to be under our own eyes, lest he run away, or do other mischief. Old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep a strict watch over him, one of them at least to be always by him. Old General Buddenbrock, a grim but human old military gentleman, who has been in all manner of wars: he fought at Steenkirk even, and in the Siege of Namur, under Dutch William; stood, through Malplaquet and much else, under Marlborough; did the Siege of Stralsund too, and descent on Rügen there, which was not his first acquaintance with Karl of Sweden; and is a favourite old friend of Friedrich Wilhelm's. A good old gentleman, though very strict; now hard on sixty. He is chief of the Three.

Old Waldau, not younger, though still only Colonel of Horse, likewise celebrates the Malplaquet anniversary; a Pomeranian man, and silent smoker in the Tabagie, well seen by the master there. To these two elderly authorities, Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow, still only about forty, and probably sharper of eye, is adjoined as active partner. I conclude, the Prince and Buddenbrock ride face forward; Buddenbrock can tell him about so many things, if he is conversible: about

Dutch William; about Charles XII., whose Polish fights he witnessed, as an envoy from Berlin, long ago. A Colonel Kröcher, I find, is general manager of the Journey: — and it does not escape notice that Friedrich, probably out of youthful curiosity, seems always very anxious to know, to the uttermost settled point, where our future stages are to be. His Royal Highness laid-in a fair stock of District Maps, especially of the Rhine Countries, at Leipzig, too;* and is assiduous in studying them, — evidently very desirous to know the face of Germany, the Rhine Countries in particular?

Potsdam, Wittenberg, Leipzig, the wheels rush rapidly on, stage succeeding stage; and early in the afternoon we are at Leipzig, — never looking out at Luther's vestiges, or Karl V.'s, or thinking about Luther, which thou and I, good English reader, would surely have done, in crossing Wittenberg and the birthplace of Protestantism. At Leipzig we were thinking to have dined. At the Peter's Gate there, — where at least fresh horses are, and a topographic Crown-Prince can send hastily to buy maps, — a General Hopfgarten, Commandant of the Town, is out with the military honours; he has, as we privately know, an excellent dinner ready in the Pleissenburg Fortress yonder,** — but he compliments to a dreadful extent! Harangues and compliments in no end of florid inflated tautologic ornamental balderdash; repeating and again repeating, What a never-imagined honour it is; in par-

* Förster, lil. 2.

** Fassmann, p. 410.

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ticular saying three times over, How the Majesty of Saxony, King August, had he known, would have wished for wings to fly hither; and bowing to the very ground, "as if, in the Polish manner, he wished to clasp your feet," said Friedrich Wilhelm afterwards. I can fancy Friedrich Wilhelm somewhat startled! How, at the first mention of this idea of big August, with his lame foot, taking wing, and coming like a gigantic partridge, with lame foot and cocked hat, Friedrich Wilhelm grinned. How at the second mention, and Polish threat of your feet, Friedrich Wilhelm, who hates all lies, and cares not for salutations in the market-place, jerks himself impatiently and saves his feet. At the third mention, clear it is, Friedrich Wilhelm utters the word, "*Anspannen*, Horses!" — and in very truth takes to the road again; hungry indeed, but still angrier; leaving Hopfgarten bent into the shape of a parabola, and his grand dinner cooling futile, in what tragic humour we can imagine. Why has no Prussian Painter done that scene? Let another Chodowiecky, when another comes, try whether he cannot.*

Friedrich Wilhelm regretted the dinner, regretted to hurt the good man's feelings; but could stand it no longer. He rushes off for Meuselwitz, where Seckendorf, with at least silence, and some cold collation instead of dinner, is awaiting him. Twenty miles off is Meuselwitz; up the flat valley of the Pleisse River, towards Altenburg: through a region memorable, were we not so hungry. Famed fights have had their arena

* Fassmann, p. 411.

here; Lützen, the top of its church-steeple visible on your right, it is there where the great Gustavus fell two hundred years ago: on that wide champaign, a kind of Bullring of the Nations, how many fights have been, and will be! Altenburg one does not see tonight: happy were we but at Meuselwitz, a few miles nearer, and had seen what dinner the old Feldzeugmeister has.

Dinner enough, we need not doubt. The old Feldzeugmeister has a big fine Schloss at Meuselwitz; his by unexpected inheritance; with uncommonly fine gardens; — with a good old Wife, moreover, blithe though childless; — and he is capable of “lighting more than one candle” when a King comes to visit him. Doubtless the man hurls his thrift into abeyance; and blazes out with conspicuous splendour, on this occasion. A beautiful Castle indeed, this Meuselwitz of his; the towers of Altenburg visible in the distance: Altenburg, where Kunz von Kauffungen stole the two little Princes, centuries ago; — where we do not mean to pause at this time. On the morrow morning, — unless they chose to stay over Sunday, which I cannot affirm or deny, — Seckendorf also has made his packages; and joins himself to Friedrich Wilhelm’s august travelling party. Doing here a portion of the long space (length of the Terrestrial Equator in all) which he is fated to accomplish in the way of riding with that Monarch.

From Meuselwitz; through Altenburg, Gera, Saalfeld, to Coburg, is our next day’s journey. Up one

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fork of the Leipzig Pleisse, then across the Leipzig Elster, these streams now dwindling to brooks; leading us up to the watershed, or central Hill countries between the Mayn and Saale Rivers; where the same shower will run partly, on this hand, northward, by the Elster, Pleisse or other labyrinthic course, into the Saale, into the Elbe; and partly, on the other hand, will flow southward into the Mayn; and so, after endless windings in the Fir Mountains (*Fichtel-Gebirge*), get by Frankfurt into the Rhine at Maintz. Mayn takes the south end of your shower; Saale takes the north, — or farther east yonder, shower will roll down into the same grand Elbe-river by the Mulde (over which the Old Dessauer is minded to build a new stone bridge; Wallenstein and others, as well as Time, have ruined many bridges there). That is the line of the primeval mountains, and their ever-flowing rain-courses, in those parts.

At Gera, dim old Town, — does not your Royal Highness well know the “Gera Bond (*Geraische Vertrag*)”? Duhan did not forget to inform you of that? It is the corner-stone of the House of Brandenburg’s advancement in the world. Here, by your august ancestors, the Law of Primogeniture was settled, and much rubbish was annihilated in the House of Brandenburg: Eldest Son always to inherit the Electorate unbroken; after Anspach and Baireuth no more apages, upon any cause or pretext whatsoever; and these themselves to lapse irrevocable to the main or Electoral House, should they ever fall vacant again. Fine fruit



of the decisive sense that was in the Hohenzollerns; of their fine talent for annihilating rubbish, — which feat, if a man can do it, and keep doing it, will more than most others accelerate his course in this world. It was in this dim old Town of Gera, in the Year 1598, by him that had the twenty-three children, that the "*Gera Bond*" was brought to parchment. But indeed it was intrinsically only a renewal, more solemnly sanctioned, of Albert Achilles's *Haus-Ordnung* (House-Order), done in 1478, above a century earlier. —

But see, we are under way again. His Prussian Majesty rushes forward without pause; will stop nowhere, except where business demands: no Majesty of his day travels at such a speed. Orlamünde an hour hence, — your Royal Highness has heard of Orlamünde and its famed Counts of a thousand years back, when Kaiser Redbeard was in the world, and the Junior Hohenzollern, tired of hawking, came down from the Hills to him? Orlamünde (*Orla-mouth*) is not far off, on our right; and this itself is the Orla; this pleasant streamlet we are now quitting, which has borne us company for some time: this too will get into the Saale, and be at Magdeburg, quite beyond the Dessauer's Bridge, early tomorrow. Ha, here at last is Saalfeld, Town and Schloss, and the incipient Saale itself: his Serene Highness Saalfeld-Coburg's little *Residenz*; — probably his Majesty will call on him, in passing? I have no doubt he does; and transacts the civilities needful.

Christian Ernst, whose Schloss this is, a gentleman

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of his Majesty's age (born 1683), married an amiable *Fräulein* not of quality, whom indeed the Kaiser has ennobled: he lives here, — I think, courting the shade rather; and rules conjointly with his younger Brother, or Half-Brother, Franz Josias, who resides at Coburg. Dukes of Saalfeld-Coburg, such is their style, and in good part their possession; though, it is well known to this travelling party and the world, there has been a Lawsuit about Coburg this half-century and more; and though somewhere about 200 "*Conclusa*,"* or Decrees of Aulic Council, have been given in favour of the Saalfelders, their rivals of Meiningen never end. Nor will end yet, for five years more to come; till, in 1735, "206 *Conclusa* being given," they do end, and leave the Saalfelders in peaceable possession; who continue so ever since to this day.** How long his Majesty paused in that Schloss of Saalfeld, or what he there did, or what he spake, — except perhaps encourage Christian Ernst to stand by a Kaiser's Majesty against these French insolences, and the native German, Spanish, English derelictions of duty, — we are left to the vaguest guess of fancy. And must get on to Coburg for the night.

At Coburg, in its snug valley, under the *Festung* or Hill Castle, — where Martin Luther sat solitary during the Diet of Augsburg (Diet known to us, our old friend Margraf George of Anspach hypothetically

* Michaelis, l. 524, 518; Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 2464; Certe!, t. 74; Hübner, t. 166.

** Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, iv. § *Prinzenraub*.

"laying his head on the block" there, and the great Kaiser, Karl V., practically burning daylight, with pitiable spilling of wax, in the *Corpus-Christi* procession there),* where Martin Luther sat solitary, and wrote that celebrated Letter about "Crows holding *their* Parliament all round," and how "the Pillars of the world were never seen by any body, and yet the world is held up, in these dumb continents of space;" — at Coburg, we will not doubt, his Majesty found Franz Josias at home, and illuminated to receive him. Franz Josias, a hearty man of thirty-five, he too will stand by the Kaiser in these coming storms? With a weak contingent truly, perhaps some score or two of fighters: but many a little makes a mickle! — I remark, however, two points, of a merely genealogical nature. First, that Franz Josias has, or rather is going to have, a younger Son,** who in some sixty years hence will become dreadfully celebrated in the streets of Paris, as "Austrian Coburg." The Austrian Coburg of Robespierre and Company. An immeasurable terror and portent, — not much harm in him, either, when he actually comes, with nothing but the Duke of York and Dunkirk for accompaniment, — to those revolutionary French of 1792-4. This is point *first*. Point *second* is perhaps still more interesting; this namely: That Franz Josias has an Eldest Son (boy of six when Friedrich Wilhelm makes his visit), — a GRANDSON'S GRANDSON of whom is, at this day, Prince of Wales

* Antea, vol. i. p. 281.

** Friedrich Josias: 1737-1815.

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among the English People, and to me a subject of intense reflection now and then! —

From Coburg, Friedrich Wilhelm, after pause again unknown, rushed on to Bamberg; new scenes and ever new opening on the eyes of our young Hero and his Papa. The course is down the valley of the Itz, one of the many little valleys in the big slope of the Rodach; for the waters are now turned, and all streams and brooks are gurgling incessantly towards the Mayn. Towards Frankfurt, Maintz, and the Rhine, — far enough from the Saale, Mulde, or the Old Dessauer's Bridge today; towards Rotterdam and the uttermost Dutch swamps today. Near upon Bamberg we cross the Mayn itself; Red Mayn and White conjoined, coming from Culmbach and Baireuth, — mark that, your Highness. A country of pleasant hills and vines: and in an hour hence, through thick fir-woods, — each side of your road horribly decked with gibbeted thieves swinging aloft,* — you arrive at Bamberg, chief of Bishoprics, the venerable town; whose Bishop, famous in old times, is like an Archbishop, and "gets his pal-lium direct from the Pope," — much good may it do him. "Is bound, however, to give up his Territory, if "the Kaiser elected is landless," — far enough from likely now. And so you are at last fairly in the Mayn Valley; River Mayn itself a little step to north; — long course and many wide windings between you and

* Pöllnitz: *Memoirs and Letters* (English Translation, London, 1745), i. 209. Let me say again, this is a different Book from the "*Memoirs of Pöllnitz*;" and a still different from the *Memoiren*, or "*Memoirs of Brandenburg by Pöllnitz*:" such the excellence of nomenclature in that old fool!

Maintz or Frankfurt, not to speak of Rotterdam, and the ultimate Dutch swamps.

At Bamberg why should a Prussian Majesty linger, except for picturesque or for mere baiting purposes? At Bamberg are 'certain fat Catholic Canons, in indolent, opulent circumstances; and a couple of sublime Palaces, without any Bishop in them at present. Nor indeed does one much want Papist Bishops, wherever they get their pallium; of them as well keep to windward! thinks his Majesty. And indeed there is no Bishop here. The present Bishop of Bamberg, Cardinal Sinzendorf by name, is a Kaiser's Minister of State; lives at Vienna, enveloped in red tape, as well as red hat and stockings; and needs no exhortation in the Kaiser's favour. Let us yoke again, and go. — Fir-woods all round, and dead malefactors blackening in the wind: this latter point I know of the then Bamberg; and have explanation of it. Namely, that the Cardinal-Bishop, though a humane Catholic, is obliged to act so. His small Domain borders on some six or seven bigger sovereignties; and, being Ecclesiastical, is made a cesspool to the neighbouring scoundrelism; which state of things this Cardinal has said shall cease. Young Friedrich may look, therefore, and old Friedrich Wilhelm and Suite; and make of it what they can.

"Bamberg, through Erlangen, to Nürnberg:" so runs the way. At Erlangen there loiters now, recruiting, a certain Rittmeister von Katte, cousin to our Potsdam Lieutenant and confidant; to him this transit of the Majesty and Crown-Prince must be an event

like few, in that stagnant place. French Refugees are in Erlangen, busy building new straight streets; no University as yet; — nay a high Dowager of Baireuth is in it, somewhat exuberant Lady (friend Weissenfels's Sister), on whom Friedrich Wilhelm must call in passing. This high Widow of Baireuth is not Mother of the present Heir-Apparent there, who will wed our Wilhelmina one day: — ah no, his Mother was "*divorced* for weighty reasons;"* and his Father yet lives, in the single state; a comparatively prosperous gentleman these four years last past; Successor, since four years past, of this Lady's Husband, who was his Cousin-german. Dreadfully poor before that, the present Margraf of Baireuth, as we once explained; but now things are looking up with him again, some jingle of money heard in the coffers of the man; and his eldest Prince, a fine young fellow, only apt to stammer a little when agitated, is at present doing the return part of the Grand Tour, — coming home by Geneva, they say.

Rittmeister von Katte, I doubt not, witnesses this transit of the incognito Majesty, this call upon the exuberant Dowager; but can have little to say to it, he. I hope he is getting tall recruits here in the Reich; that will be the useful point for him. He is our Lieutenant Katte's Cousin, an elder and wiser man than the Lieutenant. A Reichsgraf's and Field-marshal's nephew, he ought to get advanced in his profession; — and can hope to do so when he has deserved it, not sooner at all, in that thrice-fortunate Country. Let the

* Hübner, t. 181.

Rittmeister here keep himself well apart from what is not his business, and look out for tall men.

Bamberg is halfway-house between Coburg and Nürnberg: whole distance of Coburg and Nürnberg, — say a hundred and odd miles, — is only a fair day's driving for a rapid King. And at Nürnberg, surely, we must lodge for a night and portion of a day, if not for more. On the morrow, it is but a thirty-five miles drive to Anspach; pleasant in the summer evening, after all the sights in this old Nürnberg, "city of the Noricans, (*Noricorum Burgum*)." Trading Staple of the German world in old days; Toyshop of the German world in these new. Albert Dürer's and Hans Sachs's City, — mortals infinitely indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm. But is it not the seed-ground of the Hohenzollerns, this Nürnberg, memorable above cities to a Prussian Majesty? Yes, there in that old white Castle, now very peaceable, they dwelt; considerably liable to bickerings and mutinous heats; and needed all their skill and strength to keep matters straight. It is now upon Seven-Hundred years since the Cadet of Hohenzollern gave his hawk the slip, patted his dog for the last time, and came down from the Rough-Alp countries hitherward. And found favour, not unmerited I fancy, with the great Kaiser Redbeard, and the fair Heiress of the Vohburgs; and in fact, with the Earth and with the Heavens, in some degree. A loyal, clever and gallant kind of young fellow, if your Majesty will think? Much has grown and waned since that time: but the Hohenzollerns, ever since, are on the waxing hand; — unless

this accursed Treaty of Seville and these English Matches put a stop to them?

Alas, it is not likely Friedrich Wilhelm, in the hurry and grating whirl of things, had many poetic thoughts in him, or pious auroral memories from the Past Ages, instead of grumbly dusty provocations from the present, — his feeling, haste mainly, and need of getting through! The very Crown-Prince, I should guess, was as good as indifferent to this antique Cadet of the Hohenzollerns; and looked on Nürnberg and the old white Castle with little but *ennui*: the Princess of England, and black cares on her beautiful account and his own, possess him too exclusively. But in truth we do not even know what day they arrived or departed; much less what they did or felt in that old City. We know only that the pleasant little Town of Anspach, with its huge unfinished *Schloss*, lay five-and-thirty miles away; and that thither was the next and quasi-final bit of driving. Southwestward thirty-five miles; through fine summer hills and dales; climbing always, gently, on the southward hand; still drained by the Mayn River, by the Regnitz and other tributaries of the Mayn: — half-way is Heilsbronn,* with its old Monastery; where the bones of our Hohenzollern Forefathers rest, and Albert Achilles's "skull, with no sutures visible." On the gloomy Church-walls their

* Not Heilsbronn, the well-known, much larger Town, in Würtemberg, 80 or 100 miles to westward. Both names (which are applied to still other places) signify *Health-Well*, or even *Holy-Well*, — these two words, *Healthy* and *Holy*, being the same in old Teutonic speech.

memorials are still legible: as for the Monastery itself, Margraf George our memorable Reformation friend, abolished that, — purged the monks away, and put Schoolmasters in their stead; who were long of good renown in those parts, but have since gone to Erlangen, so to speak. The July sunset streaming over those old spires of Heilsbronn might awaken thoughts in a Prussian Majesty, were he not in such haste.

At Anspach, what a thrice-hospitable youthfully joyful welcome from the young married couple there. Margravine Friderika is still not quite sixteen; "beautiful as Day," and rather foolish: fancy her joy at sight of Papa's Majesty and Brother Fritz; and how she dances about, and perhaps bakes "pastries of the finest Anspach flour." Ah, *did* you send me Berlin sausages, then, you untrue Papa? Well, I will bake for you, won't I; — Sarah herself not more loyally (whom we read of in *Genesis*), that time the Angels entered *her* tent in a hungry condition! —

Anspach, as we hint, has an unfinished Palace, of a size that might better beseem Paris or London; Palace begun by former Margravs, left off once and again for want of cash; stands there as a sad monument of several things; — the young family living meanwhile in some solid comfortable wing, or adjacent edifice, of natural dimensions. They are so young, as we say, and not too wise. By and by they had a son, and then a second son; which latter came to manhood, to old age; and made some noise in the foolish parts of the Newspapers, — winding up finally at Hammersmith,

as we often explain; — and was the last of the Anspach-Baireuth Margraves. I have heard farther that Friderika did not want for temper, as the Hohenzollerns seldom do; that her Husband likewise had his own stock of it, rather scant of wisdom withal; and that their life was not quite symphonious always, — especially cash being short. The Dowager Margravine, Markgraf's Mother, had governed with great prudence during her Son's long minority. I think she is now, since the marriage, gone to reside at her *Wittwensitz* (Dowager-Seat) of Feuchtwang (twenty miles southwest of us); but may have come up to welcome the Majesties into these parts. Very beautiful, I hear; still almost young and charming, though there is a mortal malady upon her, which she knows of.* Here are certain Seckendorfs too, this is the Feldzeugmeister's native country; — and there are resources for a Royal Travelling-Party. How long the Royal Party staid at Anspach I do not know; nor what they did there, — except that Crown-Prince Friedrich is said to have privately asked the young Margraf to lend him a pair of riding horses, and say nothing of it; who, suspecting something wrong, was obliged to make protestations and refuse.

As to the Crown-Prince, there is no doubt but here at last things are actually coming to a crisis with him. To say truth, it has been the young man's fixed purpose ever since he entered on this Journey, nay was

* Pöllnitz: *Memoirs and Letters*, i. 209 (date 29th September 1729; — needs watching before believing).

ever since that ignominy in the Camp of Radewitz, to run away; — and indeed all this while he has measures going on with Katte at Berlin of the now-or-never sort. Rash young creatures, neither of them twenty yet; not good at contriving measures. But what then? Human nature cannot stand this always; and it is time there were an end of deliberating. Can we ever have such a chance again? — What I find of certain concerning Friedrich while at Anspach is, That there comes by way of Erlangen, guided forward from that place by the Rittmeister von Katte, a certain messenger and message, which proved of deep importance to his Royal Highness. The messenger was Lieutenant Katte's servant; who has come express from Berlin hither. He inquired, on the road, as he was bidden, at Erlangen, of Master's Cousin, the experienced Rittmeister, Where his Royal Highness at present was, that he might deliver a Letter to him? The Master's Cousin, who answered naturally, "At Anspach," knew nothing, and naturally could get to know nothing, of what the message in this Letter was. But he judged, from cross-questionings, added to dim whispering rumours he had heard, that it was questionable, probably in an extreme degree. Wherefore, along with his Cousin the Lieutenant's messenger to Anspach, the Rittmeister forwarded a Note of his own to Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow, of this purport, "As a friend, I warn you, have a watchful eye on your high charge!" — and, for his own share, determined to let nothing escape him in his corner of the matter. This Note to Rochow, and the Berlin Letter for the Crown-

15th-31st July 1730.

Prince reach Anspach by the same hand; Lieutenant Katte's express, conscious of nothing, delivering them both. Rochow and the Rittmeister, though the poor Prince does not know it, are broad awake to all movements he and the rash Lieutenant may make.

Lieutenant Katte, in this Letter now arrived, complains: "That he never yet can get recruiting furlough; whether it be by accident, or that Rochow has given my Colonel a hint, no furlough yet to be had: will, at worst, come without furlough and in spite of all men and things, whenever wanted. Only — Wesel still, if I might advise!" This is the substance of Katte's message by express. Date must be the end of July 1730; but neither date nor Letter is now anywhere producible, except from Hearsay.

Deeply pondering these things, what shall the poor Prince do? From Canstatt, close by Stuttgart, a Town on our homeward route, — from Canstatt, where Katte was to "appear in disguise," had the furlough been got, one might have slept away across the Hills. It is but eighty miles to Strasburg, through the Kniebiss Pass, where the Murg, the Kinzig, and the intricate winding mountain streams and valleys start Rhine-ward: a labyrinthic rock-and-forest country, where pursuit or tracking were impossible. Near by Strasburg is Count Rothenburg's Chateau; good Rothenburg, long Minister in Berlin, — who saw those *Profösse*, or Scavenger-Executioners in French costume long since, and was always good to me: — might not that be a method? Lieutenant Keith indeed is in Wesel, waiting only a signal. Sup-

pose he went to the Hague, and took soundings there what welcome we should have? No, not till we have actually run; beware of making noise! — The poor Prince is in unutterable perplexity; can only answer Katte by that Messenger of his, to the effect (date and Letter burnt like the former): “Doubt is on every hand; “doubt, — and yet *certainty*. Will write again before “undertaking anything.”

And there is no question he did write again; more than once: letters by the post, which his faithful Lieutenant Katte in Berlin received; one of which, however, stuck on the road; and this one, — by some industry of postmasters spirited into vigilance, as is likeliest, though others say by mere misaddressing, by “want of *Berlin* on the address,” — fell into the hands of vigilant *Rittmeister* Katte at Erlangen. Who grew pale in reading it, and had to resolve on a painful thing! This was, I suppose, among the last Letters of the series; and must have been dated, as I guess, about the 29th of July 1730; but they are now all burnt, huddled rapidly into annihilation, and one cannot say! —

Certain it is that the Royal Travelling Party left Anspach in a few days, to go, southward still, “by the Cettingen Country towards Augsburg.”* Feuchtwang (*Wet* Wang, not *Dürrwang* or *Dry* Wang) is the first stage; here lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach: here the Prince does some inconceivably small fault, “lets a knife, which he is handing to or from the Serene

* Fassmann, p. 410.

Lady, fall,"* who, as she is weak, may suffer by the jingle; for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish Rebellion, — to the silent despair of the poor Prince. The poor Prince meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them strictly to himself.

Doubtless the Buddenbrock Trio, good old military gentlemen, would endeavour to speak comfort to him, when they were on the road again. Here is Nördlingen, your Highness, where Bernhard of Weimar, for his overhaste, got so beaten in the Thirty-Years War; would not wait till the Swedes were rightly gathered: what general, if he have reinforcement at hand, would not wait for it? The waters now, you observe, run all into the Wörnitz, into the Donau: it is a famed war country this; known to me well in my young Eugene-Marlborough days! — "Hm, Ha, yes!" For the Prince is preoccupied with black cares; and thinks Blenheim and the Schellenberg businesses befel long since, and were perhaps simple to what he has now on hand. That Feuchtwang scene, it would appear, has brought him to a resolution. There is a young Page Keith of the party, Lieutenant Keith of Wesel's Brother; of this Page Keith, who is often busy about horses, he cautiously makes question, What help may be in him? A willing mind traceable in this poor lad, but his terrors great.

To Donauwörth from Anspach through Feuchtwang and Nördlingen is some seventy or eighty miles. At Donauwörth one surely ought to lodge, and see the

* Ranke, i. 304 ("from a Letter the Prince had written to Katte").

Schellenberg on the morrow; nay drive to the Field of Hochstädt (Blenheim, *Blindheim*), which is but a few miles farther up the River? Buddenbrock was there, and Anhalt-Dessau: for their very sake; were there nothing farther, one surely ought to go? Such was the probability, a visit to Blenheim field in passing. And surely, somewhere in those heart-rending masses of Historical Rubbish, I did at last find express evanescent mention of the fact, — but cannot now say where; — the exact record, or conceivable image of which, would have been a perceptible pleasure to us. Alas, in those dim dreary Books, all whirling dismal round one's soul, like vortices of dim Brandenburg sand, how should anything human be searched out and mentioned to us; and a thousand things not-human be searched out, and eternally suppressed from us, for the sake of that? I please myself figuring young Friedrich looking at the vestiges of Marlborough, even in a preoccupied uncertain manner. Your Majesty too, this is the very "Schellenberg (or *Jingle-Hill*)," this Hill we are now skirting, on highways, on swift wheels; which overhangs Donauwörth, our resting-place this hot July evening. Yes, your Majesty, here was a feat of storming done, — pang, pang! — such a noise as never jingled on that Hill before: like Doomsday come; and a hero-head to rule the Doomsday, and turn it to heroic marching music. A very pretty feat of war, your Majesty! His Majesty well knows it; feat of his Marlborough's doing, famed everywhere for the twenty-six years last past; and will go to see the Schellenberg and its Lines.

The great Duke is dead four years; sank sadly, eclipsed under tears of dotage of his own, and under human stupidity of other men's! But Buddenbrock is still living, Anhalt-Dessau and others of us are still alive a little while!

Hochstädt itself, — Blenheim, as the English call it, meaning *Blindheim*, the other village on the Field, — is but a short way up the River; well worth such a detour. By what way they drove to the field of honour and back from it, I do not know. But there, northward towards the heights, is the little wood where Anhalt-Dessau stood at bay like a Molossian dog, of consummate military knowledge; and saved the Fight in Eugene's quarter of it. That is visible enough; and worth looking at. Visible enough the rolling Donau, Marlborough's place; the narrow ground, the bordering Hills all green at this season; — and down old Buddenbrock's cheek, and Anhalt's, there would roll an iron tear or two. Augsburg is but some thirty miles off, once we are across the Donau, — by the Bridge of Donauwörth, or the Ferry of Hochstädt, — swift travellers in a long day, the last of July, are soon enough at Augsburg.

As for Friedrich, haunted and whipt onwards by that scene at Feuchtwang, he is inwardly very busy during this latter part of the route. Probably there is some progress towards gaining Page Keith, Lieutenant Keith of Wesel's Brother; some hope that Page Keith, at the right moment, can be gained: the Lieutenant at Wesel is kept duly advised. To Lieutenant Katte at Berlin Friedrich now writes, I should judge from Do-

nauwörth or Augsburg, "That he has had a scene at Feuchtwang; that he can stand it no longer. That Canstatt being given up, as Katte cannot be there to go across the Kniebiss with us, we will endure, till we are near enough the Rhine. Once in the Rhine-land, in some quiet Town there, handy for Speyer, for French Landau," — say Sinzheim, last stage hitherward of Heidelberg, but this we do not write, — "there might it not be? Be, somewhere, it shall and must! You, Katte, the instant you hear that we are off, speed you towards the Hague; ask for 'M. le Comte d'Alberville;' you will know that gentleman *when* you see him: Keith, our Wesel friend, will have taken the preliminary soundings; — and I tell you, Count d'Alberville, or news of him, will be there. Bring the great-coat with you, and the other things, especially the 1,000 gold ducats. Count d'Alberville at the Hague, if all have gone right: — nay if anything go wrong, cannot he, once across the Rhine, take refuge in the convents in those Catholic regions? Nobody, under the scapulary, will suspect such a heretic as him. Speed, silence, vigilance! And so adieu." A letter of such purport Friedrich did write; which Letter, moreover, the Lieutenant Katte received; it was not this, it was another, that stuck upon the road, and fell into the Rittmeister's hand. This is the young Prince's ultimate fixed project, brought to birth by that slight accident of dropping the knife at Feuchtwang;* and hanging

* Ranke, i. 304.

heavy on his mind during this Augsburg drive. At Augsburg, furthermore, "he bought, in all privacy, red "cloth, of quantity to make a top-coat;" red, the gray being unattainable in Katte's hands: in all privacy; though the watchful Rochow had full knowledge of it, all the same.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY HOMEWARDS FROM THE REICH; CATASTROPHE ON JOURNEY HOMEWARDS.

THE travelling Majesty of Prussia was diligently up and down, investigating ancient Augsburg; saw, I doubt not, the *Fuggerei*, or ancient Hospice of the Fuggers — who were once Weavers in those parts, and are now Princes, and were known to entertain Charles V. with fires of cinnamon, nay with transient flames of Bank-bills on one old occasion. Saw all the Fuggeries, I doubt not; the ancient Luther-and-Melanchthon relics, Diet-Halls and notabilities of this renowned Free Town; — perhaps remembered Margraf George, and loud-voiced Kurfürst Joachim with the Bottle-nose (our *direct* Ancestor, though mistaken in opinion on some points!), who were once so audible there.

One passing phenomenon we expressly know he saw; a human, not a historically important one. Driving through the streets from place to place, his Majesty came athwart some questionable quaint procession, ribbony, perhaps musical; Majesty questioned it: "A wedding procession, your Majesty!" — "Will the Bride step out, then, and let us see how she is dressed!" "*Vom Herzen gern*; will have the honour." Bride stepped out, with blushes, — handsome we will hope: Majesty surveyed her, on the streets of Augsburg, having a

human heart in him; and (says Fassmann, as if with insidious insinuation) "is said to have made her a present." She went her way; fulfilled her destiny in an anonymous manner: Friedrich Wilhelm, loudly named in the world, did the like; and their two orbits never intersected again. — Some forty-five miles south of Augsburg, up the Wertach River, more properly up the Mindel River, lies Mindelheim, once a name known in England and in Prussia; once the Duke of Marlborough's "Principality:" given him by a grateful Kaiser Joseph; taken from him by a necessitous Kaiser Karl, Joseph's Brother, that now is. I know not if his Majesty remembers that transaction, now while in these localities: but know well, if he does, he must think it a shabby one.

On the same day, 1st August 1730, we quit Augsburg; set out fairly homewards again. The route bends westward this time; towards Frankfurt-on-the-Mayn; there yachts are to be ready; and mere sailing thenceforth, gallantly down the Rhine-stream, — such a yacht-voyage, in the summer weather, with no Tourists yet infesting it, — to end, happily we will hope, at Wesel, in the review of regiments, and other business. First stage, first pause, is to be at Ludwigsburg, and the wicked old Duke of Würtemberg's; thither first from Augsburg. We cross the Donau at Dillingen, at Günzberg, or I know not where; and by tomorrow's sunset, being rapid travellers, find ourselves at Ludwigsburg, — clear through Canstatt, Stuttgard, and certainly no Katte waiting there! Safe across the

intermediate uplands, here are we fairly in the Neckar Country, in the Basin of the Rhine again; and old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg bidding us kindly welcome, poor old bewildered creature, who has become the talk of Germany in those times. Will English readers consent to a momentary glance into his affairs and him? Strange things are going on at Ludwigsburg; nay the origin of Ludwigsburg, and that the Duke should be there and not at Stuttgart, is itself strange. Let us take this Excerpt, headed *Ludwigsburg in 1730*, and then hasten on:

Ludwigsburg in 1730.

"Duke Eberhard Ludwig, now an elderly gentleman of "fifty-four, has distinguished himself in his long reign, not by "political obliquities and obstinacies, though those also were "not wanting, but by matrimonial and amatory; which have "rendered him conspicuous to his fellow-creatures, and still "keep him mentionable in History, briefly and for a sad "reason. Duke Eberhard Ludwig was duly wedded to an ir- "reproachable Princess of Baden-Durlach (Johanna Eliza- "beth) upwards of thirty years ago; and he duly produced "one Son in consequence, with other good results to himself "and her. But in course of time Duke Eberhard Ludwig "took to consorting with bad creatures; took, in fact, to wash- "ing about at random in the pool of amatory iniquity, as if "there had been no law known, or of the least validity, in that "matter.

"Perceiving which, a certain young fellow, Grävenitz by "name, who had come to him from the Mecklenburg regions, "by way of pushing fortune, and had got some pageship or "the like here in Würtemberg, recollected that he had a

"young Sister at home; pretty and artful, who perhaps might
"do a stroke of work here. He sends for the young Sister;
"very pretty indeed, and a gentlewoman by birth, though
"penniless. He borrows clothes for her (by onerous contract
"with the haberdashers, it is said, being poor to a degree);
"he easily gets her introduced to the Ducal Soirces; bids her
"— She knows what to do? Right well she knows what;
"catches, with her piquant face, the dull eye of Eberhard
"Ludwig, kindles Eberhard Ludwig, and will not for some-
"thing quench him. Not she at all: How can *she*; your
"Serene Highness, ask her not! A virtuous young lady, she,
"and come of a stainless Family! — In brief, she hooks, she
"of all the fishes in the pool, this lumber of a Duke; enchants
"him, keeps him hooked; and has made such a pennyworth of
"him, for the last twenty years and more, as Germany cannot
"match.* Her Brother Grävenitz the page has become
"Count Grävenitz the prime minister, or chief of the Govern-
"ing Cabal; she Countess Grävenitz and Autoerat of Würtem-
"berg. Loaded with wealth, with so-called honours, she and
"hers, there go they, flaunting sky-high; none else admitted
"to more than the liberty of breathing in silence in this
"Duchy; — the poor Duke Eberhard Ludwig making no com-
"plaint; obedient as a child to the bidding of his Grävenitz.
"He is become a mere enchanted simulacrum of a Duke; be-
"witched under worse than Thessalian spells; without faculty
"of willing, except as she wills; his People and he the play-
"thing of this Circe or Hecate, that has got hold of him. So
"it has lasted for above twenty years. Grävenitz has become
"the wonder of Germany; and requires, on these bad grounds,
"a slight mention in Human History for some time to come.
"Certainly it is by the Grävenitz alone that Eberhard Ludwig is

* Michaelis, iii. 440.

"remembered: and yet, down since Ulrich with the Thumb,*
"which of those serene abstruse Beutelsbachers, always an
"abstruse obstinate set, has so fixed himself in your memo-
"ry? —

"Most persons in Württemberg, for quiet's sake, have com-
"plied with the Grävenitz; though not without protest, and
"sometimes spoken protest. Thus the Right Reverend
"Osiander (let us name Osiander, Head of the Church in
"Württemberg) flatly refused to have her name inserted in the
"Public Prayers: 'Is not she already prayed for?' said
"Osiander: 'Do we not say, *Deliver us from evil?*' said the in-
"dignant Protestant man. And there is one other person that
"never will comply with her: the lawful Wife of Eberhard
"Ludwig. Serene Lady, she has had a sad existence of it;
"the voice of her wrongs audible, to little purpose, this long
"while in Heaven and in Earth. But it is not in the power of
"reward or punishment to bend her female will in the essential
"point: 'Divorce, your Highness? When I am found guilty,
"yes. Till then, never, your Highness, never, never,' in
"steady *crescendo* tone: — so that his Highness is glad to
"escape again, and drop the subject. On which the Serene
"Lady again falls silent. Grävenitz, in fact, hopes always to
"be wedded with the right, nay were it only with the left
"hand: and this Serene Lady stands like a fateful monument
"irremovably in the way. The Serene Lady steadily inhabits
"her own wing of the Ducal House, would not exchange it for
"the Palace of Aladdin; looks out there upon the grand
"equipages, high doings, impure splendours of her Duke and
"his Grävenitz with a clear-eyed silence, which seems to say
"more eloquently than words, '*Mene, mene, You are weighed!*'
"In the Land of Württemberg, or under the Sun, is no reward,

* Ulrich Pollex (right thumb bigger than left); died, A.D. 1265 (Mi-
chaelis, III. 262).

"or punishment that can abate this silence. Speak of divorce, "the answer is as above: leave divorce lying, there is silence "looking forth clear-eyed from that particular wing of the "Palace, on things which the gods permit for a time.

"Clear-eyed silence, which, as there was no abating of it, "grew at last intolerable to the two sinners. 'Let us remove,' "said the Grävenitz, 'since her Serene Highness will not: "build a new charming Palace, — say at our Hunting Seat, "among those pleasant Hills in the Waiblingen region, — "and take the Court out thither." And they have done so, "in these late bad years; taking out with them by degrees all "the Courtier Gentry, all the *Raths*, Government Boards, "public businesses; and building new houses for them, there.* "Founding, in fact, a second Capital for Würtemberg, with "what distress, sulky misery and disarrangement to Stuttgart "and the old Capital, readers can fancy. There it stands, "that Ludwigsburg, the second Capital of Würtemberg, some "ten or twenty miles from Stuttgart the first; a lasting me- "morial of Circe Grävenitz and her Ludwig. Has not she, "by her incantations, made the stone houses dance out hither? "It remains to this day a pleasant town, and occasional resi- "dence of sovereignty. *Waiblingen*, within an hour's ride, has "got memorability on other grounds; — what reader has not "heard of *Ghibbelines*, meaning Waiblingens? And in another "hour up the River, you will come to Beutelsbach itself, "where Ulrich with the Thumb had his abode (better luck to "him), and generated this Lover of the Grävenitz, and much "other nonsense loud now and then for the last four centuries "in the world! —

* "From 1727 to 1730" was this latter removal. A hunting-lodge, of Eberhard Ludwig's building, and named by him *Ludwigsburg*, stood here since 1706; nucleus of the subsequent palace, with its "Pheasantries," its "Favoritas," &c. &c. The place had originally been monastic (*Büsching, Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 1519).

“There is something of abstruse in all these Beutels-
“bachers, from Ulrich with the Thumb downwards: a mute
“ennui, an inexorable obstinacy; a certain streak of natural
“gloom which no illumination can abolish. Veracity of all
“kinds is great in them; sullen passive courage plenty of it;
“active courage rarer; articulate intellect defective: hence a
“strange stiff perversity of conduct visible among them, often
“marring what wisdom they have; — it is the royal stamp of
“Fate put upon these men. What are called fateful or fated
“men; such as are often seen on the top-places of the world,
“making an indifferent figure there. Something of this, I
“doubt not, is concerned in Eberhard Ludwig’s fascina-
“tion: and we shall see other instances farther down in this
“History.

“But so, for twenty years, the absurd Duke, transformed
“into a mere Porcus by his Circe in that scandalous miraculous
“manner, has lived; and so he still lives. And his serene
“Wife, equally obstinate, is living at Stuttgard, happily out
“of his sight now. One Son, a weakly man, who had one
“heir, but has now none, is her only comfort. His Wife is a
“Prussian Margravine (Friedrich Wilhelm’s *Half-Aunt*), and
“cultivates Calvinism in the Lutheran Country: this Husband
“of hers, he too has an abstruse life, not likely to last. We
“need not doubt ‘the Fates’ are busy, and the evil demons,
“with those poor fellow-beings! Nay it is said the Circe is
“becoming much of a Hecate now; if the bewitched Duke
“could see it. She is getting haggard beyond the power of
“rouge; her mind, any mind she has, more and more filled
“with spleen, malice, and the dregs of pride run sour. A dis-
“gusting creature, testifies one Ex-Official gentleman, once
“a Hofrath under her, but obliged to run for life, and invoke
“free press in his defence:* no end to the foul things she will

* *Apologie de Monsieur Forstner de Breitembourg*, &c. (Paris, 1716; or

"say, of an unspeakable nature, about the very Duke her victim, testifies this Ex-Official: malicious as a witch, says he, and as ugly as one in spite of paint, — '*toujours un lamente à ses trouses.*' Good Heavens!"

But here is the august Prussian Travelling Party: shove aside your bewitchments and bewilderments; hang a decent screen over many things! Poor Eberhard Ludwig, who is infinitely the gentleman, bestirs himself a good deal to welcome old royal friends; nor do we hear that the least thing went awry during this transit of the royalties. "Field of Blenheim, says your Majesty? Ah me!" — For Eberhard Ludwig knows that ground; stood the World-Battle there, and so much has come and gone since then: Ah me, indeed!

Friedrich Wilhelm and he have met before this, and have much to tell one another; Treaty of Seville by no means their only topic. Nay the flood of cordiality went at length so far, that at last Friedrich Wilhelm, the conscientious King, came upon the most intimate topics: Grävenitz; the Word of God; scandal to the Protestant Religion: no likely heir to your Dukedom; clear peril to your own soul. Is not her Serene Highness an unexceptionable Lady, heroic under sore woes; and your wedded Wife above all? — 'M-na, and might bring Heirs too: only forty come

"A Londres, aux dépens de la Compagnie, 1745"): in Spittler, *Geschichte Württembergs* (Spittlers Werke, Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1828; vol. v.), 497-539. Michaelis, iii. 428-439, gives (in abstruse Chancery German) a Sequel to this fine affair of Forstner's.

October: — Ah Duke, ah Friend! *Avissez la fin*, Eberhard Ludwig; consider the end of it all; we are growing old fellows now! The Duke, I conceive, who was rather a fat little man, blushed blue, then red, and various colours; at length settling into steady pale, as it were, indicating anthracitic white-heat: it is certain he said, at length, with emphasis, "I will!" And he did so by and by. Friedrich Wilhelm sent a messenger to Stuttgart to do his reverence to the high injured Lady there, perhaps to show her afar off some ray of hope if she could endure. Eberhard Ludwig, raised to a white-heat, perceives that in fact he is heartily tired of this Circe-Hecate; that in fact she has long been an intolerable nightmare to him, could he but have known it.

And his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince all this while? Well, yes; his Royal Highness has got a Court Tailor at Ludwigsburg; and, in all privacy (seen well by Rochow), has had the Augsburg red cloth cut into a fine upper wrappage, overcoat or roquelaure for himself; intending to use the same before long. Thus they severally, the Father and the son; these are their known acts at Ludwigsburg, That the Father persuaded Eberhard Ludwig of the Grävenitz enormity, and that the Son got his red topcoat ready. On Thursday, 3d of August (late in the afternoon, as I perceive), they, well entertained, depart toward Mannheim, Kur-Pfalz (Elector Palatine) old Karl Philip of the Pfalz's place; hope to be there on the morrow some time, if all go well. Gloomy much enlightened Eberhard takes leave

of them, with abstruse but grateful feelings; will stand by the Kaiser, and dismiss that Grävenitz nightmare by the first opportunity.

As accordingly he did. Next summer, going on a visit northward, specially to Berlin,* he left order that the Grävenitz was to be got out of his sight, safe, stowed away, before his return. Which by the proper officers, military certain of them, was accomplished, — by fixed bayonets at last, and not without futile demur on the part of the Grävenitz. Poor Eberhard Ludwig, "he published in the pulpits, That he was now minded to lead a better life," — had time now been left him. Same year, 1731, November being come, gloomy Eberhard Ludwig lost, not unexpectedly, his one Son, — the one Grandson was gone long since. The serene steadfast Duchess now had her Duke again, what was left of him: but he was fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; in two years more, he died childless;** and his younger Brother, Karl Alexander, an Austrian Feldmarschall of repute, succeeded in Würtemberg. With whom we may transiently meet, in time coming; with whom, and perhaps less pleasantly with certain of his children; for they continue to this day, — with the old abstruse element still too traceable in them.

Old Karl Philip, Kurfürst of the Pfalz, towards whom Friedrich Wilhelm is now driving, with intent

* There for some three weeks, "till 9th June 1731, with a suite of above fifty persons" (Fassmann, pp. 421, 422).

** 31st October 1733, Michaelis, iii. 441.

to be there tomorrow evening, is not quite a stranger to readers here; and to Friedrich Wilhelm he is much the reverse, perhaps too much. This is he who ran away with poor Prince Sobieski's Bride from Berlin, at starting in life, who fell upon his own poor Protestant Heidelbergers and their Church of the Holy Ghost (being himself Papist, ever since that slap on the face to his ancestor); and who has been in many quarrels with Friedrich Wilhelm and others. A high expensive sovereign gentleman, this old Karl Philip; not, I should suppose, the pleasantest of men to lodge with. One apprehends, he cannot be peculiarly well disposed to Friedrich Wilhelm, after that sad Heidelberg passage of fence, twelve or eleven years ago. Not to mention the inextricable Jülich-and-Berg business, which is a standing controversy between them.

Poor old Kurfürst, he is now within a year of seventy. He has had crosses and losses; terrible campaigns against the Turk, in old times; and always such a stock of quarrels, at home, as must have been still worse to bear. A life of perpetual arguing, squabbling and battling, — one's neighbours being such an unreasonable set! Brabbles about Heidelberg Catechism, and Church of the Holy Ghost, so that foreign Kings interfered, shaking their whips upon us. Then brabbles about boundaries; about inheritances, and detached properties very many, — clearly mine, were the neighbours reasonable! In fact this sovereign old gentleman has been in the Kaiser's courts, or even on the edge of fight, oftener than most other men; and

it is as if that first adventure, of the Sobieski wedding turned topsyturvy, had been symbolical of much that followed in his life.

We remember that unpleasant Heidelberg affair; how hopeful it once looked; fact *done*, Church of the Holy Ghost fairly ours; your *Corpus Evangelicorum* fallen quasi-dead; and nothing now for it but proto-colling by diplomatists, pleading in the Diets by men in bombazeen, never like ending at all; — when Friedrich Wilhelm did suddenly end it; suddenly locked-up his own Catholic establishments and revenues, and quietly inexorable put the key in his pocket; as it were, drew his own whip, with a “Will you whip *my* Jew?” — and we had to cower out of the affair, Kaiser himself ordering us, in a most humiliated manner! Readers can judge whether Kur-Pfalz was likely to have a kindly note of Friedrich Wilhelm in that corner of his memory. The poor man felt so disgusted with Heidelberg, he quitted it soon after. He would not go to Düsseldorf (in the Berg-and-Jülich quarter), as his Forefathers used to do; but set up his abode at Mannheim, where he still is. Friedrich Wilhelm, who was far from meaning harm or insolence in that Heidelberg affair, hopes there is no grudge remaining. But so stand the facts: it is towards Mannheim, not towards Heidelberg that we are now travelling! — For the rest, this scheme of reprisals, or whipping your Jew if you whip mine, answered so well, Friedrich Wilhelm has used it, or threatened to use, as the real method, ever since, where needful; and has saved thereby much

bombazeen eloquence, and confusion to mankind, on several occasions.

But the worst between these two High Gentlemen is that Jülich-and-Berg controversy; which is a sore still running, and beyond reach of probable surgery. Old Karl Philip has no male Heir; and is like to be (what he indeed proved) the last of the *Neuburg* Electors Palatine. What trouble there rose with the first of them, about that sad business; and how the then Brandenburger, much wrought upon, smote the then Neuburger across the very face and drove him into Catholicism, we have not forgotten; how can we ever? — It is one Hundred and sixteen years since that after-dinner scene; and, O Heavens, what bickering and brabbling and confused negotiation there has been; lawyers' pens going almost continually ever since, shadowing out the mutual darkness of sovereignties; and from time to time the military implements brandishing themselves, though loth generally to draw blood! For a Hundred and sixteen years: — but the Final Bargain, lying in parchment in the archives of both parties, and always acknowledged as final, was to this effect: "You, serene Neuburg, keep what you have got; we serene Brandenburg the like: Cleve with detached pertinents ours; Jülich and Berg mainly yours. And let us live in perpetual amity on that footing. And, note only furthermore, when our Line fails, the whole of these fine Duchies shall be yours: if your Line fail, ours." That was the plain bargain, done solemnly in 1624, and again more solemnly and

brought to parchment with signature in 1666, as Friedrich Wilhelm knows too well. And now the very case is about to occur; this old man, childless at seventy, is the last of the Neuburgs. May not one reasonably pretend that a bargain should be kept?

"Tush," answers old Karl Philip always: "Bargain?" And will not hear reason against himself on the subject; not even when the Kaiser asks him, — as the Kaiser really did, after that Wusterhausen Treaty, but could get only negatives. Karl Philip has no romantic ideas of justice, or of old parchments tying up a man. Karl Philip had one Daughter by that dear Radzivil Princess, Sobieski's stolen Bride; and he never, by the dear Radzivil or her dear successor,* had any son, or other daughter that lived to wed. One daughter, we say; a first-born, extremely precious to him. Her he married to the young fortunate Sulzbach Cousin, Karl Joseph Heir-Apparent of Sulzbach, who by all laws, was to succeed in the Pfalz as well, — Karl Philip thinking furthermore, "He and she, please Heaven, shall hold fast by Düsseldorf too, and that fine Jülich-and-Berg Territory, which is mine. Bargains?" Such was, and is, the old man's inflexible notion. Alas, this one Daughter died lately and her Husband lately;** again leaving only Daughters: will not this change the notion? Not a whit, — though Friedrich Wilhelm may have fondly hoped it by

* See Buchholz, l. 61 n.

** She in 1728; he, 1729: their eldest Daughter was born, 1721 (Hübner, t. 140; Michaelis, li. 101, 123).

possibility might. Not a whit: Karl Philip cherishes his little Granddaughter, now a child of nine, as he did her Mother and her Mother's Mother; hopes one day to see her wedded (as he did) to a new Heir-Apparent of the Pfalz and Sulzbach; and, for her behoof, will hold fast by Berg and Jülich, and part with no square inch of it for any parchment.

What is Friedrich Wilhelm to do? Seek justice for himself by his 80,000 men and the iron ramrods? Apparently he will not get it otherwise. He is loth to begin that terrible game. If indeed Europe do take fire, as is likely at Seville or elsewhere — But in the mean while how happy if negotiation would but serve! Alas, and if the Kaiser, England, Holland, and the others, could be brought to guarantee me, — as indeed they should (to avoid a *casus belli*), and some of them have said they will! Friedrich Wilhelm tried this Jülich-and-Berg Problem by the pacific method, all his life; strenuously, and without effect. Result perhaps was coming, nevertheless; at the distance of another hundred years! One thing I know: whatever rectitude and patience, whatever courage, perseverance, or other human virtue he has put into this or another matter, is not lost; not it nor any fraction of it, to Friedrich Wilhelm and his sons' sons; but will well avail him and them, if not soon, then later, if not in Berg and Jülich, then in some other quarter of the Universe, which is a wide Entity and a long-lived! Courage, your Majesty!

So stand matters as Friedrich Wilhelm journeys to-

wards Mannheim: human politeness will have to cloak well, and keep well down, a good many prickly points in the visit ahead. Alas, poor Friedrich Wilhelm has got other matter to think of, by the time we arrive in Mannheim.

Catastrophe on Journey Homewards.

The Royal Party, quitting Ludwigsburg, — on Thursday 3d August 1730, some hours after dinner, as I calculate it, — had but a rather short journey before them: journey to a place called Sinzheim, some fifty or sixty miles; a long way short of Heidelberg; the King's purpose being to lodge in that dilapidated silent Town of Sinzheim, and leave both Heidelberg and Mannheim, with their civic noises, for the next day's work. Sinzheim, such was the program, as the Prince and others understood it; but by some accident, or on better calculation, it was otherwise decided in the royal mind: not at Sinzheim, intricate decayed old Town, shall we lodge tonight, but five or six miles short of it, in the naturally silent Village of Steinfurth, where good clean empty Barns are to be found. Which latter is a favourite method of his Majesty, fond always of free air and the absence of fuss. Shake-downs, a temporary cooking apparatus, plenty of tobacco, and a tub to wash in: this is what man requires, and this without difficulty can be got. His Majesty's tastes are simple; simple, and yet good and human. Here is a small Royal Order which I read once, and ever since re-

member, — though the reference is now blown away, and lost in those unindexed Sibylline Farragos, the terror of human nature; — let us copy it from memory, till some deliverer arise with finger on page.* “At “Magdeburg, on this Review-Journey, have dinner for “me, under a certain Tree you know of, outside the “ramparts.” Dinner of one sound portion solid, one ditto liquid, of the due quality; readied honestly, — and to be eaten under a shady Tree; on the Review-ground itself, with the summer sky over one’s head. Could Jupiter Tonans, had he been travelling on business in those parts, have done better with his dinner? —

“At Sinzheim?” thinks his Royal Highness; and has spoken privily to the Page Keith. To glide out of their quarters there, in that waste negligent old Town (where post-horses can be had), in the gray of the summer’s dawn? Across the Rhine to Speyer is but three-hours riding; thence to Landau, into France, into —? Enough, Page Keith has undertaken to get horses, and the flight shall at last be. Husht, husht. Tomorrow morning, before the sparrow wake, it is our determination to be upon the road!

Ruins of the Tower of Stauffen, *Hohen* or High *Stauffen*, where Kaiser Barbarossa lived once, young and ruddy, and was not yet a *Myth* “winking and

* Probably in Rüdenebeck’s *Beyträge*, — but long sad searching there, and elsewhere, proves unavailing at present. Historical Farragos without *Index*; a hundred, or several hundred, blind sacks of Historical clippings, generally authentic too if useless, and not the least scrap of label on them: — are not these a handy article!

nodding under the Hill at Salzburg," — yes, it is but a few miles to the left there, were this a deliberate touring party. But this is a rapid driving one; knows nothing about Stauffen, cares nothing. — We cannot fancy Friedrich remembered Barbarossa at all; or much regarded Heilbronn itself, the principal and only famous Town they pass this day. The St. Kilian's Church, your Highness, and big stone giant at the top of the steeple yonder, — adventurous masons and slater people get upon the crown of his head, sometimes, and stand waving flags.* The Townhouse too (*Rathhaus*), with its amazing old Clock? And Götz von Berlichingen, the Town-Councillors once had him in prison for one night, in the "Götz's Tower" here; your Highness has heard of "Götz with the Iron Hand"? Berlichingens still live at Jaxthausen, farther down the Neckar-Valley, in these parts; and show the old *Hand*, considerably rusted now. Heilbronn, the most famous City on the Neckar; and its old miraculous Holy Well —? What cares his Highness! Weinsberg again, which is but a few miles to the right of us, — there it was that the Besieged Wives did that astonishing feat, 600 years ago: coming out, as the capitulation bore, "with their most valuable property," each brought her Husband on her back (were not the fact a little uncertain!) — whereby the old Castle has, to this day, the name "*Weibertreue*, Faithfulness of Women." Welf's Duchess, Husband on back, was at the head of those women; a Hohenzollern ancestor of yours, I think I have heard,

* Buddäus, *Lexicon*, II. § Heilbronn.

was of the besieging party.* Alas, thinks his Royal Highness, is there not a flower of Welfdom now in England; and I, unluckiest of Hohenzollerns, still far away from her here! It is at Windsor, not in Weinsberg, or among the ruins of *Weibertreue* there, that his Highness wishes to be.

At Heilbronn our road branches off to the left; and we roll diligently towards Sinzheim, calculating to be there before nightfall. Whew! Something has gone awry at Sinzheim: no right lodging in the waste Inns there; or good clean Barns, of a promising character, are to be had nearer than there: we absolutely do not go to Sinzheim tonight; we are to stop at Steinfurth, a small quiet Hamlet with Barns, four or five miles short of that! This was a great disappointment to the Prince, — and some say, a highly momentous circumstance in his History:** — however, he rallies in the course of the evening; speaks again to Page Keith. "Steinfurth" (*Stony-ford*, over the Brook here); "be it at Steinfurth, all the same!" Page Keith will manage to get horses for us here, no less. And Speyer and the Ferry of the Rhine are within three hours. Favour us, Silence and all ye good genii! —

* Siege is notorious enough; A.D. 1140: Köhler, *Reichs historie*, p. 167, who does not mention the story of the women; Menzel (Wolfgang), *Geschichte der Deutschen*, p. 287, who takes no notice that it is a highly mythical story, — supported only by the testimony of one poor Monk in Köln, vaguely chronicleing fifty years after date, and at that good distance.

** "Might perhaps have succeeded at Sinzheim" (Seckendorf's *Relation of the Crown-Prince's Meditated Flight*, p. 2; — addressed to Prince Eugene few days afterwards; given in Förster, iii. 1-13).

On Friday morning, 4th August 1730, "usual hour of starting, 3 A.M." not being yet come, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean airy Barns, facing one another, in the Village of Steinfurth; Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them;* for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other: apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake; — the Trio is indeed audibly asleep; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises; dresses; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the Barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing; alas, Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster: "Hst, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince-Royal is up, has on his topcoat, and is gone out of doors!" Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on; in a minute or two, Rochow also is forth into the gray of the morning; — finds the young Prince actually on the Green there; in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the travelling

* Compare *Wilhelmina*, l. 259 (her Account of the Flight: "Heard it from my Brother," — and report it loosely after a dozen years!).

carriages. "*Guten Morgen, Ihro Königliche Hoheit!*"* — Fancy such a salutation, to the young man! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses, too: "Whither with the nags, Sirrah?" Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith seeing how it was, answered without visible embarrassment, "Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses" (which, I suppose, is true); — "ready at the usual hour!" Keith might add. — "His Majesty does not go till five this morning; — back to the stables!" beckoned Rochow; and according to the best accounts, did not suspect anything, or affected not to do so.

Page Keith returned, trembling in his saddle. Friedrich strolled towards the other Barn, — at least to be out of Rochow's company. Seckendorf emerges from the other Barn; awake at the common hour: "How do you like his Royal Highness in the red roquelaure?" asks Rochow, as if nothing had happened. Was there ever such a baffled Royal Highness; or young bright spirit chained in the Bear's Den in this manner? Our Steinfurth project has gone to water; and it is not to-day we shall get across the Rhine! — Not today; nor any other day, on that errand, strong as our resolutions are! For new light, in a few hours afterwards, pours in upon the project; and human finesse, or ulterior schemes, avail nothing henceforth. "The Crown Prince's meditated Flight" has tried itself, and failed. Here and so that long meditation *ends*; this at Steinfurth was all the overt-act it could ever come to. In few

* Ranke, i. 305.

hours more it will melt into air; and only the terrible consequences will remain! —

By last night's arrangement, the Prince with his Trio was to set out an hour before his Father; which circumstance had helped Page Keith in his excuses. Naturally the Prince had now no wish to linger on the Green of Steinfurth, in such a posture of affairs: "Towards Heidelberg, then; let us see the big Tun there: *allons!*" How the young Prince and his Trio did this day's journey; where he loitered, what he saw, said or thought, we have no account: it is certain only that his Father, who set out from Steinfurth an hour after him, arrived in Mannheim several hours before him: and, in spite of Kurfürst Karl Philip's welcome, testified the liveliest inquietude on that unaccountable circumstance. Beautiful Rhine-stream, thrice-beautiful trim Mannheim; — yes, all is beautiful indeed, your Serenity! But where can the Prince be? he kept ejaculating. And Karl Philip had to answer what he could. Of course the Prince may be lingering about Heidelberg, looking at the big Tun and other miracles: — "I had the pleasure to repair that world-famous Tub or Tun, as your Majesty knows; which had lain half-burnt, ever since Louis XIV. with his firebrand robberies lay upon us, and burnt the Pfalz in whole, small honour to him! I repaired the Tun:* it is probably the successfulest feat I did hitherto; and well

* Köhler, *Münzelbelustigungen* (viii. 418-424; 145-152), who gives a view of the world's wonder, lying horizontal with stairs running up to it. Big Tuns of that kind were not uncommon in Germany; and had uses, if mul-

worth looking at, had your Majesty had time!" — "*Ja wohl*; — but he came away an hour before me!" — The polite Karl Philip, at length, sent off one of his own Equerries to ride towards Heidelberg, or even to Steinfurth if needful, and see what was become of the Prince. This Official person met the Prince, all in order, at no great distance; and brought him safe to Papa's presence again.

Why Papa was in such a fuss about this little circumstance? Truly there has something come to Papa's knowledge since he started, perhaps since he arrived at Mannheim. Page Keith, who rides always behind the King's coach, has ridden this day in an agony of remorse and terror; and at length (probably in Mannheim, once his Majesty is got to his Apartments, or now that he finds his Majesty so anxious there), has fallen on his knees, and with tears and obtestations, — made a clean breast. Page Keith has confessed that the Crown-Prince and he were to have been in Speyer, or farther, at this time of the day; flying rapidly into France. "God's Providence alone prevented it! Pardon, pardon: slay me, your Majesty; but there is the naked truth, and the whole of it, and I have nothing more to say!" Hereupon ensues despatch of the Equerry; and hereupon, as we may conjecture, the Equerry's return with Fritz and the Trio is an unspeakable relief to Friedrich Wilhelm.

tiplez dues of wine were to be paid in *naturâ*: the Heidelberg, the biggest of them, is small to the Whittbread-and-Company, for porter's ale, in our time.

Friedrich Wilhelm now summons Buddenbrock and Company straightway; shows, in a suppressed-volcanic manner, with questions and statements, — obliged to *suppress* oneself in foreign hospitable Serene Houses, — what atrocity of scandal and terror has been on the edge of happening: "And you three, Rochow, Waldau, Buddenbrock, mark it, you three are responsible; and shall answer, I now tell you, with your heads. Death the penalty, unless you bring *him* to our own Country again, — 'living or dead,'" added the Suppressed-Volcano, in low metallic tone; and the sparkling eyes of him, the red tint, and rustling gestures, make the words too credible to us.*

What Friedrich Wilhelm got to speak about with the old Kur-Pfalz, during their serene passages of hospitality at Mannheim, is not very clear to me; his Prussian Majesty is privately in such a desperate humour, and the old Kur-Pfalz privately so discrepant on all manner of points, especially on the Jülich-and-Berg point. They could talk freely about the old Turk Campaigns, Battle of Zentha,** and Prince Eugene; very freely about the Heidelberg Tun. But it is known old Karl Philip had his agents at the Congress of Soissons, to secure that Berg-and-Jülich interest for the Sulzbachs and him; directly in the teeth of Friedrich

* Ranke, i. 307.

** 11th September 1697; Eugene's crowning feat; — breaking of the Grand Turk's back in this world; who has staggered about, less and less of a terror and outrage, more and more of a nuisance growing unbearable, ever since that day. See Hormayr (iii. 97-101) for some description of this naeful bit of Heroism.

Wilhelm. How that may have gone, since the Treaty of Seville broke out to astonish mankind, — will be unsafe to talk about. For the rest, old Karl Philip has frankly adopted the Pragmatic Sanction; but then he has, likewise, privately made league with France to secure him in that Jülich-and-Berg matter, should the Kaiser break promise; — league which may much obstruct said Sanction. Nay privately he is casting glances on his Bavarian Cousin, elegant ambitious Karl Albert Kurfürst of Baiern, — are not we all from the same Wittelsbach stock, Cousins from of old? — and will undertake, for the same Jülich-and-Berg object, to secure Bavaria in *its* claims on the Austrian Heritages in defect of Heirs Male in Austria.* Which runs directly into the throat of said Pragmatic Sanction; and engages to make it mere waste sheepskin, so to speak! Truly old Karl Philip has his abstruse outlooks, this way, that way; most abstruse politics altogether: — and in fact we had better speak of the Battle of Zenthä and the Heidelberg Tun, while this Visit lasts.

On the morrow, Saturday August 5th, certain Frenchmen from the Garrison of Landau come across to pay their court and dine. Which race of men Friedrich Wilhelm does not love; and now less than ever, gloomily suspicious they may be come on parricide Fritz's score, — you Rochow and Company keep an eye! By night and by day an eye upon him! Friedrich Wilhelm was no doubt glad to get away on

* Michaelis, ii. 99-101.

the morrow afternoon; fairly out into the Berg-Strasse, into the summer breezes and umbrageous woods, with all his pertinents still safe about him; rushing towards Darmstadt through the Sunday stillness, where he will arrive in the evening, time enough.*

The old Prince of Darmstadt, Ernst Ludwig, Landgraf of Hessen-Darmstadt, age now sixty-three, has a hoary venerable appearance, according to Pöllnitz, "but sits a horse well, walks well, and seems to enjoy perfect health," — which we are glad to hear of. What more concerns us, "he lives usually, quite retired, "in a small house upon the Square," in this extremely small Metropolis of his, "and leaves his Heir-Apparent "to manage all business in the Palace and elsewhere."** Poor old Gentleman, he has the biggest Palace almost in the world; only he could not finish it for want of funds; and it lies there, one of the biggest futilities, vexatious to look upon. No doubt the old Gentleman has had vexations, plenty of them, first and last. He is now got disgusted with the affairs of public life, and addicts himself very much to "turning ivory," as the more eligible employment. He lives in that small house of his, among his turning-lathes and ivory shavings; dines in said small house, "at a table for four persons:" only on Sunday, and above all on this Sunday, puts off his apron; goes across to the Palace; dines there, in state, with his Heir and the Grandees.

* "Sunday Evening arrive at Darmstadt," says Seckendorf (in Förster, iii. 3), but by mistake calls it the "7th" instead of "6th."

** Pöllnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, ii. 66.

He has a kinship by affinity to Friedrich Wilhelm; his Wife (dead long years since), Mother of this Heir-Apparent, was an Anspach Princess, Aunt to the now Queen Caroline of England. Poor old fellow, these insignificancies, and that he descends direct from Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen (Luther's Philip, who insisted on the supplementary Wife), are all I know of him; and he is somewhat tragic to me there, turning ivory in this extremely anarchic world. What the passages between him and Friedrich Wilhelm were, on this occasion, shall remain conjectural to all creatures. Friedrich Wilhelm said, this Sunday evening at Darmstadt, to his own Prince: "Still here, then? I thought "you would have been in Paris by this time!" — To which the Prince, with artificial firmness, answered, He could certainly, if he had wished;* and being familiar with reproaches, perhaps hoped it was nothing.

From Darmstadt to Frankfurt-on-the-Mayn is not quite forty miles, an easy morning drive; through the old Country called of Katzenellenbogen; *Cat's-Elbow*, a name ridiculous to hear.** Berg-Strasse and the Odenwald (*Forest of the Otti*) are gone; but blue on the northeast yonder, if your Royal Highness will please to look, may be seen summits of the *Spessart*, a much grander Forest, — tall branchy timbers yonder, one day to be masts of admirals, when floated down as

* Seckendorf (in Fürster, iii.), p. 3.

** *Cattimelibocum*, that is, *Cattûm-Melibocum* (*Catti* a famed Nation, *Melibocus* the chief Hill or Fortress of their Country), is said to be the original; — which has got changed; like *Aballaba* into "Appleby," or *God encompass us* into "The Goat and Compasses," among ourselves.

far as Rotterdam, whitherward one still meets them going. Spessart; — and nearer, well hidden on the right, is an obscure village called *Dettingen*, not yet become famous in the Newspapers of an idle world; of an England surely very idle to go thither seeking quarrels! All which is, naturally, in the highest degree indifferent to a Crown-Prince so preoccupied. — They reach Frankfurt, Monday, still in good time.

Behold, at Frankfurt, the Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock and Company (horrible to think of!) signify, "That we have the King's express orders Not to enter the Town at all with your Royal Highness. We, for our part, are to go direct into one of the Royal Yachts, which swing at anchor here, and to wait in the same till his Majesty have done seeing Frankfurt, and return to us." Here is a message for the poor young Prince: Detected, prisoner, and a volcanic Majesty now likely to be in full play when he returns! — Gilt weathercock on the Mayn Bridge (which one Goethe used to look at, in the next generation) — this, and the steeple-tops of Frankfurt, especially that steeple-top with the grinning scull of the mutinous malefactor on it, warning to mankind what mutiny leads to: this, then, is what we are to see of Frankfurt; and with such a symphony as our thoughts are playing in the background. Unhappy Son, unhappy Father, once more!

Nay Friedrich Wilhelm got new lights in Frankfurt: Rittmeister Katte had an estafette waiting for him there. Estafette with a certain Letter, which the Ritt-

meister had picked up in Erlangen, and has shot across by estafette to wait his Majesty here. Majesty has read with open eyes and throat: Letter from the Crown-Prince to Lieutenant Katte in Berlin: treasonous Flight-project now indisputable as the sun at noon! — His Majesty stept on board the Yacht in such humour as was never seen before: "Detestable rebel and deserter, scandal of scandals — !" — it is confidently written everywhere (though Seckendorf diplomatically keeps silence), his Majesty hustled and tussled the unfortunate Crown-Prince, poked the handle of his cane into his face and made the nose bleed, — "Never did a Brandenburg face suffer the like of this!" cried the poor Prince, driven to the edge of mad ignition and one knows not what: when the Buddenbrocks, at whatever peril, interfered; got the Prince brought on board a different Yacht; and the conflagration moderated for the moment. The Yachts get under way towards Maintz and down the Rhine-stream. The Yachts glide swiftly on the favouring current, taking advantage of what wind there may be: were we once ashore at Wesel in our own country, — wait till then, thinks his Majesty!

And so it was on these terms that Friedrich made his first acquaintance with the beauties of the Rhine; — readers can judge whether he was in a temper very open to the picturesque. I know not that they paused at Maintz, or recollected Barbarossa's World-Tournament or the Hochheim vineyards at all: I see the young

man's Yacht dashing in swift gallop, not without danger, through the Gap of Bingen; dancing wildly on the boiling whirlpools of St. Goar, well threading the cliffs; — the young man gloomily insensible to danger of life, and charm of the picturesque. Coblenz (*Confluentia*), the Moselle and Ehrenbreitstein: Majesty, smoking on deck if he like, can look at these through grimly pacifying tobacco; but to the Crown-Prince life itself is fallen haggard and bankrupt.

Over against Coblenz, nestled-in between the Rhine and the foot of Ehrenbreitstein,* there, perhaps even now, in his Hunting-Lodge of Kerlich yonder, is his Serene Highness the fat little Kurfürst of Trier, one of those Austrian Schönborns (Brother to him of Bamberg); upon whom why should we make a call? We are due at Bonn; the fortunate young Kurfürst of Köln, richest Pluralist in the Church, expects us at his Residence there. Friedrich Wilhelm views the fine Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein: — what would your Majesty think if this were to be yours in a hundred years; this and much else, by way of compound-interest for the Berg-and-Jülich and other out-standing debts? Courage, your Majesty! — On the fat little Kurfürst, at Kerlich here, we do not call: probably out hunting; "hunts every day,"** as if it were his trade, poor little soul.

At Bonn, where we do step ashore to lodge with a lean Kurfürst, Friedrich Wilhelm strictly charges, in my (Seckendorf's) hearing, the Trio of Vigilance to

* Pöllnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, iii. 180.

** Büsching, *Beiträge*, iv. 201.

have an eye; to see that they bring the Prince on board again, "*living or dead.*" — No fear, your Majesty. Prince listened with silent, almost defiant patience, "*mit grosser Geduld.*"* At Bonn the Prince contrived to confide to Seckendorf, "That he had in very truth "meant to run away: he could not, at the age he was "come to, stand such indignities, actual strokes as in "the Camp of Radewitz; — and he would have gone "long since, had it not been for the Queen and the "Princess his Sister's sake. He could not repent what "he had done: and if the King did not cease beating "him in that manner, &c., he would still do it. For "loss of his own life, such a life as his had grown, he "cared little; his chief misery was, that those Officers "who had known of the thing should come to misfortune by his means. If the King would pardon these "poor gentlemen, he would tell him everything. For "the rest, begged Seckendorf to help him in this labyrinth; — nothing could ever so oblige him as help "now;" and more of the like sort. These things he said, at Bonn, to Seckendorf, the fountain of all his woes.** What Seckendorf's reflections on this his sad handiwork now were, we do not know. Probably he made none, being a strong-minded case-hardened old stager; but resolved to do what he could for the poor youth. Somewhere on this route, at Bonn more likely than elsewhere, Friedrich wrote in pencil three words to Lieutenant Keith at Wesel, and got it to the Post-

* Seckendorf (in Förster, iii. 4).

** Ib. iii. 4.

Office: "*Sauvez-vous, tout est découvert* (All is found out; — away)!"*

Clement August, expensive Kurfürst of Köln (Elector of Cologne, as we call it), who does the hospitalities here at Bonn, in a grand way, with "above a hundred and fifty chamberlains" for one item,—glance at him, reader; perhaps we shall meet the man again. He is younger Brother of the elegant ambitious Karl Albert, Kurfürst of Bavaria, whom we have transiently heard of: sons both of them are of that "Elector of Bavaria" who haunts us in the Marlborough Histories, — who joined Louis XIV. in the Succession War, and got hunted about at such a rate, after Blenheim especially. His Boys, prisoners of the Kaiser, were bred up in a confiscated state, as sons of a mere private gentleman; nothing visibly ahead of them, at one time, but an obscure and extremely limited destiny of that kind; — though now again, on French favour, and the turn of Fortune's inconstant wheel, they are mounting very high. Bavaria came all back to the old Elector of Bavaria; even Marlborough's "Principality of *Mindelheim*" came.** And the present Kurfürst, who will not do the Pragmatic Sanction at all, — Kurfürst Karl Albert of Baiern, our old Karl Philip of Mannheim's genealogical "Cousin;" — we heard of abstruse colleaguings there,

* Wilhelmina (i. 265) says it was a Page of the Old Dessauer's, a comrade of Keith's, who, having known in time, gave him warning.

** At the Peace of Baden (corollary to *Utrecht*), 1714. Elector had been "banned" (*gedächt*, solemnly drummed out), 1706; nothing but French pay to live upon, till he got back: died, 26th February 1726, when Karl Albert succeeded (Michaelis, ii. 255).

tendencies to break the Pragmatic Sanction altogether, and reduce it to waste sheepskin! Not impossible Karl Albert will go high enough. And this Clement August the cadet, he is Kurfürst of Köln; by good election-tactics, and favour of the French, he has managed to succeed an Uncle here: has succeeded at Osnabrück in like fashion; — poor old Ernst August of Osnabrück (to whom we once saw George I. galloping to die, and who himself soon after died), his successor is this same Clement August, the turn for a *Catholic* Bishop being come at Osnabrück, and the French being kind. Kurfürst of Köln, Bishop of Osnabrück, ditto of Paderborn and Münster, ditto now of Hildesheim; richest Pluralist of the Church. Goes about here in a languid expensive manner; “in green coat trimmed with narrow “silver-lace, small bagwig done with French garniture “(*Schleife*) in front; and has red heels to his shoes.” A lanky indolent figure, age now thirty; “tall and slouching of person, long lean face, hook nose, black beard, “mouth somewhat open.”* Has above one hundred and fifty chamberlains; — and, I doubt not, is inexpressibly wearisome to Friedrich Wilhelm in his Majesty’s present mood. Patience for the moment, and politeness above all things! — The Trio of Vigilance had no difficulty with Friedrich; brought him on board safe again next day, and all proceeded on their voyage;

* Büsching (*Beyträge*, iv. 201-204: from a certain Travelling Tutor’s *Ms. Diary* of 1731; where also is detail of the Kurfürst’s mode of Dining, — elaborate but dreary, both mode and detail). His Schloss is now the Bonn University.

the Kurfürst in person politely escorting as far as Köln.

Köln, famed old City of the Three Kings, with its famed Cathedral where those three gentlemen are buried, here the Kurfürst ceases escorting; and the flat old City is left, exciting what reflections it can. The architectural Dilettanti of the world gather here; St. Ursula and her Eleven Thousand Virgins were once massacred here, your Majesty; an English Princess she, it is said. "*Narrenpossen* (Pack of nonsense)!" grumbles Majesty. — Pleasant Düsseldorf is much more interesting to his Majesty; the pleasant Capital of Berg, which ought to be *ours*, if right could be done; if old Pfalz would give up his crotchets; and the bowls, in the big game playing at Seville and elsewhere, would roll fair! Düsseldorf and that fine Palace of the Pfaltzers, which ought to be mine; — and here next is Kaiserswerth, a place of sieges, cannonadings, known to those I knew. '*M-na*, from father to son and grandson, it goes on, and there is no end to trouble and war! —

His Majesty's next lodging is at Mörs; old gaunt Castle in the Town of Mörs, which (thanks to Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau and the Iron Ramrods) is now his Majesty's, in spite of the Dutch. There the lodging is, at an hour's drive westward from the Rhine-shore: — where his Majesty quitted the River, I do not know; nor whether the Crown-Prince went to Mörs with him, or waited in his Yacht; but guess 'the latter. His Majesty intends for Geldern on the morrow, on matters of business thither, for the Town is his: but what would the Prince, in the present state of things, do there? —

At Mörs, Seckendorf found means to address his Majesty privately, and snuffled into him suggestions of mercy to the repentant Prince, and to the poor Officers whom he was so anxious about. "Well, if he *will* confess everything, and leave off his quirks and concealments: but I know he won't!" answered Majesty.

In that dilapidated Castle of Mörs, — look at it, reader, though in the dark; we may see it again, or the shadow of it, perhaps by moonlight. A very gaunt old Castle; next to nothing living in it, since the Old Dessauer (by stratagem, and without shot fired) flung out the Dutch, in the Treaty-of-Utrecht time; Mörs-Castle and Territory being indisputably ours, though always withheld from us on pretexts.*

At Geldern, in the pressure of business next day, his Majesty got word from Wesel, that Lieutenant Keith was not now to be found in Wesel. "Was last seen there (that we can hear of) certain hours before your Majesty's All-gracious Order arrived. Had saddled his own horse; came ambling through the Brünen Gate, "going out to have a ride," he said; "and did not return." — "Keith gone, scandalous Keith, whom I

* Narrative of the march thither (Night of 7th November 1712), and dextrous surprisal of the place, in *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben und Thaten* (Anonymous, by *Ranft*), pp. 85-90; — where the Despatch of the astonished Dutch Commandant himself, to their High Mightinesses, is given. Part of the Orange Heritage, this Mörs, — came by the Great Elector's first Wife; — but had hung *sub lite* (though the Parchments were plain enough) ever since our King William's death, and earlier. Neuchâtel, accepted instead of *Orange*, and not even of the value of Mörs, was another item of the same lot. Besides which, we shall hear of old Palaces at Loo and other dilapidated objects, incidentally in time coming.

pardoned only few weeks ago; he too is in the Plot! Will the very Army break its oath, then?" His Majesty bursts into fire and flame, at these new tidings; orders that Colonel Dumoulin (our expertest rogue-tracer) go instantly on the scent of Keith, and follow him till found and caught. Also, on the other hand, that the Crown-Prince be constituted prisoner; sail down to Wesel, prisoner in his Yacht, and await upon the Rhine there his Majesty's arrival. Formidable omens, it is thought.

His Majesty, all business done in Geldern, drives across to Wesel; can see Fritz's Yacht waiting duly in the River, and black Care hovering over her. It is on the evening of the 12th of August 1730. And so his Majesty ends this memorable Tour into the Reich; but has not yet ended the gloomy miseries, for himself and others, which plentifully sprung out of that.

CHAPTER VII.

CATASTROPHE, AND MAJESTY, ARRIVE IN BERLIN.

AT Berlin dark rumours of this intended Flight, and actual Arrest of the Crown-Prince, are agitating all the world; especially Lieutenant Katte, and the Queen and Wilhelmina, as we may suppose. The first news of it came tragically on the young Princess.*

"Mamma had given a ball in honour of Papa's Birthday," — Tuesday 15th August 1730; — and we were all dancing in the fine saloons of Monbijou, with pretty intervals in the cool boscaiges and orangeries of the place: all of us as happy as could be; Wilhelmina, in particular, dancing at an unusual rate. "We recommenced the ball after supper. For six years "I had not danced before: it was new fruit, and I took my fill "of it, without heeding much what was passing. Madam "Bülow, who with others of them had worn long faces all "night, pleading 'illness' when one noticed it, said to me "several times: 'It is late, I wish you had done.' — '*Eh, mon "Dieu!*' I answered, 'let me have enough of dancing this one "new time; it may be long before it comes again.' — 'That "may well be!' said she. I paid no regard, but continued to "divert myself. She returned to the charge half an hour "after: 'Will you end, then!' said she with a vexed air:

* Apparently some rumour from *Frankfurt*, which she confuses in her after-memory with the specific news from *Wesel*; for her dates here, as usual, are all awry (Wilhelmina, i. 246; Preuss, i. 42, iv. 473; Seckendorf, in Förster, iii. 6).

15th-20th Aug. 1730.

“‘you are so engaged, you have eyes for nothing.’ — ‘You are
“‘in such a humour,’ I replied, ‘that I know not what to make
“‘of it.’ — ‘Look at the Queen, then, Madam; and you will
“‘cease to reproach me!’ A glance which I gave that way
“‘filled me with terror. There sat the Queen, paler than death,
“‘in a corner of the room, in low conference with Sonsfeld
“‘and Countess Finckenstein. As my Brother was most in my
“‘anxieties, I asked, If it concerned him? Bülow shrugged
“‘her shoulders, answering, ‘I don’t know at all!’ A moment
“‘after, the Queen gave Good-night; and got into her carriage
“‘with me, — speaking no word, all the way to the Schloss; so
“‘that I thought my Brother must be dead, and I myself took
“‘violent palpitations, and Sonsfeld, contrary to orders, had at
“‘last to tell me in the course of the night.” Poor Wilhelmina,
and poor Mother of Wilhelmina!

The fact, of Arrest, and unknown mischief to the Prince, is taken for certain; but what may be the issues of it; who besides the Prince have been involved in it, especially who will be found to have been involved, is matter of dire guess to the three who are most interested here. Lieutenant Katte finds he ought to dispose of the Prince’s effects which were intrusted to him; of the Thousand gold Thalers in particular, and, beyond and before all, of the locked Writing-desk, in which lies the Prince’s Correspondence, the very Queen and Princess likely to be concerned in it! Katte despatches these two objects, the Money and the little Desk, in all secrecy, to Madam Finckenstein, as to the surest hand, with a short Note shadowing out what he thinks they are: Countess Finckenstein, old

General von Finckenstein's Wife, and a second mother to the Prince, she, like her Husband, a sworn partisan of the Prince and his Mother, shall do with these precious and terrible objects what, to her own wise judgment, seems best.

Madam Finckenstein carries them at once, in deep silence, to the Queen. Huge dismay on the part of the Queen and Princess. They know too well what Letters may be there; and there is a seal on the Desk, and no key to it; neither must it, in time coming, seem to have been opened, even if we could now open it. A desperate pinch, and it must be solved. Female wit and Wilhelmina did solve it, by some preëminently acute device of their despair;* and contrived to get the Letters out: hundreds of Letters, enough to be our death if read, says Wilhelmina. 'These Letters they burnt; and set to writing, fast as the pen would go, other letters in their stead. Fancy the mood of these two Royal Women, and the black whirlwind they were in. Wilhelmina's despatch was incredible; pen went at the gallop night and day: new letters, of old dates and of no meaning, are got into the Desk again; the Desk closed, without mark of injury, and shoved aside while it is yet time. — Time presses; his Majesty too, and the events, go at gallop. Here is a Letter from his Majesty, to a trusty Mistress of the Robes, or whatever she is; which, let it arrive through what softening media it likes, will complete the poor Queen's despair:

* Wilhelmina, l. 253-257.

"My dear Frau von Kamecke, — Fritz has attempted to "desert. I have been under the necessity to have him arrested. "I request you to tell my Wife of it in some good way, that "the news may not terrify her. And pity an unhappy Father.
"FRIEDRICH WILHELM."*

The same post brought an order to the Colonel of the Gens-d'Armes to put that Lieutenant Katte of his under close confinement: — we hope the thoughtless young fellow has already got out of the way? He is getting his saddle altered; fettling about this and that, does not consider what danger he is in. This same Sunday, his Major met him on the Street of Berlin; said, in a significant tone, "You still *here*, Katte!" — "I go this night," answered Katte; but he again put it off, did not go this night; and the order for his arrest did come in. On the morrow morning, Colonel Pannewitz, hoping now he was not there, went with the rhadamanthine order; and finding the unlucky fellow, was obliged to execute it. Katte lies in ward, awaiting what may be prepared for him.

Friedrich Wilhelm at Wesel has had rough passages with the Prince and others. On the Saturday evening, 12th August 1730,** his Majesty had the Culprit brought on shore, to the Commandant's House, for an interview. Culprit proving less remorseful than was expected, and evidently not confessing everything, a loud terrible scene ensued; which Friedrich Wilhelm,

* No date: "*arrived*" (from Wesel, we conclude), Sunday "20th August," at the Palace of Berlin (Preuss., l. 42).

** Preuss., lv. 473; Seckendorf (Förster, iii. 6) says 13th, but *wrong*.

the unhappy Father, winded up by drawing his sword to run the unnatural Son through the body. Old General Mosel, Commandant of Wesel, sprang between them, "Sire, cut me to death, but spare your Son!" and the sword was got back to its scabbard; and the Prince lodged in a separate room, two sentries with fixed bayonets keeping watch over him. Friedrich Wilhelm did not see his face again for twelve months to come, — 'twelve months and three days.'

Military gentlemen of due grimness interrogated the Prince next evening,* from a Paper drawn up by his Majesty in the interim. Prince confesses little: Did design to get across the Rhine to Landau; thence to Strasburg, Paris, in the strictest incognito; intended to volunteer there, thought he might take French service, profoundly incognito, and signalise himself in the Italian War (just expected to break out), which might have recovered him some favour from his Majesty: does not tell clearly where his money came from; shy extremely of elucidating Katte and Keith; — in fact, as we perceive, struggles against mendacity, but will not tell the whole truth. "Let him lie in ward, then; and take what doom the Laws have appointed for the like of him!" Divine Laws, are they not? Well, yes, your Majesty; divine and human; — or are there perhaps no laws but the human sort, completely explicit in this case? "He is my Colonel at least," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm, "and tried to desert and make others desert. If a rebellious Crown-Prince, breaking

* Beckendorf (in Förster, III. 5).

his Father's heart, find the laws still inarticulate; a deserting Colonel of the Potsdam Regiment finds them speak plain enough! Let him take the answer they give him." —

Dumoulin, in the mean while, can make nothing of Keith, the runaway Lieutenant. Dumoulin, with his sagacious organ, soon came upon the scent of Keith; and has discovered these things about him. One evening, a week before his Majesty arrived, Sunday evening 6th August 1730,* Lieutenant Keith, doubtless smelling something, saddled his horse as above mentioned, decided to have a ride in the country this fine evening, and issued out at the Brünen Gate of Wesel. He is on the right bank of the Rhine; pleasant yellow fields on this hand and that. He ambles slowly, for a space; then gradually awakens into speed, into full speed; arrives, within a couple of hours, at Dingden, a Village in the Münster Territory, safe over the Prussian border, by the shortest line: and from Dingden rides at more leisure, but without losing time, into the Dutch Overijssel region, straight towards the Hague. He must be in the Hague? said Dumoulin to the Official persons, on arriving there, — to Mardenfeld the Prussian Ambassador there,** and to Keppel, Dutch Official gentleman who was once Ambassador at Berlin. Prussian Ambassador applies, and again applies, in the highest quarters; but we fear they are slack. Dumoulin discovers that the man was certainly here; Keppel readily admits, He had Keith to dinner a few days

* Pruss., IV. 473.

** Seckendorf (Förster, III. 7).

ago; but where Keith now is, Keppel cannot form the least guess.

Dumoulin suspects he is with Lord Chesterfield, the English Ambassador here. A light was seen, for a night or two, in one of the garret-rooms of Lord Chesterfield's house, — probably Keith reading? — but Keith is not to be heard of, on inquiry there; and the very light has now gone out. The distinguished English Lord is gone to England in these days; but his German Secretary is not gone: the House is inviolable, impregnable to Prussia. Who knows, in spite of the light going out, but Keith is still there, merely with a window-shutter to screen him? One morning, it becomes apparent Keith is not there. One morning, a gentleman at the seaside is admiring Dutch fishing-skiffs, and how they do sail. "Pooh, Sir, that is nothing!" answers a man in multiplex breeches: "the other night I went across to England in one, with an Excellency's Messenger who could not wait!" — Truth is, the Chesterfield Secretary, who forbade lights, took the first good night for conveying Keith to Scheveningen and the seaside; where a Fisher-boat was provided for him; which carried him, frail craft as it was, safe across to England. Once there, the Authorities took pity on the poor fellow; — furnished the modicum of cash and help; sent him with Admiral Norris to assist the Portuguese, menaced with Spanish war at this time; among whom he gradually rose to be Major of Horse. Friedrich Wilhelm cited him by tap of drum three times in Wesel, and also in the Gazettes, native

and Dutch; then, as he did not come, nailed an Effigy of him (cut in four, if I remember) on the gallows there; and confiscated any property he had. Keith had more pedigree than property; was of Poberow in Pommern; son of poor gentlefolks there. He sent no word of himself to Prussia, for the next ten years: so that he had become a kind of myth to many people; to his poor Mother among the rest, who has her tragical surmises about him. He will appear again; but not to much purpose. His Brother, the Page Keith, is packed into the Fusileer Regiment, at Wesel here; and there walks sentry, unheard of for the rest of his life. So much for the Keiths.*

Other difficulty there is as to the prison of the Prince. Wesel is a strong Town; but for obvious reasons one nearer Berlin, farther from the frontier, would be preferable. Towards Berlin, however, there is no route all on Prussian ground: from these divided Cleve Countries we have to cross a bit of Hanover, a bit of Hessen-Cassel: suppose these Serene Highnesses were to interfere? Not likely they will interfere, answer ancient military men, of due grimness; at any rate, we can go a roundabout road, and they need not know! That is the method settled on; neighbourhood of Berlin, clearly somewhere there, must be the place? Old Castle of Mittenwalde, in the Wusterhausen en-

* Preuss: *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, pp. 380, 392.
— See, on this and the other points, Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 352-374 (and correct his many blunders).

virons, let that be the first resting-point, then; Rochow, Waldau, and the Wesel Fusileer-Colonel here, sure men, with a trooper or two for escort, shall conduct the Prisoner. By Treuenbrietzen, by circuitous roads: swift, silent, steady, — and with vigilance, as you shall answer! — These preliminaries settled, Friedrich Wilhelm drives off homewards, black Care riding behind him. He reaches Berlin, Sunday 27th August; finds a world gone all to a kind of doomsday with him there, poor gentleman.

Scene at Berlin on Majesty's Arrival.

On Sunday evening, 27th August 1730, his Majesty, who had rested overnight at Potsdam from his rapid journey, drove into Berlin between four and five in the afternoon. Deserter Fritz is following, under escort of his three military gentlemen, at a slower rate and by circuitous routes, so as to avoid the territories of Hanover and Hessen, — towards Mittenwalde in the Wusterhausen neighbourhood. The military gentlemen are vigilant as Argus, and, though pitying the poor Prince, must be rigorous as Rhadamanthus. His attempts at escape, of which Tradition mentions more than one, they will not report to Papa, nor even notice to the Prince himself; but will take care to render futile, one and all: his Majesty may be secure on that score.

The scenes that follow are unusual in royal history; and having been reported in the world with infinite

noise and censure, made up of laughter and horror, it will behove us to be the more exact in relating them as they actually befel. Very difficult to pull, out of that ravelled cartload of chaotic thrums, here a thread and there a thread, capable of being brought to the straight state, and woven into legible narrative! But perhaps, by that method, the mingled laughter and horror will modify itself a little. What we can well say is, that pity also ought not to be wanting. The next six months were undoubtedly by far the wretchedest of Friedrich Wilhelm's life. The poor King, except that he was not conscious of intending wrong, but much the reverse, walked in the hollow night of Gehenna, all that while, and was often like to be driven mad by the turn things had taken.

Here is scene first: Wilhelmina reports his Majesty's arrival that Sunday afternoon, to the following effect; she was present in the adventure, and not a spectatress only:

"The Queen was alone in his Majesty's Apartment, waiting for him as he approached. At sight of her, in the distance, he called out: 'Your losel of a Son (*votre indigne fils*) has ended at last; you have done with *him*,' or words to that effect. 'What,' cried the Queen, 'you have had the barbarity to kill him?' — 'Yes, I tell you, — but where is the sealed Desk?' The Queen went to her own Apartment to fetch it; I ran in to her there for a moment: she was out of herself, wringing her hands, crying incessantly, and said without ceasing: '*Mon Dieu, mon fils* (O God, my Son)!' Breath failed me; I fell fainting into the arms of Madam de Sous-

"feld." — The Queen took away the Writing-case; King tore out the letters, and went off; upon which the Queen came down again to us.

"We learned from some attendant that, at least, my Brother was not dead. The King now came back. We all ran to kiss his hands; but he no sooner noticed than rage and fury took possession of him. He became black in the face, his eyes sparkling fire, his mouth foaming. 'Infamous *canaille*,' said he: 'darest thou show thyself before me? Go, keep thy scoundrel of a Brother company!' And so saying, he seized me with one hand, slapping me on the face with the other," — clenched as a fist (*poing*), — "several blows; one of which struck me on the temple, so that I fell back, and should have split my head against a corner of the wainscot, had not Madam de Sonsfeld caught me by the headdress and broken the fall. I lay on the ground without consciousness. The King, in a frenzy, was for striking me with his feet; had not the Queen, my Sisters and the rest, run between, and those who were present prevented him. They all ranked themselves round me, which gave Mesdames de Kamecke and Sonsfeld time to pick me up. They put me in a chair in the embrasure of a window; threw water on my face to bring me to life: which care I lamentably reproached them with, death being a thousand times better, in the pass things had come to. The Queen kept shrieking, her firmness had quite left her: she wrung her hands, and ran in despair up and down the room. The King's face was so disfigured with rage, it was frightful to look upon. The little ones were on their knees, begging for me,"* —

— poor little beings, what a group: Amelia, the youngest girl, about six; Henri, in his bits of trousers, hardly

* *Wilhelmina*, I. 265-267.

over four! — For the rest, I perceive, this room was on the first or a lower floor, and such noises were very audible. The Guard had turned out at the noise; and a crowd was collecting to see and hear: "Move on! Move on!" —

"The King had now changed his tune: he admitted that "my Brother was still alive; but vowed horribly he would put "him to death, and lay me fast, within four walls, for the rest "of my life. He accused me of being the Prince's accomplice, "whose crime was high treason; — also of having an intrigue "of love with Katte, to whom, he said, I had borne several "children." The timid Governante flamed up at this unheard-of insult: 'That is not true,' said she fiercely, 'whoever has told your Majesty such a thing has told a lie!' 'O, spare my "'Brother, and I will marry the Duke of Weissenfels,' "whimpered I; but in the great noise he did not hear; and "while I strove to repeat it louder, Sonsfeld clapt her hand- "kerchief on my face.

"Hustling aside to get rid of the handkerchief, I saw Katte "crossing the Square. Four soldiers were conducting him to "the King; trunks, my Brother's and his own, sealed, were "coming on in the rear. Pale and downcast, he took off his "hat to salute me," — poor Katte, to me always so prostrate in silent respect, and now so unhappy! "A moment after, the "King hearing he was come, went out, exclaiming, 'Now I "'shall have proof about the scoundrel Fritz and the off- "'scouring (*canaille*) Wilhelmina; clear proofs to cut the "'heads off them.'" — The two Hofdames again interfered; and one of them, Kamecke it was, rebuked him; told him, in the tone of a prophetess, To take care what he was doing. Whom his Majesty gazed into with astonishment, but rather with respect than with anger, saying, "Your intentions are good!"

And so his Majesty flung out, seeking Katte; and vanished: Wilhelmina saw no more of him for about a year after; being ordered to her room, and kept prisoner there on low diet, with sentries guarding her doors, and no outlook but the worst horror her imagination pleased to paint.

This is the celebrated assault of paternal Majesty on Wilhelmina; the rumour of which has gone into all lands, exciting wonder and horror, but could not be so exact as this account at first-hand. Naturally the crowd of street passengers, once dispersed by the Guard, carried the matter abroad, and there was no end of sympathetic exaggerations. Report ran in Berlin, for example, that the poor Princess was killed, beaten or trampled to death; which we clearly see she was not. Voltaire, in that mass of angry calumnies, very mendacious indeed, which he calls *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*, mentions the matter with emphasis; and says farther, The Princess once did him (Voltaire) the "honour to show him a black mark she carried on her breast ever after;" — which is likelier to be false than true. Captain Guy Dickens, the Legationary Captain, who seems a clear, ingenuous and ingenious man, and of course had access to the highest circles of refined rumour, reports the matter about ten days after, with several errors, in this manner:

"Berlin, 5th September 1730. Four or five days ago" (by the Almanac nine, and directly on his Majesty's return, which Dickens had announced a week ago without that fact at-

tached), "the King dreadfully ill-treated Wilhelmina in "bed" (not in bed at all); "whole Castle (*Schloss* or Palace) "was alarmed; Guard turned out," — to clear away the crowd, as we perceive. Not properly a crowd, such was not permissible there: but a stagnation of the passers-by would naturally ensue on that esplanade; till the Guard turned out, and indicated with emphasis, "Move on!" Dickens hears farther that "the Queen fares no better;" — such is the state of rumour in Berlin at present.

Poor Katte had a hard audience of it too. He fell at Friedrich Wilhelm's feet; and was spurned and caned; — for the rest, beyond what was already evident, had little or nothing to confess: Intention of flight and of accompanying in flight, very undeniable; although preliminaries and ulterior conditions of said flight not perfectly known to Katte; known only that the thought of raising trouble in foreign Courts, or the least vestige of treason against his Majesty, had not entered even into their dreams. A name or two of persons who had known, or guessed, of these operations, is wrung from Katte; — name of a Lieutenant Spaen, for one; who, being on guard, had admitted Katte into Potsdam once or twice in disguise: — for him and for the like of him, of whatever rank or whichever sex, let arrests be made out, and the scent as with sleuth-hounds be diligently followed on all sides; and Katte, stript of his uniform, be locked up in the grimmest manner. Berlin, with the rumour of these things, is a much agitated city.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEQUEL TO CROWN-PRINCE AND FRIENDS.

As for the Crown-Prince, prosecuting his circuitous route, he arrives safe at Mittenwalde; is lodged in the old Castle there, I think, for two nights (but the date, in these indexless Books, is blown away again), in a room bare of all things, with sentries at the door; and looks out, expecting Grumkow and the Officials to make assault on him. One of these Officials, a certain "Gerber, Fiscal General," who, as head of Prussian Fiscals (kind of Public Prosecutor, or supreme Essence of Bailiffs, Catchpoles and Grand-Juries all in one), wears a red cloak, — gave the Prince a dreadful start. Red cloak is the Berlin Hangman's or Headsman's dress; and poor Friedrich had the idea his end had summarily come in this manner. Soon seeing it was otherwise, his spirits recovered, perhaps rose by the shock.

He fronted Grumkow and the Officials, with a high, almost contemptuous look; answered promptly, — if possible, without lying, and yet without telling anything; — showed self-possession, pride; retorted sometimes, "Have you nothing more to ask?" Grumkow finding there was no way made into anything, not even into the secret of the Writing-case and the Royal Women's operations there, began at last, as Wilhelmina says, to hint, That in his Majesty's service there were means of

bringing out the truth in spite of refractory humours; that there was a thing called the rack, not yet abolished in his Prussian Majesty's dominions! Friedrich owned afterwards, his blood ran cold. However, he put on a high look: "A Hangman, such as you, naturally takes "pleasure in talking of his tools and his trade; but on "me they will not produce any effect. I have owned "everything; — and almost regret to have done so. For "it is not my part to stand questionings and bandy re- "sponses with a *coquin comme vous*, scoundrel like you," reports Wilhelmina,* though we hope the actual term was slightly less candid! — Grumkow gathered his Notes together; and went his ways, with the man in red cloak and the rest; thus finishing the scene in Mittenwalde. Mittenwalde, which we used to know long since, in our Wusterhausen rides with poor Duhan; little thinking what awaited us there one day!

Mittenwalde being finished, Friedrich, on Monday, 5th September 1730, is sent forward to Cüstrin, a strong little Town in a quiet Country, some sixty or seventy miles eastward of Berlin. On the evening of the 5th he finds himself lodged in a strong room of the Fortress there, — room consisting of bare walls lighted from far up; no furniture, not even the needfullest; everything indicating that the proud spirit and the iron laws shall here have their duel out at leisure, and see which is stronger.

His sword was taken from him at Wesel; sword, uniform, every mark of dignity, all are now gone: he

* l. 280.

is clad in brown prison dress of the plainest cut and cloth; his diet is fixed at tenpence a-day ("to be got from the cook's shop, six groschen for dinner, four for supper");* food to be cut for him, no knife allowed. Room is to be opened, morning, noon and evening, "on the average not above four minutes each time;" lights, or single tallow light, to be extinguished at seven p. m. Absolute solitude; no flute allowed, far from it; no Books allowed, except the Bible and a Prayer-Book, — or perhaps Noltenius's *Manual*, if he took a hankering for it. There, shut out from the babble of fools, and conversing only with the dumb Veracities, with the huge inarticulate moanings of Destiny, Necessity and Eternity, let the fool of a Fritz bethink himself, if there is any thought in him! There, among the Bogs of the Oder, the very sedges getting brown all round him, and the very curlews flying off for happier climes, let him wait, till the question of his doom, rather an abstruse question, ripen in the royal breast.

As for Wilhelmina, she is close prisoner in her apartments in the Berlin Palace, sentries pacing at every outlet, for many months to come. Wilhelmina almost rather likes it, such a dog of an existence has she had hitherto, for want of being well let alone. She plays, reads; composes music; smuggles letters to and from Mamma, — one in pencil, from my Brother even, O Heavens! Wilhelmina weeps, now and then, with her good Sonsfeld; hopes nevertheless there will be

* Order, 14th September 1730 (in Fürster, i. 372).

some dawn to this *ragnarök*, or general "twilight of the gods." Friedrich Wilhelm, convinced that England has had a hand in this treason, signifies officially to his Excellency Captain Dickens, That the English negotiations are concluded; that neither in the way of Single-Marriage nor of Double-Marriage will he have anything more to do with England. "Well," answers England, "who can help it? Negotiation was not quite of our seeking. Let it so end!"* — Nay at dinner one day (Seckendorf reports, while Fritz was on the road to Cüstrin) he proposes the toast, "Downfall of England!"** and would have had the Queen drink it; who naturally wept, but I conjecture could not be made to drink. Her Majesty is a weeping, almost broken-hearted woman; his Majesty a raging, almost broken-hearted man. Seckendorf and Grumkow are, as it were, too victorious; and now have their apprehensions on that latter score. But they look on with countenances well veiled, and touch the helm judiciously in Tobacco-Parliament, intent on the nearest harbour of refuge.

Her Majesty nevertheless steadily persists; merely sinks deeper out of sight with her English schemes; ducking till the wave go by. Messages, desperate appeals still go, through Mamsell Bülow, Wilhelmina's Hofdame, and other channels; nay Wilhelmina thinks there were still intentions on the part of England, and that the nonfulfilment of them at the last moment

* Dickens's Despatch, 25th September 1730; and Harrington's Answer to it, of 6th October: Seckendorf (in Fürster, III. 9), 23d September.

** Seckendorf (in Fürster, III. 11).

turned on accident; English "Courier arrived some hours too late," thinks Wilhelmina.* But that is a mistake. The negotiation, in spite of her Majesty's endeavours, was essentially out; England, after such a message, could not, nor did, stir farther in the matter.

In that Writing-case his Majesty found what we know; nothing but mysterious effects of female art, and no light whatever. It is a great source of wrath and of sorrow to him, that neither in the Writing-case, nor in Katte's or the Prince's so called "Confessions," can the thing be seen into. A deeper bottom it must have, thinks his Majesty, but knows not what or where. To overturn the Country, belike; and fling the Kaiser, and European Balance of Power, bottom uppermost? Me they presumably meant to poison! he tells Seckendorf one day.** Was ever Father more careful for his children, soul and body? Anxious, to excess, to bring them up in orthodox nurture and admonition: and this is how they reward me, Herr Feldzeugmeister! "Had *he* honestly confessed, and told me the whole truth, "at Wesel, I would have made it up with him quietly "there. But now it must go its lengths; and the whole "world shall be judge between us."***

His Majesty is in a flaming height. He arrests, punishes and banishes, where there is trace of coöperation or connexion with Deserter Fritz and his schemes

* Wilhelmina (l. 369, 384), and Preuss and others after her.

** Dickens, Despatch, 16th September 1730.

*** Seckendorf (Förster, ubi *suprà*), 23d September.

The Bülow's, brother and sister, brother in the King's service, sister in Wilhelmina's, respectable goldstick people, originally of Hanover, are hurled out to Lithuania and the world's end: let them live in Memel, and repent as they can. Minister Knyphausen, always of English tendencies, he, with his Wife, — to whom it is specially hard, while General Schwerin, gallant witty Kurt, once of Mecklenburg, stays behind, — is ordered to disappear, and follow his private rural business far off; no minister, ever more. The Lieutenant Spaen of the Giant Regiment, who kept false watch, and did not tell of Katte, gets cashiering and a year in Spandau. He wandered elsewhither, and came to something afterwards, poor Spaen.* Bookseller Hanau with this bad Fritz's Books: To Memel with him also; let him deal in more orthodox kinds of Literature there.

It is dangerous to have lent the Crown-Prince money, contrary to the Royal Edict: lucky if loss of your money will settle the account. Witness French Montholieu, for one; Count, or whatever he styled himself: nailed to the gallows (in effigy) after he had fled. It is dangerous to have spoken kindly to the Crown-Prince, or almost to have been spoken to by him. Doris Ritter, a comely enough good girl, nothing of a beauty, but given to music, Potsdam Cantor's (Precentor's) daughter, has chanced to be standing in the door, perhaps to be singing within doors, once or twice, when the Prince passed that way: Prince inquired

* Preuss, i. 63, 66.

about her music, gave her music, spoke a civility, as young men will, — nothing more, upon my honour; though his Majesty believes there was much more; and condemns poor Doris to be whipt by the Beadle, and beat hemp for three years. Rhadamanthus is a strict judge, your Majesty; and might be a trifle better informed! — Poor Doris got out of this sad pickle, on her own strength; and wedded, and did well enough, — Prince and King happily leaving her alone thenceforth. Voltaire, twenty years after, had the pleasure of seeing her at Berlin: "Wife of one Shommers, Clerk "of the Hackney-Coach Office," — read, Schomer, *Farmer* of the Berlin Hackney-Coach Enterprise in general; decidedly a poor man. Wife, by this time, was grown hard enough of feature: "tall, lean; looked "like a Sibyl; not the least appearance how she could "ever have deserved to be whipt for a Prince."*

The excellent Tutor of the Crown-Prince, good Duhan de Jandun, for what fault or complicity we know not, is hurled off to Memel; ordered to live there, — on what resources is equally unknown. Apparently his fault was the general one, of having mis-educated the Prince, and introduced these French Literatures, foreign poisonous elements of thought and practice into the mind of his Pupil, which have ruined the young man. For his Majesty perceives that there lies the source of it; that only total perversion of the heart and judgment, first of all, can have brought about

* Voltaire, *Œuvres* (calumnious *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*), il. 51, 52, Preuss, l. 64, 66.

these dreadful issues of conduct. And indeed his Majesty understands, on credible information, that Deserter Fritz entertains very heterodox opinions; opinion on Predestination, for one; — which is itself calculated to be the very mother of mischief, in a young mind inclined to evil. The heresy about Predestination, or the "*Freie Gnadenwahl* (Election by Free Grace)," as his Majesty terms it, according to which a man is pre-appointed from all Eternity either to salvation or the opposite (which is Fritz's notion, and indeed is Calvin's, and that of many benighted creatures, this Editor among them), appears to his Majesty an altogether shocking one; nor would the whole Synod of Dort, or Calvin, or St. Augustine in person, aided by a Thirty-Editor power, reconcile his Majesty's practical judgment to such a tenet. What! May not Deserter Fritz say to himself, even now, or in whatever other deeps of sin he may fall into, "I was foredoomed to it: how could I, or how can I, help it?" The mind of his Majesty shudders, as if looking over the edge of an abyss. He is meditating much whether nothing can be done to save the lost Fritz, at least the soul of him, from this horrible delusion; — hurls forth your fine Duhan, with his metaphysics, to remote Memel, as the first step. And signifies withal, though as yet only historically and in a speculative way, to Finckenstein and Kalkstein themselves, That their method of training up a young soul, to do God's will, and accomplish useful work in this world, does by no means appear to

the royal mind an admirable one!* Finckenstein and Kalkstein were always covertly rather of the Queen's party, and now stand reprimanded and in marked disfavour.

That the treasonous mystery of this Crown-Prince (parricidal, it is likely, and tending to upset the Universe) must be investigated to the very bottom, and be condignly punished, probably with death, his Majesty perceives too well; and also what terrible difficulties, formal and essential, there will be. But whatever become of his perishable life, ought not, if possible, the soul of him to be saved from the claws of Satan? "Claws of Satan;" "brand from the burning;" "for Christ our Saviour's sake;" "in the name of the most merciful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen:" — so Friedrich Wilhelm phrases it, in those confused old documents and Cabinet-Letters of his;** which awaken a strange feeling in the attentive reader; and show us the ruggedest of human creatures melted into blubbering tenderness, and growling huskily something which we perceive is real prayer. Here has a business fallen out, such as seldom occurred before! —

* His Letter to them (3d December 1730), in Förster, II. 382.

** Förster, I. 374, 379, &c,

CHAPTER IX.

COURT-MARTIAL ON CROWN-PRINCE AND CONSORTS.

THE rumour of these things naturally fills all minds, and occupies all human tongues, in Berlin and Prussia, though an Edict threatens, That the tongues shall be *cut out* which speak of them in any way;* and sounds far and wide into foreign Courts and Countries, where there is no such Edict. Friedrich Wilhelm's conduct, looked at from without, appears that of a hideous royal ogre, or blind anthropophagous Polyphemus fallen mad. Looked at from within, where the Polyphemus has his reasons, and a kind of inner rushlight to enlighten his path; and is not bent on man-eating, but on discipline in spite of difficulties, — it is a wild enough piece of humanity, not so much ludicrous as tragical. Never was a royal bear so led about before by a pair of conjuring pipers in the market, or brought to such a pass in his dancing for them!

“General Ginkel, the Dutch Ambassador here,” writes “Dickens, “told me of an interview he had with the King;” being ordered, by their High Mightinesses, to solicit his Majesty in this matter. King “harbours ‘most monstrous “wicked designs, not fit to be spoken of in words,’ reports Ginkel. “‘It is certain,’ added he, ‘if the King of Prussia

* Dickens, of 7th November, 1730.

“continue in the mind he is in at present, we shall see scenes
“here as wicked and bloody as any that were ever heard of
“since the creation of the world.’ ‘Will sacrifice his whole
“family,’ not the Crown-Prince alone; ‘everybody except
“Grumkow being, as he fancies, in conspiracy against him.’
Poor enchanted King! — “And all these things he said with
“such imprecations and disordered looks, foaming at the
“mouth all the while, as it was terrible either to see or hear.”
That is Ginkel’s report, as Dickens conveys it.* Another
time, on new order, a month later, when Ginkel went again to
speak a word for the poor Prisoner, he found his Majesty
clothed not in delirious thunder, but in sorrowful thick fog;
Ginkel “was the less able to judge what the King of Prussia
“meant to do with his Son, as it was evident the King himself
“did not know.”**

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, through these months,
wanders about, shifting from room to room, in the
night-time, like a man possessed by evil fiends; “orders
his carriage for Wusterhausen at two in the morning,”
but finds he is no better there, and returns; drinks a
great deal, “has not gone to bed sober for a month
past.”*** One night he comes gliding like a perturbed
ghost, about midnight, with his candle in his hand,
into the Queen’s apartment; says, wildly staring, “He
thinks there is something haunting him:” — O Feekin,
erring disobedient Wife, wilt not thou protect me, after
all? Whither can I fly when haunted, except to thee?
Feekin, like a prudent woman, makes no criticism;

* Despatch, 7th September 1730.

** Ib. 10th October.

*** Ib. 19th December 1730.

orders that his Majesty's bed be made up in her apartment till these phenomena cease.* A much-agitated royal Father.

The question what is to be done with this unhappy Crown-Prince, a Deserter from the Army, a rebel against the paternal Majesty, and a believer in the doctrine of Election by Free Grace, or that a man's good or ill conduct is foredoomed upon him by decree of God, — becomes more intricate the longer one thinks of it. Seckendorf and Grumkow, alarmed at being too victorious, are set against violent high methods; and suggest this and that consideration: "Who is it that can legally try, condemn, or summon to his bar, a Crown-Prince? He is Prince of the Empire, as well as your Majesty's Son!" — "Well, he is Heir of the Sovereign Majesty in Prussia, too; and Colonel in the Potsdam Guards!" answers Friedrich Wilhelm.

At length, after six or seven weeks of abstruse meditation, it is settled in Tobacco-Parliament and the royal breast, That Katte and the Crown-Prince, as Deserters from the Prussian Army, can and shall be tried by Court-Martial: to that no power, on the Earth or out of it, can have any objection worth attending to. Let a fair Court-Martial of our highest military characters be selected and got ready. Let that, as a voice of Rhadamanthus, speak upon the two culprits; and tell us what is to be done. By the middle of October, things on Friedrich Wilhelm's side have got so far.

* Dickens, despatch, 27th Feb. 1731.

Crown-Prince in Cüstrin.

Poor Friedrich meanwhile has had a grim time of it, these two months back; left alone, in coarse brown prison dress, within his four bare walls at Cüstrin; in uninterrupted, unfathomable colloquy with the Destinies and the Necessities there. The King's stern orders must be fulfilled to the letter; the Crown-Prince is immured in that manner. At Berlin, there are the wildest rumours as to the state he has fallen into; "covered "with rags and vermin, unshaven, no comb allowed "him, lights his own fire," says one testimony, which Captain Dickens thinks worth reporting. For the truth is, no unofficial eye can see the Crown-Prince, or know what state he is in. And we find, in spite of the Edict, "tongues," not "cut out," kept wagging at a high rate. "People of all ranks are unspeakably indignant" at certain heights of the business: "Margravine "Albert said publicly, 'A tyrant as bad as Nero!'"*

How long the Crown-Prince's defiant humour held out, we are not told. By the middle of October there comes proposal of "entire confession" from the Prince; and though, when Papa sends deputies accordingly, there is next to nothing new confessed, and Papa's anger blazes out again, probably we may take this as the turning-point on his Son's part. With him, of course, that mood of mind could not last. There is no wildest lion, but finding his bars are made of iron, ceases to bite them. The Crown-Prince there, in his

* Dickens, 7th November, 2d December 1730.

horror, indignation and despair, had a lucid human judgment in him too; loyal to facts, and well knowing their inexorable nature. Just sentiments are in this young man, not capable of permanent distortion into spasm by any form of injustice laid on them. It is not long till he begins to discern, athwart this terrible, quasi-infernal element, that so the facts are; and that nothing but destruction, and no honour that were not dishonour, will be got by not conforming to the facts. My Father may be a tyrant, and driven mad against me: well, well, let not me at least go mad!

Grumkow is busy on the mild side of the business; of course Grumkow and all official men. Grumkow cannot but ask himself this question among others: How if the King should suddenly die upon us! Grumkow is out at Cüstrin, and again out; explaining to the Prince, what the enormous situation is; how inflexible, inexorable, and of peril and horror incalculable to Mother and Sister and self and royal House; and that there is one possibility of good issue, and only one: that of loyally yielding, where one cannot resist. By degrees, some lurid troublous but perceptible light-gleam breaks athwart the black whirl-wind of our indignation and despair; and saner thoughts begin to insinuate themselves. "Obey, thou art not the strongest, there are stronger than thou! All men, the highest among them, are called to learn obedience."

Moreover, the first sweep of royal fury being past, his Majesty's stern regulations at Cüstrin began to relax in fulfilment; to be obeyed only by those immediately

responsible, and in letter rather than in spirit even by those. President von Münchow, who is Head of the Domain-Kammer, chief representative of Government at Cüstrin, and resides in the Fortress there, ventures after a little, the Prince's doors being closed as we saw, to have an orifice bored through the floor above, and thereby to communicate with the Prince, and sympathetically ask; What he can do for him? Many things, books among others, are, under cunning contrivance, smuggled in by the judicious Münchow, willing to risk himself in such a service. For example, Münchow has a son, a clever boy of seven years old; who, to the wonder of neighbours, goes into child's-petticoats again; and testifies the liveliest desire to be admitted to the Prince, and bear him company a little! Surely the law of No-company does not extend to that of an innocent child? The innocent child has a row of pockets all round the inside of his long gown; and goes laden, miscellaneously, like a ship of the desert, or cockboat not forbidden to cross the line. Then there are stools, one stool at least indispensable to human nature; and the inside of this, once you open it, is a chest-of-drawers, containing paper, ink, new literature and much else. No end to Münchow's goodwill, and his ingenuity is great.*

A Captain Fouqué also, furthered I think by the Old Dessauer, whose man he is, comes to Cüstrin Garrison, on duty or as volunteer, by and by. He is an old friend of the Prince's; — ran off, being the Des-

* Preuss, i. 46.

sauer's little page, to the Siege of Stralsund, long ago, to be the Dessauer's little soldier there: — a ready-witted, hot-tempered, highly estimable man; and his real duty here is to do the Prince what service may be possible. He is often with the Prince; their light is extinguished precisely at seven o'clock: "Very well, Lieutenant," he would say, "you have done your orders "to the Crown-Prince's light. But his Majesty has no "concern with Captain Fouqué's candles!" and thereupon would light a pair. Nay, I have heard of Lieutenants who punctually blew out the Prince's light, as a matter of duty and command; and then kindled it again, as a civility left free to human nature. In short, his Majesty's orders can only be fulfilled to the letter; Commandant Lepel and all Officers are willing not to see, where they can help seeing. Even in the letter his Majesty's orders are severe enough.

Sentence of Court-Martial.

Meanwhile the Court-Martial, selected with intense study, instals itself at Cöpenick; and on the 25th of October commences work. This Deserter Crown-Prince and his accomplices, especially Katte his chief accomplice, what is to be done with them? Cöpenick lies on the road to Cüstrin, within a morning's drive of Berlin; there is an ancient Palace here, and room for a Court-Martial. "*Que faire? ils ont des canons!*" said the old Prussian Raths, wandering about in these woods, when Gustavus and his Swedes were at the door. "*Que*

faire?" may the new military gentlemen think to themselves, here again, while the brown leaves rustle down upon them, after a hundred years!

The Court consists of a President, Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, an elderly Malplaquet gentleman of good experience; one of the many Schulenburgs conspicuous for soldiering, and otherwise, in those times. He is nephew of George I.'s lean Mistress; who also was a Schulenburg originally, and conspicuous not for soldiering. Lean mistress we say; not the Fat one, or cataract of tallow, with eyebrows like a cartwheel, and dim coaly disks for eyes, who was George I.'s half-sister, probably not his mistress at all; and who now, as Countess of Darlington so-called, sits at Isleworth with good fat pensions, and a tame raven come-of-will, — probably the *soul* of George I. in some form.* Not this one, we say: — but the threadpaper Duchess of Kendal, actual Ex-mistress; who tore her hair on the road when apoplexy overtook poor George, and who now attends chapel diligently, poor old anatomy or lean human nailrod. For the sake of the English reader searching into what is called "History," I, with indignation, endeavour to discriminate these two beings once again; that each may be each, till both are happily forgotten to all eternity. It was the latter, lean maypole or nailrod one, that was Aunt of Schulenburg, the elderly Malplaquet gentleman who now presides at Cöpenick. And let the reader remember him; for he will turn up repeatedly again.

* See Walpole, *Reminiscences*.

The Court consisted farther of three Major-Generals, among whom I name only Grumkow (Major-General by rank, though more of a diplomatist and black-artist than a soldier), and Schwerin, Kurt von Schwerin of Mecklenburg (whom Madam Knyphausen regrets, in her now exile to the Country); three Colonels, Der-schau one of them; three Lieutenant-Colonels, three Majors and three Captains, all of whom shall be nameless here. Lastly come three of the "Auditor" or the Judge-Advocate sort: Mylius, the Compiler of sad Prussian Quartos, known to some; Gerber, whose red cloak has frightened us once already; and the Auditor of Katte's regiment. A complete Court-Martial, and of symmetrical structure, by the rule of three;—of whose proceedings we know mainly the result, nor seek much to know more. This Court met on Wednesday, 25th October 1730, in the little Town of Cöpenick; and in six days had ended, signed, sealed and despatched to his Majesty; and got back to Berlin on the Tuesday next. His Majesty, who is now at Wusterhausen, in hunting time, finds conclusions to the following effect:

Accomplices of the Crown-Prince are two: *First*, Lieutenant Keith, actual deserter (who cannot be caught): To be hanged in effigy, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel: — *Good*, says his Majesty. *Secondly*, Lieutenant Katte of the Gens-d'Armes, intended deserter, not actually deserting, and much tempted thereto: All things considered, Two years of Fortress Arrest to Lieutenant Katte: — *Not Good* this; *Bad* this, thinks Majesty; this provokes from his Majesty an angry rebuke to the too lax Court-Martial. Rebuke

which can still be read, in growling, unluceid phraseology; but with a rhadamanthine idea clear enough in it, and with a practical purport only too clear: That Katte was a sworn soldier, of the Gens-d'Armes even, or Bodyguard of the Prussian Majesty; and did nevertheless, in the teeth of his oath, 'worship the Rising Sun' when minded to desert; did plot and colleague with foreign Courts in aid of said Rising Sun, and of an intended high crime against the Prussian Majesty itself on Rising Sun's part; far from at once revealing the same, as duty ordered Lieutenant Katte to do. That Katte's crime amounts to high-treason (*crimen læsæ majestatis*); that the rule is, *Fiat justitia, et pereat mundus*; — and that, in brief, Katte's doom is, and is hereby declared to be, Death. Death by the gallows and hot pincers is the usual doom of Traitors; but his Majesty will say in this case, Death by the sword and headsman simply; certain circumstances moving the royal clemency to go so far, no farther. And the Court-Martial has straightway to apprise Katte of this same; and so doing, "shall say, That his Majesty is sorry for Katte; but "that it is better he die than that justice depart out of the "world" (*Wusterhausen, 1st November 1730.*)

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM."*

This is the iron doom of Katte; which no prayer or influence of mortal will avail to alter, — lest justice depart out of the world. Katte's Father is a General of rank, Commandant of Königsberg at this moment; Katte's Grandfather by the Mother's side, old Field-marshal Wartensleben, is a man in good favour with Friedrich Wilhelm, and of high esteem and mark in

* Preuss, i. 44.

his country for half a century past. But all this can effect nothing. Old Wartensleben thinks of the Daughter he lost; for happily Katte's Mother is dead long since. Old Wartensleben writes to Friedrich Wilhelm; his mournful Letter, and Friedrich Wilhelm's mournful but inexorable answer, can be read in the Histories; but show only what we already know.

Katte's Mother, Fieldmarshal Wartensleben's Daughter, died in 1706; leaving Katte only two years old. He is now twenty-six; very young for such grave issues; and his fate is certainly very hard. Poor young soul, he did not resist farther, or quarrel with the inevitable and inexorable. He listened to Chaplain Müller of the Gens-d'Armes; admitted profoundly, after his fashion, that the great God was just, and the poor Katte sinful, foolish, only to be saved by miracle of mercy; and piously prepared himself to die on these terms. There are three Letters of his to his Grandfather, which can still be read, one of them in Wilhelmina's Book,* the sound of it like that of dirges borne on the wind. Wilhelmina evidently pities Katte very tenderly; in her heart she has a fine royal-maiden kind of feeling to the poor youth. He did heartily repent and submit; left with Chaplain Müller a Paper of pious considerations, admonishing the Prince to submit. These are Katte's last employments in his prison at Berlin, after sentence had gone forth.

* Wilhelmina, i. 302.

Katte's End, 6th November 1730.

On Sunday evening, 5th November, it is intimated to him, unexpectedly at the moment, that he has to go to Cüstrin, and there die; — carriage now waiting at the gate. Katte masters the sudden flurry; signifies that all is ready, then; and so, under charge of his old Major and two brother Officers, who, and Chaplain Müller, are in the carriage with him, a troop of his own old Cavalry Regiment escorting, he leaves Berlin (rather on sudden summons); drives all night, towards Cüstrin and immediate death. Words of sympathy were not wanting, to which Katte answered cheerily; grim faces wore a cloud of sorrow for the poor youth, that night. Chaplain Müller's exhortations were fervent and continual; and, from time to time, there were heard, hoarsely melodious through the damp darkness and the noise of wheels, snatches of "devotional singing," led by Müller.

It was in the gray of the winter morning, 6th November 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin Garrison. He took kind leave of Major and men: Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore! — And, about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the Rampart of the Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room, to see Katte as he passes (to "see Katte die," had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance); and Katte knows he shall see him. Faithful Müller

was in the death-car along with Katte; and he had adjoined to himself one Besserer, the Chaplain of the Garrison, in this sad function, since arriving. Here is a glimpse from Besserer, which we may take as better than nothing:

"His (Katte's) eyes were mostly directed to God; and we (Müller and I), on our part, strove to hold his heart up heavenwards, by presenting the examples of those who had died in the Lord, — as of God's Son himself, and Stephen, and the Thief on the Cross, — till, under such discoursing, we approached the Castle. Here, after long wistful looking about, he did get sight of his beloved Jonathan," Royal Highness the Crown-Prince, "at a window in the Castle; from whom he, with the politest and most tender expression, spoken in French, took leave, with no little emotion of sorrow." *

President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: "In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!" Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. "*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*" cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; O, that this should be what I have done for you! — "Death is sweet for

* Letter to Katte's Father (Extract, in Preuss: *Friedrich mit Freunden und Verwandten*, p. 7).

a Prince I love so well," said Katte, "*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince;*"* and fared on, — round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order; and was buried at night obscurely in the common churchyard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times, — and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred.

"Never was such a transaction before or since, in Modern History," cries the angry reader: "cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under millstones, like —" Or indeed like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone? This is what, after much sorting and sifting, I could get to know about the definite facts of it. Commentary, not likely to be very final at this epoch, the reader himself shall supply at discretion.

* Wilhelmina, l. 307; Preuss, l. 45.

BOOK VIII.

CROWN-PRINCE RETRIEVED: LIFE AT CÜSTRIN.

November 1730 — February 1732.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPLAIN MÜLLER WAITS ON THE CROWN-PRINCE.

FRIEDRICH's feelings at this juncture are not made known to us by himself in the least; or credibly by others in any considerable degree. As indeed in these confused Prussian History-Books, opulent in nugatory pedantisms and learned marine-stores, all that is human remains distressingly obscure to us; so seldom, and then only as through endless clouds of ever-whirling idle dust, can we catch the smallest direct feature of the young man, and of his real demeanour or meaning, on the present or other occasions! But it is evident this last phenomenon fell upon him like an overwhelming cataract; crushed him down under the immensity of sorrow, confusion, and despair; his own death not a theory now, but probably a near fact, — a welcome one in wild moments, and then anon so unwelcome. Frustrate, bankrupt, chargeable with a friend's lost life, sure enough he, for one, is: what is to become of him? Whither is he to turn, thoroughly beaten, foiled in all his enterprises? Proud young soul as he was: the ruling Powers, be they just, be they unjust, have proved too hard for him! We hear of tragic vestiges still iraceable of Friedrich, belonging to this time: texts of Scripture quoted by him, pencil-sketches of

his drawing; expressive of a mind dwelling in Golgothas, and pathetically, not defiantly, contemplating the very worst.

Chaplain Müller of the Gens-d'Armes, being found a pious and intelligent man, has his orders not to return at once from Cüstrin; but to stay there, and deal with the Prince, on that horrible Predestination topic and his other unexampled backslidings, which have ended so. Müller staid accordingly, for a couple of weeks; intensely busy on the Predestination topic, and generally in assuaging, and mutually mollifying, paternal Majesty and afflicted Son. In all which he had good success; and especially on the Predestination point, was triumphantly successful. Müller left a little Book in record of his procedures there; which, had it not been bound-over to the official tone, might have told us something. His Correspondence with the King, during those two weeks, has likewise been mostly printed;* and is of course still more official, — teaching us next to nothing, except poor Friedrich Wilhelm's profoundly devotional mood, anxieties about "the claws of Satan" and the like, which we were glad to hear of above. In Müller otherwise is small help for us.

But, fifty years afterwards, there was alive a Son of this Müller's; an innocent Country Parson, not wanting in sense, and with much simplicity and veracity; who was fished-out by Nicolai, and set to recalling what his Father used to say of this adventure, much

* Förster, i. 376-379.

the grandest of his life. In Müller Junior's Letter of Reminiscences to Nicolai we find some details, got from his Father, which are worth gleaning:

"When my Father first attempted, by royal order, to bring "the Crown-Prince to acknowledgment and repentance of the "fault committed, Crown-Prince gave this excuse or explanation: 'As his Father could not endure the sight of him, he "had meant to get out of the way of his displeasure, and go to "a Court with which his Father was in friendship and relationship,'" — clearly indicating England, think the Müllers Junior and Senior.

"For proof that the intention was towards England this "other circumstance serves, That the one confidant — Herr "von Keith, if I mistake not" (no, you don't mistake), "had "already bespoken a ship for passage out." — Here is something still more unexpected:

"My Father used to say, he found an excellent knowledge "and conviction of the truths of religion in the Crown-Prince. "By the Prince's arrangement, my Father, who at first lodged "with the Commandant, had to take up his quarters in the "room right above the Prince; who daily, often as early as "six in the morning, rapped on the ceiling for him to come "down; and then they would dispute and discuss, sometimes "half-days long, about the different tenets of the Christian "Sects; — and my Father said, the Prince was perfectly at "home in the Polemic Doctrines of the Reformed (Calvinistic) "Church, even to the minutest points. As my Father brought "him proofs from Scripture, the Prince asked him one time, "How he could keep chapter and verse so exactly in his memory? Father drew from his pocket a little Hand- Concordance, and showed it him, as one help. This he had to "leave with the Prince for some days. On getting it back,

"he found inside on the fly-leaf, sketched in pencil," — what is rather notable to History, — "the figure of a man on his knees, with two swords hanging cross-wise over his head; and at the bottom these words of Psalm Seventy-third (verses 25, 26), *Whom have I in Heaven but thee? And there is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart fainteth and faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.*" — Poor Friedrich, this is a very unexpected pencil-sketch on his part; but an undeniable one; betokening abstruse night-thoughts and forebodings, in the present juncture! —

"Whoever considers this fine knowledge of religion, and reflects on the peculiar character and genius of the young Herr, which was ever struggling towards light and clearness (for at that time he had *not* become indifferent to religion, he often prayed with my Father on his knees), — will find that it was morally impossible this young Prince could have thought" (as some foolish persons have asserted) "of throwing himself into the arms of Papal Superstition," (seeking help at Vienna, marrying an Austrian Archduchess, and I know not what,) "or allow the intrigues of Catholic Priests to" — Oh no, Herr Müller, nobody but very foolish persons could imagine such a thing of this young Herr.

"When my Father, Herr von Katte's execution being ended, hastened to the Crown-Prince; he finds him miserably ill (*sehr alterirt*); advises him to take a cooling-powder in water, both which materials were ready on the table. This he presses on him: but the Prince always shakes his head." Suspects poison, you think? "Hereupon my Father takes from his pocket a paper, in which he carried cooling-powder for his own use; shakes out a portion of it into his hand, and so into his mouth; and now the Crown-Prince grips at my Father's powder, and takes that." Privately to

be made away with; death resolved upon in some way! thinks the desperate young man?*

That scene of Katte's execution, and of the Prince's and other people's position in regard to it, has never yet been humanly set forth, otherwise the response had been different. Not humanly set forth, — and so was only barked at, as by the infinitude of little dogs, in all countries; and could never yet be responded to in austere *vox humana*, deep as a *De Profundis*, terrible as a Chorus of Æschylus, — for in effect that is rather the character of it, had the barking once pleased to cease.

"King of Prussia cannot sleep," writes Dickens: "the officers sit up with him every night, and in his "slumbers he raves and talks of spirits and apparitions."** We saw him, ghost-like, in the night time, gliding about, seeking shelter with Feeke against ghosts; Ginkel by daylight saw him, now clad in thunderous tornado, and anon in sorrowful fog. Here, farther on, is a new item, — and, joined to it and the others, a remarkable old one:

"In regard to Wilhelmina's marriage, and whether "a Father cannot give his Daughter in wedlock to "whom he pleases, there have been eight Divines consulted, four Lutheran, four Reformed (Calvinist); who, "all but one" (he of the Garrison Church, a rhadamanthine fellow in serge), have answered, 'No, your Ma-

* Nicolai: *Anekdoten*, vi. 183-189.

** Despatch, 3d October 1730.

jesty!' "It is remarkable that his Majesty has not
"gone to bed sober, for this month past."*

What Seckendorf and Grumkow thought of all these phenomena? They have done their job too well. They are all for mercy; lean with their whole weight that way, — in black qualms, one of them withal, thinking tremulously to himself, "What if his now Majesty were to die upon us, in the interim!"

* Dickens, 9th and 19th December 1730.

CHAPTER II.

CROWN-PRINCE TO REPENT AND NOT PERISH.

IN regard to Friedrich, the Court-Martial needs no amendment from the King; the sentence on Friedrich, a Lieutenant-Colonel guilty of desertion, is, from President and all members except two, Death as by law. The two who dissented, invoking royal clemency and pardon, were Major-Generals by rank, — Schwerin, as some write, one of them, or if not Schwerin, then Linger; and for certain, Dönhof, — two worthy gentlemen not known to any of my readers, nor to me, except as names. The rest are all coldly of opinion that the military code says Death. Other codes and considerations may say this and that, which it is not in their province to touch upon; this is what the military code says: and they leave it there.

The Junius Brutus of a Royal Majesty had answered in his own heart grimly, Well then! But his Councillors, Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, one and all interpose vehemently. "Prince of the Empire, your Majesty, not a Lieutenant-Colonel only! Must not, cannot;" — nay good old Buddenbrock, in the fire of still unsuccessful pleading, tore open his waistcoat: "If "your Majesty requires blood, take mine; that other "you shall never get, so long as I can speak!" Foreign Courts interpose; Sweden, the Dutch; the English in a

circuitous way, round by Vienna to wit; finally the Kaiser himself sends an Autograph;* for poor Queen Sophie has applied even to Seckendorf, will be friends with Grumkow himself, and in her despair is knocking at every door. Junius Brutus is said to have had paternal affections withal. Friedrich Wilhelm, alone against the whispers of his own heart and the voices of all men, yields at last in this cause. To Seckendorf, who has chalked out a milder didactic plan of treatment, still rigorous enough,** he at last admits that such plan is perhaps good; that the Kaiser's Letter has turned the scale with him; and the didactic method, not the beheading one, shall be tried. That Dönhof and Schwerin, with their talk of mercy, with "their eyes upon the Rising Sun," as is evident, have done themselves no good, and shall perhaps find it so one day. But that, at any rate, Friedrich's life is spared; Katte's execution shall suffice in that kind. Repentance, prostrate submission and amendment, — these may do yet more for the prodigal, if he will in heart return. These points, sometime before the 8th of November, we find to be as good as settled.

The unhappy prodigal is in no condition to resist farther. Chaplain Müller had introduced himself with Katte's dying admonition to the Crown-Prince to repent and submit. Chaplain Müller, with his wholesome cooling-powders, with his ghostly counsels, and consi-

* Date, 11th October 1730 (Förster, i. 380).

** His Letter to the King, 1st November 1730 (in Förster, i. 375, 376).

derations of temporal and eternal nature, — we saw how he prospered almost beyond hope. Even on Predestination, and the real nature of Election by Free Grace, all is coming right, or come, reports Müller. The Chaplain's Reports, Friedrich Wilhelm's grimly mollified Responses on the same: they are written, and in confused form have been printed; but shall be spared the English reader.

And Grumkow has been out at Cüstrin, preaching to the same purport from other texts: Grumkow, with the thought ever present to him, "What if Friedrich Wilhelm should die?" is naturally an eloquent preacher. Enough, it has been settled (perhaps before the day of Katte's death, or at the latest three days after it, as we can see), That if the Prince will, and can with free conscience, take an Oath ("no mental reservation," mark you!) of contrite repentance, of perfect prostrate submission, and purpose of future entire obedience and conformity to the paternal mind in all things, "*Gnadenwahl*" included, — the paternal mind may possibly relax his durance a little, and put him gradually on proof again.*

Towards which issue, as Chaplain Müller reports, the Crown-Prince is visibly gravitating, with all his weight and will. The very *Gnadenwahl* is settled; the young soul (truly a lover of Truth, your Majesty) taps on his ceiling, my floor being overhead, before the winter sun rises, as a signal that I must come down to him; — so eager to have error and darkness purged

* King's Letter to Müller, 8th November (Förster, i. 379).

away. Believes himself, as I believe him, ready to undertake that Oath; desires, however, to see it first, that he may maturely study every clause of it. — Say you verily so? answers Majesty. And *may* my ursine heart flow out again, and blubber gratefully over a sinner saved, a poor Son plucked as brand from the burning? “God, the Most High, give his blessing on “it, then!” concludes the paternal Majesty: “And as “He often, by wondrous guidances, strange paths and “thorny steps, will bring men into the Kingdom of “Christ, so may our Divine Redeemer help that this “prodigal son be brought into His communion. That “his godless heart be beaten till it is softened and “changed; and so he be snatched from the claws of “Satan. This grant us the Almighty God and Father, “for our Lord Jesus Christ and His passion and death’s “sake! Amen! — I am, for the rest, your well-affec- “tioned King, FRIEDRICH WILHELM (*Wusterhausen, 8th “November 1730*).” *

Crown-Prince begins a new Course.

It was Monday 6th November when poor Katto died. Within a fortnight, on the second Sunday after, there has a Select Commission, Grumkow, Borck, Bud-denbrock, with three other Soldiers, and the Privy Councillor Thulmeyer, come out to Cüstrin: there and then, Sunday, November 19th,** these Seven, with due

* Förster, i. 379.

** Nicolai, exactest of men, only that Documents were occasionally

solemnly administer the Oath (terms of Oath conceivable by readers); Friedrich being found ready. He signs the Oath, as well as audibly swears it: whereupon his sword is restored to him, and his prison-door opened. He steps forth to the Town Church with his Commissioners; takes the sacrament; listens, with all Cüstrin, to an allusive Sermon on the subject; "text happily chosen, preacher handling it well." Text was Psalm Seventy-seventh, verse eleventh (tenth of our English version), *And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High*; or, as Luther's version more intelligibly gives it, *This I have to suffer; the right hand of the Most High can change all*. Preacher (not Müller but another) rose gradually into didactic pathos; Prince, and all Cüstrin, were weeping, or near weeping, at the close of the business.*

Straight from Church the Prince is conducted, not to the Fortress, but to a certain Town Mansion, which he is to call his own henceforth, under conditions: an erring Prince half-liberated, and mercifully put on proof again. His first act here is to write, of his own composition, or helped by some official hand, this Letter to his All-serenest Papa; which must be introduced, though, except to readers of German who know the "*Dero*" (Theiro), "*Allerdurchlauchtigster*," and strange

less accessible in his time, gives (*Anekdoten*, vi. 187) "Saturday, November 25th," as the day of the Oath; but, no doubt, the later inquirers, Preuss (i. 56) and others, have found him wrong in this small instance.

* Preuss, i. 56.

pipeclay solemnity of the Court-style, it is like to be in great part lost in any translation:

"Cüstrin, 19th November 1730.

"All-serenest and All-graciouslyest Father, — To your "Royal Majesty, my All-graciouslyest Father, have," — *i. e.* "I have," if one durst write the "I," — "by my disobedience "as Theiro" (Youro) "subject and soldier, not less than by "my undutifulness as Theiro Son, given occasion to a just "wrath and aversion against me. With the All-obedientest "respect I submit myself wholly to the grace of my most All-gracious Father; and beg him, Most All-graciously to pardon "me; as it is not so much the withdrawal of my liberty in a "sad arrest (*malheureusen Arrest*), as my own thoughts of "the fault I have committed, that have brought me to reason: "Who, with all obedientest respect and submission, continue "till my end,

"My All-graciouslyest King's and Father's faithfully obedientest

"Servant and Son,

"FRIEDRICH."*

This new House of Friedrich's, in the little Town of Cüstrin, he finds arranged for him on rigorously thrifty principles, yet as a real Household of his own; and even in the form of a Court, with Hofmarschall, Kammerjunkers, and the other adjuncts; — Court reduced to its simplest expression, as the French say, and probably the cheapest that was ever set up. Hofmarschall (Court-Marshal) is one Wolden, a civilian Official here. The Kammerjunkers are Rohwedel and

* Preuss, i. 56, 57; and Anonymous, *Friedrichs des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, Posen und Bromberg, 1838), p. 3.

Natzmer; Natzmer Junior, son of a distinguished Feldmarschall: "a good-hearted, but foolish forward young fellow," says Wilhelmina; "the failure of a coxcomb (*petit-maitre manqué*)."^{*} For example, once, strolling about in a solemn Kaiser's Soiree in Vienna, he found in some quiet corner the young Duke of Lorraine, Franz, who it is thought will be the divine Maria Theresa's husband, and Kaiser himself one day. Foolish Natzmer found this noble young gentleman in a remote corner of the Soiree; went up, nothing loth, to speak graciousities and insipidities to him: the noble young gentleman yawned, as was too natural, a wide long yawn; and in an insipid familiar manner, foolish Natzmer (Wilhelmina and the Berlin circles know it) put his finger into the noble young gentleman's mouth, and insipidly wagged it there. "Sir, you seem to forget where you are!" said the noble young gentleman; and closing his mouth with emphasis, turned away; but happily took no farther notice.* This is all we yet know of the history of Natzmer, whose heedless ways and slapdash speculations, tinted with natural ingenuity and goodhumour, are not unattractive to the Prince.

Hofmarschall and these two Kammerjunkers are of the lawyer species; men intended for Official Business, in which the Prince himself is now to be occupied. The Prince has four lackeys, two pages, one valet. He "wears his sword, but has no sword-tash (*porte-épée*)," much less an officer's uniform: a mere Prince put upon his good behaviour again; not yet a soldier

* Wilhelmina, i. 310.

of the Prussian Army, only hoping to become so again. He wears a light-gray dress, "*hecht-grauer* (pike-gray) frock with narrow silver cordings;" and must recover his uniform, by proving himself gradually a new man.

For there is, along with the new household, a new employment laid out for him in Cüstrin; and it shall be seen what figure he makes in that, first of all. He is to sit in the *Domänen-Kammer* or Government Board here, as youngest Rath; no other career permitted. Let him learn Economics and the way of managing Domain Lands (a very principal item of the royal revenues in this Country): humble work, but useful; which he had better see well how he will do. Two elder Raths are appointed to instruct him in the Economic Sciences and Practices, if he show faculty and diligence; — which in fact he turns out to do, in a superior degree, having every motive to try.

This kind of life lasted with him for the next fifteen months, all through the year 1731 and farther; and must have been a very singular, and was probably a highly instructive year to him, not in the Domain Sciences alone. He is left wholly to himself. All his fellow-creatures, as it were, are watching him. Hundred-eyed Argus, or the Ear of Dionysius, that is to say, Tobacco-Parliament with its spies and reporters, — no stirring of his finger can escape it here. He has much suspicion to encounter; Papa looking always sadly askance, sadly incredulous, upon him. He is in correspondence with Grumkow; takes much advice from Grumkow (our

prompter-general, president in the Dionysius'-Ear, and not an ill-wisher farther); — professes much thankfulness to Grumkow, now and henceforth. Thank you for flinging me out of the six-story window, and catching me by the coatskirts! — Left altogether to himself, as we said; has in the whole Universe nothing that will save him but his own good sense, his own power of discovering what is what, and of doing what will be behoveful therein.

He is to quit his French literatures and pernicious practices, one and all. His very flute, most innocent "Princess," as he used to call his flute in old days, is denied him ever since he came to Cüstrin; — but by degrees he privately gets her back, and consorts much with her; wails forth, in beautiful adagios, emotions for which there is no other utterance at present. He has liberty of Cüstrin and the neighbourhood; out of Cüstrin he is not to lodge, any night, without leave had of the Commandant. Let him walk warily; and in good earnest study to become a new creature, useful for something in the Domain, Sciences and otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

WILHELMINA IS TO WED THE PRINCE OF BAIREUTH.

CROWN-PRINCE FRIEDRICH being settled so far, his Majesty takes up the case of Wilhelmina, the other ravelled skein lying on hand. Wilhelmina has been prisoner in her Apartment at Berlin all this while: it is proper Wilhelmina be disposed of; either in wedlock, filially obedient to the royal mind; or in some much sterner way, "within four walls," it is whispered, if disobedient.

Poor Wilhelmina never thought of disobeying her parents: only, which of them to obey? King looks towards the Prince of Baireuth again, agreed on before those hurly-burries now past; Queen looks far otherwards. Queen Sophie still desperately believes in the English match for Wilhelmina; and has subterranean correspondences with that Court; refusing to see that the negotiation is extinct there. Grumkow himself, so over-victorious in his late task, is now heeling towards England; "sincere in his wish to be well with us," thinks Dickens: Grumkow solaces her Majesty with delusive hopes in the English quarter. "Be firm, child; trust in my management; only swear to me, "on your eternal salvation, that never, on any compulsion, will you marry another than the Prince of

"Wales; — give me that oath!"* Such was Queen Sophie's last proposal to Wilhelmina, — night of the 27th of January 1731, as is computable, — her Majesty to leave for Potsdam on the morrow. They wept much together, that night, but Wilhelmina dextrously evaded the oath, on a religious ground. Prince of Baireuth, whom Papa may like or may not like, has never yet personally made appearance: who or what will make appearance, or how things can or will turn, except a bad road, is terribly a mystery to Wilhelmina.

What with chagrin and confinement, what with bad diet (for the very diet is bad, quality and quantity alike unspeakable), Wilhelmina sees herself "reduced to a skeleton;" no company but her faithful Sonsfeld, no employment but her Books and Music; — struggles, however, still to keep heart. One day, it is in February 1731, as I compute, they are sitting, her Sonsfeld and she, at their sad mess of so-called dinner, in their remote upper story of the Berlin Schloss, tramp of sentries the one thing audible; and were "looking mournfully at one another, with nothing to "eat but a soup of salt-and-water, and a ragout of old "bones full of hairs and slopperies," — nothing else; that was its real quality, whatever fine name they might give it, says the vehement Princess, — "we "heard a sharp tapping at the window; and started up "in surprise, to see what it could be. It was a raven,

* Wilhelmina, I. 314.

"carrying in its beak a bit of bread, which it left on the window-sill, and flew away."*

"Tears came into our eyes at this adventure." Are we become as Hebrew Elijahs, then; so that the wild ravens have to bring us food? Truth is, there was nothing miraculous, as Wilhelmina found by and by. It was a tame raven, — not the soul of old George I., which lives at Isleworth on good pensions; but the pet raven of a certain Margravine, which lost its way among the intricate roofs here. But the incident was touching. "Well," exclaimed Wilhelmina, "in the *Roman Histories* I am now reading, it is often said "those creatures betoken good luck." All Berlin, such the appetite for gossip, and such the famine of it in Berlin at present, talked of this minute event: and the French Colony, — old Protestant Colony, practical considerate people, — were so struck by it, they brought baskets of comfortable things to us, and left them daily, as if by accident, on some neutral ground, where the maid could pick them up, sentries refusing to see unless compelled. Which fine procedure has attached Wilhelmina to the French Nation ever since, as a dextrous useful people, and has given her a disposition to help them where she could.

The omen of the raven did not at once bring good luck: however, it did chance to be the turning-point, solstice of this long Greenland winter; after which, amid storms and alarms, daylight came steadily nearer.

* Wilhelmina, i. 316.

Storms and alarms: for there came rumours of quarrels out at Potsdam, quarrels on the old score between the Royal Spouses there: and frightful messages, through one Eversmann, an insolent royal lackey, about wedding Weissenfels, about imprisonment for life and other hard things; through all which Wilhelmina studied to keep her poor head steady, and answer with dignity yet discreetly. On the other hand, her Sisters are permitted to visit her, and perceptible assuagements come. At length, on the 11th of May, there came solemn Deputation, Borck, Grumkow, Thulmeyer in it, old real friends and pretended new; which set poor Wilhelmina wringing her hands (having had a Letter from Mamma overnight); but did bring about a solution. It was Friday 11th of May; a day of crisis in Wilhelmina's history; Queen commanding one thing, King another, and the hour of decision come.

Entering, announcing themselves, with dreadful solemnity, these gentlemen, Grumkow the spokesman, in soft phrase, but with strict clearness, made it apparent to her, That marry she must, — the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, — and without the consent of both her Parents, which was unattainable at present, but peremptorily under the command of one of them, whose vote was the supreme. Do this (or even say that you will do it, whisper some of the well-affected), his Majesty's paternal favour will return upon you like pent waters; — and the Queen will surely reconcile herself (or perhaps turn it all her own way yet! whisper the well-affected). Refuse to do it, her Majesty, your

Royal Brother, you yourself Royal Highness, God only knows what the unheard-of issue will be for you all! Do it, let us advise you: you must, you must! — Wilhelmina wrung her hands; ran distractedly to and fro; the well-affected whispering to her, the others "conversing at a window." At length she did it. Will marry whom her all-gracious Papa appoints; never wished or meant the least disobedience; hopes, beyond all things, his paternal love will now return, and make everybody blessed; — and O, reconcile Mamma to me, ye well-affected! adds she. — Bravissimo! answer they: her Majesty, for certain, will reconcile herself; Crown-Prince get back from Cüstrin, and all will be well.*

Friedrich Wilhelm was overjoyed; Queen Sophie Dorothee was in despair. With his Majesty, who "wept" like a paternal bear, on reëmbicing Wilhelmina the obedient some days hence, it became a settled point, and was indicated to Wilhelmina as such, That the Crown-Prince would, on her actual wedding, probably get back from Cüstrin. But her Majesty's reconciliation, — this was very slow to follow. Her Majesty was still in flames of ire at their next interview; and poor Wilhelmina fainted, on approaching to kiss her hand. "Disgraced, vanquished, and my "enemies triumphing" said her Majesty; and vented her wrath on Wilhelmina; and fell ill (so soon as there was leisure), ill, like to die, and said, "Why pretend "to weep, when it is you that have killed me!" — and indeed was altogether hard, bitter, upon the poor

* Wilhelmina, i. 327-333.

Princess; a chief sorrow to her in these trying months. Can there be such wrath in celestial minds, venting itself so unreasonably? —

At present there is no leisure for illness; grand visitors in quantity have come and are coming; and the Court is brilliant exceedingly; — his Majesty blazing out into the due magnificence, which was very great on this occasion, domestic matter looking up with him again. The Serenities of Brunswick are here, young and old; much liked by Friedrich Wilhelm; and almost reckoned family people, — ever since their Eldest Son was affianced to the Princess Charlotte here, last visit they made. To Princess Charlotte, Wilhelmina's second junior, — mischievous, coquettish creature she, though very pretty and insinuating, who seems to think her Intended rather a phlegmatic young gentleman, as Wilhelmina gradually discovers. Then there is old Duke Eberhard Ludwig, of Würtemberg, whom we saw at Ludwigsburg last year, in an intricate condition with his female world and otherwise, he too announces himself, — according to promise then given. Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig comes, stays three weeks in great splendour of welcome; — poor old gentleman, his one son is now dead; and things are getting earnest with him. On his return home, this time, he finds, according to order, the foul witch Grävenitz duly cleared away; reinstates his injured Duchess, with the due feelings, better late than never; and dies in a year or two, still childless. —

These are among the high guests at Berlin; and there are plenty of others whom we do not name. Magnificent dining; with "six-and-twenty blackamoors," high-coloured creatures, marching up the grand staircase, round the table, round it, and then down again, melodious, doing "janizary music," if you happen to prefer that kind; — trained creatures these blackamoors, all got when boys, and set to cymballing and fifeing betimes, adds my authority.* Dining, boar-hunting (if the boar be huntable), especially reviewing, fail not in those fine summer days.

One evening, it is Sunday 27th of May, latish, while the high guests, with Queen and Wilhelmina, are just passing in to supper (King's Majesty having "gone to bed at seven," to be well astir for the review tomorrow), a sound of wheels is heard in the court. Modest travelling-equipage rolls up into the inner court; to the foot of the grand staircase there, whither only Princes come: — who can it be? The Queen sends to inquire. Heavens, it is the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth! "Medusa's Head never produced such effect "as did this bit of news: Queen sat petrified; and I," by reflex, was petrified too! Wilhelmina passed the miserablest night, no wink of sleep; and felt quite ill in the morning; — in dread, too, of Papa's rough jests, — and wretched enough. She had begged much, last night, to be excused from the review. But that could not be: "I must go," said the Queen after reflection, "and you with me." Which they did; — and

* Fassmann, p. 726, &c.

diversified the pomp and circumstance of mock-war, by a small unexpected scene.

Queen, Princess and the proper Dames had, by his Majesty's order, to pass before the line: Princess in much trouble, "with three caps huddled on me, to conceal myself," poor soul. Margraf of Schwedt, at the head of his regiment, "looked swollen with rage," high hopes gone in this manner; — and saluted us with eyes turned away. As for his Mother, the Dessau Margravine in high colours, she was "blue in the face" all day. Lines passed, and salutations done, her Majesty and Dames withdrew to the safe distance, to look on: — Such a show, for pomp and circumstance, Wilhelmina owns, as could not be equalled in the world. Such wheeling, rhythmic coalescing and unfolding; accurate as clockwork, far and wide; swift big column here, hitting swift big column there, at the appointed place and moment; with their volleyings and trumpetings, bright uniforms and streamers and field-music, — in equipment and manœuvre perfect all, to the meanest drummer or black kettledrummer: — supreme drill-sergeant playing on the thing, as on his huge piano, several square miles in area! Comes of the Old Dessauer, all this; of the "equal step;" of the abstruse meditations upon tactics, in that rough head of his. Very pretty indeed. — But in the mean while an Official steps up; cap in hand, approaches the Queen's carriage; says, He is ordered to introduce his Highness the Prince of Baireuth. Prince comes up accordingly; a personable young fellow; intelligent-

looking, self-possessed; makes obeisance to her Majesty, who answers in frosty politeness; and — and Wilhelmina, faint, fasting, sleepless all night, fairly falls aswoon. Could not be helped: and the whole world saw it; and Guy Dickens and the Diplomats wrote home about it, and there rose rumour and gossip enough!* But that was the naked truth of it: hot weather, agitation, want of sleep, want of food; not aversion to the Hereditary Prince, nothing of that.

Rather the contrary, indeed; and, on better acquaintance, much the contrary. For he proved a very rational, honourable and eligible young Prince: modest, honest, with abundance of sense and spirit; kind too and good, hot temper well kept, temper hot not harsh; quietly holds his own in all circles; good discourse in him too, and sharp repartee if requisite, — though he stammered somewhat in speaking. Submissive Wilhelmina feels that one might easily have had a worse husband. What glories for you in England! the Queen used to say to her in old times: "He is a Prince, that "Frederick, who has a good heart, and whose genius "is very small. Rather ugly than handsome; slightly "out of shape even (*un peu contrefait*). But provided "you have the complaisance to suffer his debaucheries, "you will quite govern him; and you will be more "King than he, when once his Father is dead. Only "see what a part you will play! It will be you that

* Dickens, of 2d June 1781 (in pathetic terms); Wilhelmina, i. 341 (without pathos).

"decide on the weal or woe of Europe, and give law
"to the Nation,"* — in a manner! Which Wilhelmina did not think a celestial prospect even then. Who knows but, of all the offers she had, "four" or three "crowned heads" among them, this final modest honest one may be intrinsically the best? Take your portion, if inevitable, and be thankful! —

The Betrothal follows in about a week; Sunday, 3d June 1731; with great magnificence, in presence of the high guests and all the world: and Wilhelmina is the affianced Bride of Friedrich of Baireuth: — and that enormous Double-Marriage Tragicomedy, of *Much Ado about Nothing*, is at last ended. Courage, friends; all things do end! —

The high guests hereupon go their ways again; and the Court of Berlin, one cannot but suppose, collapses, as after a great effort finished. Do not Friedrich Wilhelm and innumerable persons, — the readers and the writer of this History included, — feel a stone rolled off their hearts? — It is now, and not till now, that Queen Sophie falls sick, and like to die; and reproaches Wilhelmina with killing her. Friedrich Wilhelm hopes confidently, not; waits out at Potsdam, for a few days, till this killing danger pass; then departs, with double impetuosity, for Preussen, and despatch of Public Business; such a mountain of Domestic Business being victoriously got under.

Poor King, his life, this long while, has been a series of earthquakes and titanic convulsions. Narrow

miss he has had, of pulling down his house about his ears, and burying self, son, wife, family and fortunes, under the ruin-heap, — a monument to remote posterity. Never was such an enchanted dance, of well-intentioned Royal Bear with poetic temperament, piped to by two black-artists, for the Kaiser's and Pragmatic Sanction's sake! Let Tobacco-Parliament also rejoice; for truly the play was growing dangerous, of late. King and Parliament, we may suppose, return to Public Business with double vigour.

CHAPTER IV.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE, IN PREUSSEN AND ELSEWHERE.

NOT that his Majesty, while at the deepest in domestic intricacies, ever neglects Public Business. This very summer, he is raising Hussar Squadrons; bent to introduce the Hussar kind of soldiery into his Army; — a good deal of horse-breaking and new sabre-exercise, needed for that object.* The affairs of the Reich have at no moment been out of his eye; — glad to see the Kaiser edging round to the Sea-Powers again, and things coming into their old posture, in spite of that sad Treaty of Seville.

Nay, for the last two years, while the domestic volcanoes were at their worst, his Majesty has been extensively dealing with a new question which has risen, that of the *Salzburg Protestants*; concerning which we shall hear more anon. Far and wide, in the Diets and elsewhere, he has been diligently, piously and with solid judgment, handling this question of the poor Salzburgers; and has even stored up moneys in intended solace of them (for he foresees what the end will be); — moneys which, it appears about this time, a certain Official over in Preussen has been peculating! In the end of June, his Majesty sets off to Preussen on the usual Inspection Tour; which we should not mention,

* Fassmann, pp. 417-418.

were it not in regard to that same Official, and to something very rhadamanthine and particular which befel him; significant of what his Majesty can do in the way of prompt justice.

Case of Schlubhut.

The Königsberg Domain-Board (*Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer*) had fallen awry, in various points, of late; several things known to be out at elbows in that Country; the Kammer Raths evidently lax at their post; for which reason they have been sharply questioned, and shaken by the collar, so to speak. Nay there is one Rath, a so-called Nobleman of those parts, by name Schlubhut, who has been found actually defaulting; peculating from that pious hoard intended for the Salzburgers: — he is proved, and confesses, to have put into his own scandalous purse no less than 11,000 thalers, some say 30,000 (almost 5,000*l.*), which belonged to the Public Treasury and the Salzburg Protestants! These things, especially this latter unheard-of Schlubhut thing, the Supreme Court at Berlin (*Criminal-Collegium*) have been sitting on, for some time; and, in regard to Schlubhut, they have brought out a result, which Friedrich Wilhelm not a little admires at. Schlubhut clearly guilty of the defalcation, say they; but he has moneys, landed properties: let him refund, principal and interest; and have, say, three or four years' imprisonment, by way of memento. "Years' imprisonment? Refund? Is theft in

the highest quarters a thing to be let off for refunding?" growls his Majesty; and will not confirm this sentence of his Criminal-Collegium; but leaves it till he get to the spot, and see with his own eyes. Schlubhut, in arrest or mild confinement all this while, ought to be bethinking himself more than he is!

Once on the spot, judge if the Königsberg Domain-Kammer had not a stiff muster to pass; especially if Schlubhut's drill-exercise was gentle! Schlubhut, summoned to private interview with his Majesty, carries his head higher than could be looked for: Is very sorry; knows not how it happened; meant always to refund; will refund, to the last penny, and make all good. — "Refund? Does He (*Er*) know what stealing means; then? How the commonest convicted private thief finds the gallows his portion; much more a public magistrate convicted of theft? Is He aware that He, in a very especial manner, deserves hanging, then?" — Schlubhut looks offended dignity; conscious of rank, if also of quasi-theft: "*Es ist nicht Manier* (it is not the "polite thing) to hang a Prussian Nobleman on those "light terms!" answers Schlubhut, high-mannered at the wrong time: "I can and will pay the money back!" — Noble-man? Money back? "I will none of His scoundrelly money." To strait Prison with this *Schurke*! — And thither he goes accordingly: unhappiest of mortals; to be conscious of rank, not at the right place, when about to steal the money, but at the wrong, when answering to Rhadamanthus on it!

And there, sure enough, Schlubhut lies, in his pri-

son on the *Schlossplatz*, or Castle Square, of Königsberg, all night; and hears, close by the *Domänen-Kammer*, which is in the same Square, *Domänen-Kammer* where his Office used to be, a terrible sound of carpentering go on; — unhappiest of Prussian Noblemen. And in the morning, see, a high gallows built; close in upon the Domain-Kammer, looking into the very windows of it; — and there, sure enough, the unfortunate Schlubhut dies the thief's death, few hours hence; speaking or thinking what, no man reports to me. Death was certain for him; inevitable as fate. And so he vibrates there, admonitory to the other Rathes, for days; — some say for weeks, — till by humble petition they got the gallows removed. The stumps of it, sawed close by the stones, were long after visible in that *Schlossplatz* of Königsberg. Here is prompt justice with a witness! Did readers ever hear of such a thing? There is no doubt about the fact,* — though in all Prussian Books it is loosely smeared over, without the least precision of detail; and it was not till after long searching that I could so much as get it dated: July 1731, while Friedrich Crown-Prince is still in eclipse at Cüstrin, and some six weeks after Wilhelmina's betrothal. And here furthermore, direct from the then Schlubhut precincts, is a stray Note, meteorological chiefly; but worth picking up, since it is authentic. "Wehlau," we observe, is on the road homewards again, — on our *return* from uttermost Memel, — a

* Benekendorf (Anonymous): *Karakterzüge aus dem Leben König Friedrich Wilhelm I.* (Berlin, 1788), vii. 16-20. Förster (ii. 268), &c. &c.

day's journey hitherwards of that place, half a day's thitherwards of Königsberg:

"Tuesday 10th July 1731. King dining with General "Dockum at Wehlau," — where he had been again reviewing, for about forty hours, all manner of regiments brought to rendezvous there for the purpose, poor "General Katte with "his regiment" among them; — King at dinner with General Dockum after all that, "took the resolution to be off to "Königsberg; and arrived here at the stroke of midnight, in "a deluge of rain." This brings us within a day, or two days, of Schlubhut's death. Terrible "combat of Bisons "(*Uri*, or *Auerochsen*, with such manes, such heads), of two "wild Bisons against six wild Bears," then ensued; and the Schlubhut human tragedy; I know not in what sequence, — rather conjecture the Schlubhut had gone *first*. Pillau, road to Dantzig, on the narrow strip between the Frische Haf and Baltic, is the next stage homewards; at Pillau, General Finckenstein (excellent old Tutor of the Crown-Prince) is Commandant; and expects his rapid Majesty, day and hour given, to me not known. Majesty goes in three carriages; Old Dessauer, Gruinkow, Seckendorf, Ginkel are among his suite; weather still very electric:

"At Fischhausen, half way to Pillau, Majesty had a bout "of elk-hunting; killed sixty elks" (Melton-Mowbray may consider it), — "creatures of the deer sort, nimble as roes, "but strong as bulls, and four palms higher than the biggest "horse, — to the astonishment of Seckendorf, Ginkel and the "strangers there. Half-an-hour short of Pillau, furious electric city again; thunderbolt shivered an oak-tree fifteen yards "from Majesty's carriage. And at Pillau itself, the Battalion "in Garrison there, drawn out in arms, by Count Finckenstein, "to receive his Majesty" (rain over by this time, we can hope),

“had suddenly to rush forward and take new ground; Frische
 “Haf, on some pressure from the elements, having suddenly
 “gushed out, two hundred paces beyond its old watermark
 “in that place.”*

Pillau, Fischhausen, — this is where the excellent old Adalbert stamped the earth with his life “in the shape of a cross” eight hundred years ago: and these are the new phenomena there! — The General Dockum, Colonel of Dragoons, whom his Majesty dined with at Wehlau, got his death not many months after. One of Dockum’s Dragoon Lieutenants felt insulted at something, and demanded his discharge: discharge given, he challenged Dockum, duel of pistols, and shot him dead.** Nothing more to be said of Dockum, nor of that Lieutenant, in military annals.

Case of the Criminal-Collegium itself.

And thus was the error of the Criminal-Collegium rectified *in re* Schlubhut. For it is not in name only, but in fact, that this Sovereign is Supreme Judge, and bears the sword in God’s stead, — interfering now and then, when need is, in this terrible manner. In the same dim authentic Benekendorf (himself a member of the Criminal-Collegium in later times), and from him in all the Books, is recorded another interference somewhat in the comic vein; which also we may give. Undisputed fact, again totally without precision or details;

* See Mauvillon, ii. 293-297; — correcting by Fassmann, p. 422.

** 7th April 1732 (*Militair-Lexikon*, i. 365).

not even dateable, except that, on study, we perceive it may have been before this Schlubhut's execution, and after the Criminal-Collegium had committed their error about him, — must have been while this of Schlubhut was still vividly in mind. Here is the unprecise but indubitable fact, as the Prussian Dryasdust has left us his smear of it:

"One morning early" (might be before Schlubhut was hanged, and while only sentence of imprisonment and restitution lay on him), General Graf von Dönhof, Colonel of a Musketeer regiment, favourite old soldier, — who did vote on the mild side in that Court-Martial on the Crown-Prince lately; but I hope has been forgiven by his Majesty, being much esteemed by him these long years past; — this Dönhof, early one morning, calls upon the King, with a grimly lamenting air. "What is wrong, Herr General?" — "Your Majesty, my best musketeer, an excellent soldier and of good inches, fell into a mistake lately, — bad company getting round the poor fellow; they, he among them, slipt into a House and stole something; trifle and without violence: pay is but three half-pence, your Majesty, and the Devil tempts men! Well, the Criminal-Collegium have condemned him to be hanged; an excellent soldier and of good inches, for that one fault. Nobleman Schlubhut was 'to make restitution,' they decreed: that was their decree on Schlubhut, one of their own set; and this poor soldier, six feet three, your Majesty, is to dance on the top of nothing for a three-halfpenny matter!" — So would Dönhof represent the thing, —

"fact being," says my Dryasdust, "it was a case of "housebreaking with theft to the value of 6,000 thalers, "and this musketeer the ringleader!" — Well; but was Schlubhut sentenced to hanging? Do you keep two weights and two measures, in that Criminal-Collegium of yours, then?

Friedrich Wilhelm feels this sad contrast very much; the more, as the soldier is his own chattel withal, and of superlative inches: Friedrich Wilhelm flames up into wrath; sends off swift messengers to bring these Judges, one and all, instantly into his presence. The Judges are still in their dressing-gowns, shaving, breakfasting; they make what haste they can. So soon as the first three or four are reported to be in the anteroom, Friedrich Wilhelm, in extreme impatience, has them called in; starts discoursing with them upon the two weights and two measures. Apologies, subterfuges do but provoke him farther; it is not long till he starts up, growling terribly: "*Ihr Schurken* (Ye Scoundrels), how could "you?" and smites down upon the crowns of them with the Royal Cudgel itself. Fancy the hurry-scurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings! Royal Cudgel rains blows, right and left: blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken; and "several Judges lost a few teeth, and had their noses battered," before they could get out. The second relay meeting them in this dilapidated state, on the staircases, dashed home again without the honour of a royal interview.* Let them learn to keep one balance, and one set of weights, in

* Benckendorf, vii. 33. Förster, li. 270.

their Law-Court henceforth. — This is an actual scene, of date Berlin 1731 or thereby; unusual in the annals of Themis. Of which no constitutional country can hope to see the fellow, were the need never so pressing. — I wish his Majesty had been a thought more equal, when he was so rhadamanthine! Schlubhut he hanged, Schlubhut being only Schlubhut's chattel; this musketeer, his Majesty's own chattel, he did not hang, but set him shouldering arms again, after some preliminary dusting! —

His Majesty was always excessively severe on defalcations; any Chancellor with his Exchequer-bills gone wrong, would have fared ill in that Country. One Treasury dignitary, named Wilke (who had "dealt in tall recruits," as a kind of bye-trade, and played foul in some slight measure), the King was clear for hanging: his poor Wife galloped to Potsdam, shrieking mercy; upon which Friedrich Wilhelm had him whipt by the hangman, and stuck for life into Spandau. Still more tragical was poor Hesse's case. Hesse, some Domain Rath out at Königsberg, concerned with moneys, was found with account-books in a state of confusion, and several thousands short, when the outcome was cleared up. What has become of these thousands, Sir? Poor old Hesse could not tell: "God is my witness, no penny of them ever stuck to me," asseverated poor old Hesse; "but where they are —? My account-books are in such a state; — alas, and my poor old memory is not what it was!" They brought him to Berlin; in the end they actually hanged the poor old soul; — and then after-

wards in his dusty lumber-rooms, hidden in pots, stuffed into this nook and that, most or all of the money was found!* Date and document exist for all these cases, though my Dryasdust gives none; and the cases are indubitable; very rhadamanthine indeed. The soft quality of mercy, — ah yes, it is beautiful and blessed, when permissible (though thrice-accursed, when not): but it is on the hard quality of justice, first of all, that Empires are built up, and beneficent and lasting things become achievable to mankind, in this world! —

Skipper Jenkins in the Gulf of Florida.

A couple of weeks before Schlubhut's death, the English Newspapers are somewhat astir, — in the way of narrative merely, as yet. Ship Rebecca, Captain Robert Jenkins Master, had arrived in the Port of London, with a strange story in her logbook. Of which, after due sifting, this is accurately the substance:

“*London, 23d-27th June 1731.* Captain Jenkins left this “Port with the Rebecca, several months ago; sailed to Jamaica, for a cargo of sugar. He took in his cargo at Jamaica; “put to sea again, 5th April 1731, and proceeded on the voyage homewards; with indifferent winds, for the first fortnight. April 20th, with no wind or none that would suit, he “was hanging about in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida, “not far from the Havanna,” — almost too near it, I should think; but these baffling winds! — “not far from the Havan-

* Förster (li. 269), &c. &c.

"na, when a Spanish Guarda-Costa hove in sight; came down
"on Jenkins, and furiously boarded him: 'Scoundrel, what do
"you want; contrabanding in these seas? Jamaica, say you?
"Sugar? Likely! Let us see your logwood, hides, Spanish
"pieces of eight!' And broke in upon Jenkins, ship and per-
"son, in a most extraordinary manner. Tore up his hatches;
"plunged down, seeking logwood, hides, pieces of eight;
"found none, — not the least trace of contraband on board of
"Jenkins. They brought up his quadrants, sextants, how-
"ever; likewise his stock of tallow candles: they shook and
"rummaged him, and all things, for pieces of eight; furiously
"advised him, cutlass in hand, to confess guilt. They slashed
"the head of Jenkins, his left ear almost off. Order had been
"given, 'Scalp him!' — but as he had no hair, they omitted
"that; merely brought away the wig, and slashed: — still no
"confession, nor any pieces of eight. They hung him up to
"the yard-arm, — actual neck-halter, but it seems to have
"been tarry, and did not run: — still no confession. They
"hoisted him higher, tied his cabin-boy to his feet; neck-
"halter then became awfully stringent upon Jenkins; had
"not the cabin-boy (without head to speak of) slipped through,
"noose being tarry; which was a sensible relief to Jenkins.
"Before very death, they lowered Jenkins, 'Confess,
"scoundrel, then!' Scoundrel could not confess; spoke of
"British Majesty's flag, peaceable English subject on the high
"seas.' — 'British Majesty; high seas!' answered they, and
"again hoisted. Thrice over they tried Jenkins in this man-
"ner at the yard-arm, once with cabin-boy at his feet: never
"had man such a day, outrageous whiskerando cutthroats
"tossing him about, his poor Rebecca and him, at such rate!
"Sun getting low, and not the least trace of contraband
"found, they made a last assault on Jenkins; clutched the
"bloody slit ear of him; tore it mercilessly off; flung it in his

"face, 'Carry that to your King, and tell him of it!' Then
 "went their way; taking Jenkins's tallow candles, and the
 "best of his sextants with them; so that he could hardly
 "work his passage home again, for want of latitudes; — and
 "has lost in goods 112*l.*, not to speak of his ear. Strictly true
 "all this; ship's company, if required, will testify on their
 "oath."*

These surely are singular facts; calculated to awaken
 a maritime public careful of its honour. Which they
 did, — after about eight years, as the reader will see!
 For the present, there are growlings in the coffeehouses;
 and, "*Thursday, 28th June,*" say the Newspapers, "This
 "day Captain Jenkins with his Owners," ear in his
 pocket, I hope, "went out to Hampton Court to lay
 "the matter before his Grace of Newcastle:" "Please
 your Grace, it is hardly three months since the illus-
 trious Treaty of Vienna was signed; Dutch and we
 leading in the Termagant of Spain, and nothing but
 halcyon weather to be looked for on that side!" Grace
 of Newcastle, anxious to avoid trouble with Spain,
 answers I can only fancy what; and nothing was done
 upon Jenkins and his ear;** — may "keep it in cotton,"
 if he like; shall have "a better ship" for some solace-
 ment. This is the first emergence of Jenkins and his
 ear upon negligent mankind. He and it will mar-
 vellously reëmerge, one day! —

* *Daily Journal* (and the other London Newspapers), 12th-17th June
 (o. s.) 1731. Coxe, *Walpole*, i. 579, 580 (indistinct, and needing correction).

** "The Spaniards own they did a witty thing,

Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King."

POPE (date not given me).

Baby Carlos gets his Apanage.

But in regard to that Treaty of Vienna, seventh and last of the travail-throes for Baby Carlos's Apanage, let the too oblivious reader accept the following Extract, to keep him on a level with Public "Events," as they are pleased to denominate themselves:

"By that dreadful Treaty of Seville, Cardinal Fleury and "the Spaniards should have joined with England, and coerced "the Kaiser *vi et armis* to admit Spanish Garrisons" (instead of neutral) "into Parma and Piacenza, and so secure Baby "Carlos his heritage there, which all Nature was in travail "till he got. 'War in Italy to a certainty!' said all the "Newspapers, after Seville: and Crown-Prince Friedrich, we "saw, was running off to have a stroke in said War; — in- "evitable, as the Kaiser still obstinately refused. And the "English, and great George their King, were ready. Neverthe- "less no War came. Old Fleury, not wanting war, wanting "only to fish out something useful for himself, — Lorraine "how welcome, and indeed the smallest contributions are wel- "come! — old Fleury manoeuvred, hung back; till the Spa- "niards and Termagant Elizabeth lost all patience, and the "very English were weary, and getting suspicious. Where- "upon the Kaiser edged round to the Sea-Powers again, or "they to him; and comfortable *As-you-were* was got accom- "plished: much to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm and others. "Here are some of the dates to these sublime phenomena:

"March 16th, 1731, Treaty of Vienna, England and the "Kaiser coalescing again into comfortable *As-you-were*. "Treaty done by Robinson" (Sir Thomas, ultimately Earl of Grantham, whom we shall often hear of in time coming); "was confirmed and enlarged by a kind of second edition

"22d July 1731; Dutch joining, Spain itself acceding, and all
"being now right. Which could hardly have been ex-
"pected.

"For before the first edition of that Treaty, and while
"Robinson at Vienna was still labouring like Hercules in it,
"— the poor Duke of Parma died. Died; and no vestige of a
"Spanish Garrison yet there, to induct Baby Carlos accord-
"ing to old bargain. On the contrary, the Kaiser himself
"took possession, — 'till once the Duke's Widow, who de-
"clares herself in the family-way, be brought to bed! If of
"a Son, of course he must have the Duchies; if of a Daughter
"only, then Carlos *shall* get them, let not Robinson fear.'
"The due months ran, but neither son nor daughter came;
"and the Treaty of Vienna, first edition and also second, was
"signed; and,

"October 20th, 1731, Spanish Garrisons, no longer a hypo-
"thesis but a bodily fact, 6,000 strong, 'convoys by the Bri-
"tish Fleet,' came into Leghorn, and proceeded to lodge
"themselves in the long-litigated Parma and Piacenza; —
"and, in fine, the day after Christmas, blessed be Heaven,

"December 26th, Baby Carlos in highest person came in:
"Baby Carlos (more power to him) got the Duchies, and we
"hope there was an end. No young gentleman ever had such
"a pother to make among his fellow-creatures about a little
"heritable property. If Baby Carlos's performance in it be
"anything in proportion, he will be a supereminent so-
"vereign!

"There is still some haggle about Tuscany, the Duke of
"which is old and heirless; Last of the Medici, as he proved.
"Baby Carlos would much like to have Tuscany too; but that
"is a Fief of the Empire, and might easily be better disposed
"of, thinks the Kaiser. A more or less uncertain point, that
"of Tuscany; as many points are! Last of the Medici com-

"plained, in a polite manner, that they were parting his
"clothes before he had put them off: however, having no
"strength, he did not attempt resistance, but politely com-
"posed himself, 'Well, then!'. Do readers need to be in-
"formed that this same Baby Carlos came to be King of
"Naples, and even ultimately to be Carlos III. of Spain, —
"leaving a younger Son to be King of Naples, ancestor of the
"now Majesty there?"

And thus, after such Diplomatic earthquakes and travail of Nature, there is at last birth; the Seventh Travail-throe has been successful, in some measure successful. Here actually is Baby Carlos's Apanage; there probably, by favour of Heaven and of the Sea-Powers, will the Kaiser's Pragmatic Sanction be, one day. Treaty of Seville, most imminent of all those dreadful Imminencies of War, has passed off as they all did; peaceably adjusts itself into Treaty of Vienna: A Ter-magant, as it were, sated; a Kaiser hopeful to be so, Pragmatic Sanction and all: for the Sea-Powers and everybody mere halcyon weather henceforth, — not extending to the Gulf of Florida and Captain Jenkins, as would seem! Robinson, who did the thing, — an expert man, bred to business as old Horace Walpole's Secretary, at Soissons and elsewhere, and now come to act on his own score, — regards this Treaty of Vienna (which indeed had its multiform difficulties) as a thing to immortalise a man.

* Schöll, II. 219-221; Coxe's *Walpole*, I. 346; Coxe's *House of Austria* (London, 1854), III. 151.

Crown-Prince has, long since, by Papa's order, written to the Kaiser, to thank Imperial Majesty for that beneficent intercession, which has proved the saving of his life, as Papa inculcates. We must now see a little how the saved Crown-Prince is getting on, in his eclipsed state, among the Domain Sciences at Cüstrin.

CHAPTER V.

INTERVIEW OF MAJESTY AND CROWN-PRINCE AT CÜSTRIN.

EVER since the end of November last year, Crown-Prince Friedrich, in the eclipsed state, at Cüstrin, has been prosecuting his probationary course, in the Domain Sciences and otherwise, with all the patience, diligence and dexterity he could. It is false, what one reads in some foolish Books, that Friedrich neglected the functions assigned him as assessor in the *Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer*. That would not have been the safe course for him! The truth still evident is, he set himself with diligence to learn the Friedrich-Wilhelm methods of administering Domains, and the art of Finance in general, especially of Prussian Finance, the best extant then or since; — Finance, Police, Administrative Business; — and profited well by the Rathes appointed as tutors to him, in the respective branches. One Hille was his Finance-tutor; whose "*Kompendium*," drawn up and made use of on this occasion, has been printed in our time; and is said to be, in brief compass, a highly instructive Piece; throwing clear light on the exemplary Friedrich-Wilhelm methods.* These the Prince did actually learn; and also practise, all his life, — "essentially following his Father's methods," say the Authorities, — with great advantage to himself, when the time came.

* Preuss, i. 59 n.

Solid Nicolai hunted diligently after traces of him in the Assessor business here; and found some: — Order from Papa, to “make Report upon the Glass-works of the Neumark;” Autograph signatures to common Reports, one or two; and some traditions of his having had a hand in planning certain Farm Buildings still standing in those parts: — but as the Kammer Records of Cüstrin, and Cüstrin itself, were utterly burnt by the Russians in 1758, such traces had mostly vanished, thirty years before Nicolai’s time.* Enough have turned up since, in the form of Correspondence with the King and otherwise: and it is certain the Crown-Prince did plan Farm-Buildings; — “both Carzig and Himmelstädt (Carzig now called *Friedrichs-felde* in consequence),”** dim mossy Steadings, which pious Antiquarianism can pilgrim to if it likes, were built or rebuilt by him: — and it is remarkable withal how thoroughly instructed Friedrich Wilhelm shows himself in such matters; and how paternally delighted to receive such proposals of improvement introducible at the said Carzig and Himmelstädt, and to find young Graceless so diligent, and his ideas even good.*** Perhaps a momentary glance into those affairs may be permitted farther on.

The Prince’s life, in this his eclipsed state, is one of constraint, anxiety, continual liability; but after the first months are well over, it begins to be more supportable than we should think. He is fixed to the

* Nicolai: *Anekdoten*, vi. 198.

** See Map at p. 185.

*** Förster, ii. 390, 387, 391.

little Town; cannot be absent any night, without leave from the Commandant; which, however, and the various similar restrictions, are more formal than real. An amiable Crown-Prince, no soul in Cüstrin but would run by night or by day to serve him. He drives and rides about, in that green peaty country, on Domain business, on visits, on permissible amusement, pretty much at his own modest discretion. A green flat region, made of peat and sand; human industry needing to be always busy on it: raised causeways with incessant bridges, black sedgy ditch on this hand and that; many meres, muddy pools, stagnant or flowing waters everywhere; big muddy Oder, of yellowish-drab colour, coming from the south, big black Warta (Warthe) from the Polish fens in the east, the black and yellow refusing to mingle for some miles. Nothing of the picturesque in this country; but a good deal of the useful, of the improvable by economic science; and more of fine productions in it, too, of the floral, and still more interesting sorts, than you would suspect at first sight. Friedrich's worst pinch was his dreadful straitness of income; checking one's noble tendencies on every hand: but the gentry of the district privately subscribed gifts for him (*se cotisirent*, says Wilhelmina); and one way and other he contrived to make ends meet. Münchow, his President in the Kammer, next to whom sits Friedrich, "King's place standing always ready but empty there," is heartily his friend; the Münchows are diligent in getting up balls, rural gaities, for him; so the Hilles, — nay Hille, severe Finance tutor, has a Mam-

sell Hille whom it is pleasant to dance with;* nor indeed is she the only fascinating specimen, or flower of loveliness, in those peaty regions, as we shall see. On the whole, his Royal Highness, after the first paroxysms of Royal suspicion are over, and forgiveness beginning to seem possible to the Royal mind, has a supportable time of it; and possesses his soul in patience, in activity and hope.

Unpermitted things, once for all, he must avoid to do: perhaps he will gradually discover that many of them were foolish things better not done. He walks warily; to this all things continually admonish. We trace in him some real desire to be wise, to do and learn what is useful if he can here. But the grand problem, which is reality itself to him, is always, To regain favour with Papa. And this, Papa being what he is, gives a twist to all other problems the young man may have, for they must all shape themselves by this; and introduces something of artificial, — not properly of hypocritical, for that too is fatal if found out, — but of calculated, reticent, of half-sincere, on the Son's part: an inevitable feature, plentifully visible in their Correspondence now and henceforth. Corresponding with Papa and his Grumkow, and watched, at every step, by such an Argus as the Tobacco-Parliament, real frankness of speech is not quite the recommendable thing; apparent frankness may be the safer! Besides mastery in the Domain Sciences, I perceive the Crown-Prince had to study here another art, useful

* Preuss, I. 59.

to him in after life: the art of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak-of-darkness. Gradually he becomes master of it as few are: a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them. An art no less essential to Royalty than that of the Domain Sciences itself; and, — if at all consummately done, and with a scorn of mendacity for help, as in this case, — a difficult art. It is the chief feature in the Two or Three Thousand *Letters* we yet have of Friedrich's to all manner of correspondents: Letters written with the gracefullest flowing rapidity; polite, affable, — refusing to give you the least glimpse into his real inner man, or tell you any particular you might impertinently wish to know.

As the History of Friedrich, in this Cüstrin epoch, and indeed in all epochs and parts, is still little other than a whirlpool of simmering confusions, dust mainly, and sibylline paper-shreds, in the pages of poor Dryasdust, perhaps we cannot do better than snatch a shred or two (of the partly legible kind, or capable of being made legible) out of that hideous cauldron; pin them down at their proper dates; and try if the reader can, by such means, catch a glimpse of the thing with his own eyes. Here is shred first; a Piece in Grumkow's hand.

This treats of a very grand incident; which forms an era or turning-point in the Cüstrin life. Majesty has

actually, after hopes long held out of such a thing, looked in upon the Prodigal at Cüstrin, in testimony of possible pardon in the distance; — sees him again, for the first time since that scene at Wesel with the drawn sword, after year and day. Grumkow, for behoof of Seckendorf and the Vienna people, has drawn a rough "Protocol" of it; and here it is, snatched from the Dust-whirlwinds, and faithfully presented to the English reader. His Majesty is travelling towards Sonnenburg, on some grand Knight-of-Malta Ceremony there; and halts at Cüstrin for a couple of hours as he passes:

Grumkow's "Protokoll" of the 15th August 1731; or Summary of what took place at Cüstrin that day.

"His Majesty arrived at Cüstrin yesterday" (*gestern*, Monday 15th, — hour not mentioned), "and proceeded at once to the Government House, with an attendance of several hundred persons. Major-General Lepel," Commandant of Cüstrin, "Colonel Derschau and myself are immediately sent for to his Majesty's apartment there. Privy-Councillor Wolden," Prince's Hofmarschall, a solid legal man, "is ordered by his Majesty to bring the Crown-Prince over from his house; who accordingly in few minutes, attended by Rohwedel and Natzmer," the two Kammerjunkers, "entered the room where his Majesty and we were.

"So soon as his Majesty, turning round, had sight of him, the Crown-Prince fell at his feet. Having bidden him rise, his Majesty said with a severe mien:

"You will now bethink yourself what passed year and day ago; and how scandalously you saw fit to behave your-

“self, and what a godless enterprise you took in hand. As I
“have had you about me from the beginning, and must know
“you well, I did all in the world that was in my power, by
“kindness and by harshness, to make an honourable man of
“you. As I rather suspected your evil purpose, I treated
“you in the harshest and sharpest way in the Saxon Camp,”
at Radewitz, in those gala days, “in hopes you would con-
“sider yourself, and take another line of conduct; would
“confess your faults to me, and beg forgiveness. But all in
“vain; you grew ever more stiffnecked. When a young man
“gets into follies with women, one may try to overlook it as
“the fault of his age: but to do with forethought basenesses
“(lâcheté) and ugly actions; that is unpardonable. You
“thought to carry it through with your headstrong humour:
“but hark ye, my lad (*höre, mein Kerl*), if thou wert sixty or
“seventy instead of eighteen, thou couldst not cross my reso-
“lutions.” It would take a bigger man to do that, my lad!
“And as, up to this date (*bis dato*) I have managed to sustain
“myself against any comer, there will be methods found of
“bringing thee to reason too! —

“How have not I, on all occasions, meant honourably by
“you! Last time I got wind of your debts, how did I, as a
“Father, admonish you to tell me all; I would pay all, you
“were only to tell me the truth. Whereupon you said, There
“were still Two-thousand Thalers beyond the sum named.
“I paid these also at once; and fancied I had made peace
“with you. And then it was found, by and by, you owed
“many thousands more; and as you now knew you could not
“pay, it was as good as if the money had been stolen; — not
“to reckon how the French vermin, Montholieu and partner,
“cheated you with their new loans.’ Pfui! — — ‘Nothing
“touched me so much’” (continues his Majesty, verging to-
wards the pathetic), “as that you had not any trust in me.

“All this that I was doing for aggrandisement of the House, the Army and Finances, could only be for you, if you made yourself worthy of it! I here declare I have done all things to gain your friendship;— and all has been in vain!” At which words the Crown-Prince, with a very sorrowful gesture, threw himself at his Majesty’s feet,” — tears (presumably) in both their eyes by this time.

“Was it not your intention to go to England?” asked his Majesty farther on. The Prince answered: ‘Ja!’ — ‘Then hear what the consequences would have been. Your Mother would have got into the greatest misery; I could not but have suspected she was the author of the business. Your Sister I would have cast, for life, into a place where she never would have seen sun and moon again. Then on with my Army into Hanover, and burn and ravage; yes, if it had cost me life, land and people. Your thoughtless and godless conduct, see what it was leading to. I intended to employ you in all manner of business, civil, military; but how, after such an action, could I show the face of you to my Officers (soldiers) and other servants?— The one way of repairing all this is, That you seek, regardless of your very life in comparison, to make the fault good again!’ At which words the Crown-Prince mournfully threw himself at his Royal Majesty’s feet; begging to be put upon the hardest proofs: He would endure all things, so as to recover his Majesty’s grace and esteem.

“Whereupon the King asked him: ‘Was it thou that temptedst Katte; or did Katte tempt thee?’ The Crown-Prince without hesitation answered, ‘I tempted him.’ — ‘I am glad to hear the truth from you, at any rate.’”

The Dialogue now branches out, into complex general form; out of which, intent upon abridging, we gather the following points. *King loquitur:*

"How do you like your Cüstrin life? Still as much aversion to Wusterhausen, and to wearing your shroud' (*Sterbekittel*, name for the tight uniform you would now be so glad of, and think quite other than a shroud!) 'as you called it?' Prince's answer wanting. — 'Likely enough my company "does not suit you: I have no French manners, and cannot "bring out *bon-mots* in the *petit-maitre* way; and truly regard "all that as a thing to be flung to the dogs. I am a German "Prince; and mean to live and die in that character. But you "can now say what you have got by your caprices and obstinate heart; hating everything that I liked; and if I distinguished any one, despising him! If an Officer was put in "arrest, you took to lamenting about him. Your real friends, "who intended your good, you hated and calumniated; those "that flattered you, and encouraged your bad purpose, you "caressed. You see what that has come to. In Berlin, in all "Prussia for some time back, nobody asks after you, Whether "you are in the world or not; and were it not one or the other "coming from Cüstrin who reports you as playing tennis and "wearing French hairbags, nobody would know whether you "were alive or dead."

Hard sayings; to which the Prince's answers (if there were any beyond mournful gestures) are not given. We come now upon Predestination, or the *Gnadenwahl*; and learn (with real interest, not of the laughing sort alone) how his "Majesty, in "the most conclusive way, set forth the horrible results of that "Absolute-Decree notion; which makes out God to be the "Author of Sin, and that Jesus Christ died only for some! "Upon which the Crown-Prince vowed and declared (*hoch und theuer*), he was now wholly of his Majesty's orthodox "opinion."

The King, now thoroughly moved, expresses satisfaction at the orthodoxy; and adds with enthusiasm, "When godless

"fellows about you speak against your duties to God, the King
"and your Country, fall instantly on your knees, and pray
"with your whole soul to Jesus Christ to deliver you from such
"wickedness and lead you on better ways. And if it come in
"earnest from your heart, Jesus, who would have all men
"saved, will not leave you unheard." No! And so may God
in his mercy aid you, poor son Fritz. And as for me, in hopes
the time coming will show fruits, I forgive you what is past. —
To which the Crown-Prince answered with monosyllables,
with many tears; "kissing his Majesty's feet;" — and as the
King's eyes were not dry, he withdrew into another room; re-
volving many things in his altered soul.

"It being his Majesty's birthday" (4th August by *old style*,
15th by *new*, forty-third birthday), "the Prince, all bewept
"and in emotion, followed his Father; and, again falling pro-
"strate, testified such heartfelt joy, gratitude and affection
"over this blessed anniversary, as quite touched the heart of
"Papa; who at last clasped him in his arms" (poor soul,
after all!), "and hurried out to avoid blubbering quite
"aloud. He stepped into his carriage," intending for Sonnen-
burg (chiefly by water) this evening, where a Serene Cousin,
one of the Schwedt Margraves, Head Knight of Malta, has
his establishment.

"The Crown-Prince followed his Majesty out; and, in the
"presence of many hundred people, kissed his Majesty's feet"
again (linen gaiters, not Day-and-Martin shoes); "and was
"again embraced by his Majesty, who said, 'Behave well, as
"I see you mean, and I will take care of you,' which threw
"the Crown-Prince into such an ecstasy of joy as no pen can
"express:" and so the carriages rolled away, — towards the
Knights-of-Malta business and Palace of the Head Knight of
Malta, in the first place.*

* Förster, III. 50-54.

These are the main points, says Grumkow, reporting next day; and the reader must interpret them as he can. A Crown-Prince with excellent histrionic talents, thinks the reader. Well; a certain exaggeration, immensity of wish becoming itself enthusiasm; somewhat of that: but that is by no means the whole or even the main part of the phenomenon, O reader. This Crown-Prince has a real affection to his Father, as we shall in time convince ourselves. Say, at lowest, a Crown-Prince loyal to fact; able to recognise overwhelming fact, and aware that he must surrender thereto. Surrender once made, the element much clears itself; Papa's side of the question getting fairly stated for the first time. Sure enough, Papa is God's Vicegerent in several undeniable respects, most important some of them: better try if we can obey Papa.

Dim old Fassmann yields a spark or two, — as to his Majesty's errand at Sonnenburg. Majesty is going to preside to-morrow "at the Installation of young Margraf Karl, new *Herrmeister* (Grand-Master) of the "Knights of St. John" there; "the Office having suddenly fallen vacant lately." Office which is an heirloom; — usually held by one of the Margraves, half-uncles of the King, — some junior of them, not provided for at Schwedt or otherwise. Margraf Albert, the last occupant, an old gentleman of sixty, died lately, "by stroke of apoplexy while at dinner;"* — and his eldest Son, Margraf Karl, with whom his Majesty lodges to-night, is now *Herrmeister*. "Majesty

* 21st June 1731: Fassmann, p. 423; Pöllnitz, II. 390.

"came at six p. m. to Sonnenburg" (must have left Cüstrin^{as} about five): "forty-two Ritters made at Sonnenburg next day," — a certain Colonel or Lieutenant-General von Wreech, whom we shall soon see again, is one of them; Seckendorf another. "Fresh *Ritter-Schlag*" ("Knight-stroke," Batch of Knights dubbed) "at Sonnenburg, 29th September next," which shall not the least concern us. Note Margraf Karl, however, the new Herrmeister; for he proves a soldier of some mark, and will turn up again in the Silesian Wars; — as will a poor Brother of his still more impressively, "shot dead beside the King," on one occasion there.

We add this of Dickens; for all the Diplomatsists, and a discerning public generally, are much struck with the Event at Cüstrin; and take to writing of it as news; — and "Mr. Ginkel," Dutch Ambassador here, an ingenious, honest and observant man, well enough known to us, has been out to sup with the Prince, next day; and thus reports of him to Dickens: "Mr. Ginkel, who "supped with the Prince on Thursday last," day after the Interview, "tells me that his Royal Highness is extremely improved since he had seen him; being grown much taller; and that his conversation is surprising for his age, abounding in good sense and the prettiest turns of expression."*

Here are other shreds, snatched from the Witch-Cauldron, and pinned down, each at its place; which give us one or two subsequent glimpses:

* Despatch, 18th August 1731.

Potsdam, 21st August 1731 (King to Wolden the Hofmarschall). * * * "Crown-Prince shall travel over, and personally inspect, the following Domains: Quartsehen, Himmelstädt, Carzig, Massin, Lebus, Gollow and Wollup," dingy moor-farms dear to Antiquarians; "travel over these and not any other. . Permission always to be asked, of his Royal Majesty, in writing, and mention made to which of them the Crown-Prince means to go. Some one to be always in attendance, who can give him fit instruction about the husbandry; and as the Crown-Prince has yet only learned the theory, he must now be diligent to learn the same practically. For which end it must be minutely explained to him, How the husbandry is managed, — how ploughed, manured, sown, in every particular; and what the differences of good and bad husbandry are, so that he may be able of himself to know and judge the same. Of Cattle-husbandry, too, and the affairs of Brewing (*Viehzeit und Brauwesen*), the due understanding to be given him; and in the matter of Brewing, show him how things are handled, mixed, the beer drawn off, barrelled, and all how they do with it (*wie überall dabei verfahren*); also the malt, how it must be prepared, and what like, when good. Useful discourse to be kept up with him on these journeys; pointing out how and why this is and that, and whether it could not be better:" — O King of a thousand! — "Has liberty to shoot stags, moorcocks (*Hühner*) and the like; and a small-hunt" (*kleine Jagd*, not a *Parforce* or big one) "can be got up for his amusement now and then; furthermore "a little duck-shooting, from boat," on the sedgy waters there, — if the poor soul should care about it. Wolden, or one of the Kammerjunkers, to accompany always, and be responsible. "No *Mädchen* or *Frauensmensch*," no shadow of womankind; — keep an eye on him, "you three!"

These things are in the Prussian Archives; of date the week after that Interview. In two weeks farther, follows the Prince's speculation about Carzig and the Building of a Farmstead there; with Papa's "real contentment that you come upon such proposals, and seek "to make improvements. Only" —

Wusterhausen, 11th September (King to Crown-Prince).
* * * "Only you must examine whether there is meadow-ground enough, and how many acres can actually be allotted "to that Farm." (Hear his Majesty!) "Take a Land-surveyor with you; and have all well considered; and exactly "inform *yourself* what kind of land it is, whether it can only "grow rye, or whether some of it is barley-land: you must "consider it yourself, and do it all out of your own head, "though you may consult with others about it. In grazing-ground (*Hüthung*) I think it will not fail; if only the meadow-land" —

in fact it fails in nothing; and is got all done ("wood "laid out to season straightway," and "what digging "and stubbing there is proceeded with through the "winter"): done in a successful and instructive manner, both Carzig and Himmelstädt, though we will say nothing farther of them. *

Cüstrin, 22d September (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * "Have "been at Lebus; excellent land out there; fine weather for "the husbandman." "Major Röder," unknown Major, "passed this way; and dined with me, last Wednesday. He "has got a pretty fellow (*schönen Kerl*) for my Most All-Gracious Father's regiment" (the Potsdam Giants, where I used

to be); "whom I could not look upon without bleeding heart. "I depend on my Most All-Gracious Father's Grace, that "he will be good to me: I ask for nothing and no happiness "in the world but what comes from You; and hope You will, "some day, remember me in grace, and give me the Blue "Coat to put on again!"*— To which Papa answers nothing, or only "Hm, na, time *may* come!"

Carzig goes on straightway; Papa charmed to grant the moneys; "wood laid out to season," and much "stubbing and digging" set on foot, before the month ends. Carzig; and directly on the heel of it, on like terms, Himmelstädt, — but of all this we must say no more. It is clear the Prince is learning the Domain Sciences; eager to prove himself a perfect son in the eyes of Papa. Papa, in hopeful moments, asks himself: "To whom shall we marry him then; how settle him?" But what the Prince, in his own heart, thought of it all; how he looked, talked, lived, in unofficial times? Here has a crabbed dim Document turned up, which, if it were not nearly undecipherable to the reader and me, would throw light on the point:

Schulenburg's Three Letters to Grumkow, on visits to the Crown-Prince, during the Cüstrin time.

The reader knows Lieutenant-General Schulenburg; stiff little military gentleman of grave years, nephew of the Maypole *Emerita* who is called Duchess of Kendal in England. "Had a horse shot under him at Malplaquet;" battlings and experiences enough, before and

* *Briefwechsel mit Vater* (Œuvres, xxvii. part 3d, p. 27).

since. Has real sense, abundant real pedantry; a Prussian soldier every inch. He presided in the Cöpenick Court-martial; he is deeply concerned in these Crown-Prince difficulties. His Majesty even honours him by expecting he should quietly keep a monitorial eye upon the Crown-Prince; — being his neighbour in those parts; Colonel-Commandant of a regiment of Horse at Landsberg not many miles off. He has just been at Vienna* on some "business" (quasi-diplomatic probably, which can remain unknown to us); and has reported upon it, or otherwise finished it off, at Berlin; — whence rapidly home to Landsberg again. On the way homewards, and after getting home, he writes these Three Letters; offhand and in all privacy, and of course with a business sincerity, to Grumkow; — little thinking they would one day get printed, and wander into these latitudes to be scanned and scrutinised! Undoubtedly an intricate crabbed Document to us; but then an indubitable one. Crown-Prince, Schulenburg himself, and the actual figure of Time and Place, are here mirrored for us, with a business sincerity, in the mind of Schulenburg, — as from an accidental patch of water; ruffled bog-water, in sad twilight, and with sedges and twigs intervening; but under these conditions we do look with our own eyes!

Could not one, by any conceivable method, interpret into legibility this abstruse dull Document; and so pick out here and there a glimpse, actual face-to-face view, of Crown-Prince Friedrich in his light-gray frock

* September 1731 (*Militair-Lexikon*, III. 433).

with the narrow silver tresses, in his eclipsed condition there in the Cüstrin region? All is very mysterious about him; his inward opinion about all manner of matters, from the *Gnadenwahl* to the late Double-Marriage Question. Even his outward manner of life, in its flesh-and-blood physiognomy, — we search in vain through tons of dusty lucubration totally without interest, to catch here and there the corner of a feature of it. Let us try Schulenburg. We shall know at any rate that to Grumkow, in the Autumn 1731, these words were luculent and significant: consciously they tell us something of young Friedrich; unconsciously a good deal of Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, who with his strict theologies, his military stiffnesses, his reticent, pipeclayed, rigorous and yet human ways, is worth looking at, as an antique species extinct in our time. He is just home from Vienna, getting towards his own domicile from Berlin, from Cüstrin, and has seen the Prince. He writes in a wretched wayside tavern, or posthouse, between Cüstrin and Landsberg, — dates his Letter "*Wien* (Vienna)," as if he were still in the imperial City, so off-hand is he.

No. 1. *To his Excellenz* (add a shovelful of other titles) *Lieutenant-General Herr Baron von Grumkow, President of the Krieges- und Domänen-Directorium, of the* (in fact, Vice-President of the Tobacco-Parliament), *in Berlin.*

"Wien" (properly Berlin-Landsberg Highway,
other side of Cüstrin), "4th October 1731."

"I regret much to have missed the pleasure of seeing your
"Excellency again before I left Berlin. I set off between

"seven and eight in the morning yesterday, and got to "Cüstrin" (seventy miles or so) "before seven at night. But "the Prince had gone, that day, to the Bailliage of Himmel-städt" (up the Warta Country, eastward some five-and-thirty miles, much preparatory digging and stubbing there); and he "slept at Massin" (circuitous road back), "where he "shot a few stags this morning. As I was told he might probably dine at Kammin" (still nearer Cüstrin, twelve miles from it; half that distance east of Zorndorf, — mark that, O reader*) "with Madam Colonel Schöning, I drove thither. "He had arrived there, a moment before me." And who is Madam Schöning, lady of Kammin here? — Patience, reader.

"I found him much grown; an air of health and gaiety "about him. He caressed me greatly (*me gracieuse* fort); "afterwards questioned me about my way of life in Vienna; "and asked, If I had diverted myself well there? I told him "what business had been the occasion of my journey, and "that this rather than amusements had occupied me; for the "rest, that there had been great affluence of company, and "no lack of diversions. He spoke a long time to Madam de "Wreech" —

"Wrochem" Schulenburg calls her: young wife of Lieutenant-General von Wreech, a Marlborough Campaigner, made a Knight of Malta the other day; ** — *his* charming young Wife, and Daughter of Madam Colonel Schöning our hostess here; lives at Tamsel, in high style, in these parts: mark the young Lady well, —

"who did not appear indifferent to him." No! — "and in fact "she was in all her beauty; a complexion of lily and rose."

* Map at p. 185.

** *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 269.

Charming creature; concerning whom there are anecdotes still afloat, and at least verses of this Prince's writing; not too well seen by Wreech, lately made a Knight of Malta, who, though only turning forty, is perhaps twice her age. The beautifullest, cleverest, — fancy it; and whether the peaty Neumark produces nothing in the floral kind!

“We went to dinner; he asked me to sit beside him. The conversation fell, among other topics, on the Elector Palatine's Mistress,” — crotchety old gentleman, never out of quarrels, with Heidelberg Protestants, heirs of Jülich and Berg, and in general with an unreasonable world, whom we saw at Mannheim last year; has a Mistress, — “Elector Palatine's Mistress, called Taxis. Crown-Prince said: ‘I should like to know what that good old gentleman does with a mistress?’ I answered, That the fashion had come so much in vogue, Princes did not think they were Princes unless they had mistresses; and that I was amazed at the facility of women, how they could shut their eyes on the sad reverse of fortune nearly inevitable for them; — and instanced the example of Madam Grävenitz” —

“Grävenitz;” example lately fallen out at Würtemberg, as we predicted. Prayers of the Country, “Deliver us from evil,” are now answered there: Grävenitz quite over with it! Alas, yes; lately fallen from her high estate in Würtemberg, and become the topic of dinner-tables; seized by soldiers in the night-time; vain her high refusals, assurances of being too unwell to dress, “Shall go in your shift, then,” — is in prison, totally

eclipsed.* Calming her fury, she will get out; and wearisomely wander about in fashionable capitals, *toujours un lavement à ses troussees!* —

“There were other subjects touched upon; and I always endeavoured to deduce something of moral instruction from them,” being a military gentleman of the old school.

“Among other things, he said, He liked the great world, and was charmed to observe the ridiculous weak side of some people. ‘That is excellent,’ said I, ‘if one profit by it oneself: but if it is only for amusement, such a motive is worth little; we should rather look out for our own ridiculous weak side.’ On rising, Hofmarschall Wolden said to me,” without much sincerity, “‘You have done well to preach a little morality to him.’ The Prince went to a window, and beckoned me thither.

“‘You have learned nothing of what is to become of me?’ said he. I answered: ‘It is supposed your Royal Highness will return to Berlin, when the Marriage’ (Wilhelmina’s) ‘takes place: but as to what will come next, I have heard nothing. But as your Highness has friends, they will not fail to do their endeavour; and M. de Grumkow has told me he would try to persuade the King to give you a regiment, in order that your Highness might have something to do.’ It seemed as if that would give him pleasure. I then took the liberty of saying: ‘Monseigneur, the most, at present, depends on yourself.’ — ‘How so?’ asked he. I answered, “‘It is only by showing good conduct, and proofs of real wisdom and worth, that the King’s entire favour can be gained. First of all, to fear God’ — — And in fact I launched now into a moral preachment, or discursive Dia-

* Michaelis, iii. 440; Pöllnitz, i. 297.

logue, of great length; much needing to have the skirts of it tucked up, in a way of faithful abridgment, for behoof of poor English readers. As follows:

"*Schulenburg*: If your Highness behave well, the King "will accord what you want; but it is absolutely necessary to "begin by that. — *Prince*: I do nothing that can displease the "King. — *Schulenburg*: It would be a little soon yet! But I "speak of the future. Your Highness, the grand thing I re- "commend is to fear God! Everybody says, you have the "sentiments of an honest man: excellent, that, for a begin- "ning; but without the fear of God, your Highness, the pas- "sions stifle the finest sentiments. Must lead a life clear of "reproach; and more particularly on the chapter of women! "Need not imagine you can do the least thing without the "King's knowing it: if your Highness take the bad road, he "will wish to correct it; the end will be, he will bring you "back to live beside him; which will not be very agreeable. — "*Prince*: Hmph, No! — *Schulenburg*: Of the ruin to health I "do not speak; I — *Prince*: Pooh, one is young, one is not "master of that;" — and, in fact, on this delicate chapter, which runs to some length, Prince answers as wildish young fellows will; quizzing my grave self, with glances even at his Majesty, on alleged old peccadilloes of ours. Which allegations or inferences I rebutted with emphasis. "But, I confess, "though I employed all my rhetoric, his mind did not seem to "alter; and it will be a miracle if he change on this head." Alas, General! Can't be helped, I fear!

"He said he was not afraid of anything so much as of living "constantly beside the King. — *Schulenburg*: Arm yourself "with patience, Monseigneur, if that happen. God has given "you sense enough; persevere to use it faithfully on all occa- "sions, you will gain the good graces of the King. — *Prince*: "Impossible; beyond my power, indeed, said he; and made

"a thousand objections. — *Schulenburg*: Your Highness is "like one that will not learn a trade because you do not already know it. Begin; you will certainly never know it "otherwise! Before rising in the morning, form a plan for "your day," — in fact, be moral, O be moral!

His Highness now got upon the marriages talked of for him; an important point for the young man. He spoke, hopefully rather, of the marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg, — Niece of the late Czar Peter the Great; Daughter of that unhappy Duke who is in quarrel with his Ritters, and a trouble to all his neighbours, and to us among the number. Readers recollect that young Lady's Serene Mother, and a meeting she once had with her Uncle Peter, — at Magdeburg, a dozen years ago, in a public drawing-room with alcove near; — anecdote, not lightly to be printed in human types, nor repeated where not necessary. The Mother is now dead; Father still up to the eyes in puddle and trouble: but as for the young Lady herself, she is Niece to the now Czarina Anne; by law of primogeniture, Heiress of all the Russias: something of a match truly!

"But there will be difficulties; your Highness to change "your religion, for one thing? — *Prince*: Won't by any "means. — *Schulenburg*: And give up the succession to Prussia? — *Prince*: A right fool if I did! — *Schulenburg*: Then "this marriage comes to nothing. — Thereupon next he said, "If the Kaiser is so strong for us, let him give me his second "Daughter;" lucky Franz of Lorraine is to get the first. — "*Schulenburg*: Are you serious? — *Prince*: Why not; with

"a Duchy or two it would do very well. — *Schulenburg*: No Duchies possible under the Pragmatic Sanction, your Highness: besides your change of religion? — *Prince*: Oh, as to that, never! — Then this marriage also comes to nothing. Of the English, and their Double-Marriage, and their Hotham brabble, he spoke lightly, as of an extinct matter, — in terms your Excellency will like.

"But, said I, since you speak so much of marriages, I suppose you wish to be married? — *Prince*: No; but if the King absolutely will have it, I will marry to obey him. After that, I will shove my wife into the corner (*planterai là ma femme*), and live after my own fancy. — *Schulenburg*: Horrible to think of! For, in the first place, your Highness, is it not written in the Law of God, Adulterers shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven? And in the second place; and in the third and the fourth place! — To all which he answered as wild young fellows do, — especially if you force marriage on them. "I can perceive, if he marries, it will only be to have more liberty than now. It is certain, if he had his elbows free, he would strike out (*s'en donnerait à gauche*). He said to me several times: 'I am young; I want to profit by my youth.'" A questionable young fellow, Herr General; especially if you force marriage on him.

"This conversation done," continues the General, "he set to talking with the Madam Wreccb," and her complexion of lily and rose; "but he did not stay long; drove off about five" (dinner at the stroke of twelve in those countries), "inviting me to see him again at Cüstrin, which I promised."

And so the Prince is off in the Autumn sunset, driving down the peaty hollow of the Warta, through unpicturesque country, which produces Wreccbs and incomparable flowers nevertheless. Yes; and if he look

a six miles to the right, there is the smoke of the evening kettles from Zorndorf, rising into the sky; and across the River, a twenty miles to the left, is Kunersdorf: poor sleepy sandy hamlets; where nettles of the Devil are to be plucked one day! —

"The beautiful Wreech drove off to Tamsel," her fine house: I to this wretched tavern; where, a couple of hours after that conversation, I began writing it all down, and have nothing else to do for the night. Your Excellency's most moral, stiffnecked, pipeclayed, and extremely obedient,

"VON SCHULENBURG."*

This young man may be orthodox on Predestination, and outwardly growing all that a Papa could wish; but here are strange heterodoxies, here is plenty of mutinous capricious fire in the interior of him, Herr General! In fact, a young man unfortunately situated; already become solitary in Creation; has not, except himself, a friend in the world available just now. Tempestuous Papa storms one way, tempestuous Mamma Nature another; and between the outside and the inside there are inconsistencies enough.

Concerning the fair Wreech of Tamsel, with her complexion of lily and rose, there ensued by and by much whispering, and rumouring underbreath; which has survived in the apocryphal Anecdote-Books, not in too distinct a form. Here, from first hand, are three words, which we may take to be the essence of the whole. Grumkow reporting, in a sordid, occasionally

* Förster, iii. 65-71.

smutty spy-manner, to his Seckendorf, from Berlin, eight or ten months hence, has this casual expression: "He" (King Friedrich Wilhelm) "told me in confidence "that Wreech, the Colonel's Wife, is — to P. R. "(Prince-Royal); and that Wreech vowed he would "not own it for his. And his Majesty in secret is "rather pleased," adds the smutty spy.* Elsewhere I have read that the poor object, which actually came as anticipated (male or female, I forget), did not live long; — nor had Friedrich, by any opportunity, another child in this world. Domestic Tamsel had to allay itself as it best could; and the fair Wreech became much a stranger to Friedrich, — surprisingly so to Friedrich the King, as perhaps we may see. —

Predestination, *Gnadenwahl*, Herr General: what is orthodoxy on Predestination, with these accompaniments!** We go now to the Second Letter and the Third, — from Landsberg about a fortnight later:

No. 2. *To his Excellency* (shovelful of titles) *von Grumkow in Berlin.*

"Landsberg, 19th October 1731.

"The day before yesterday" (that is, Wednesday 17th October) "I received an Order, To have only fifty Horse at "that post, and" — Order which shows us that there has fallen out some recruiting squabble on the Polish Frontier hereabouts; that the Polack gentlemen have seized certain Corporals of ours, but are about restoring them; Order and

* Grumkow to Seckendorf, Berlin, 20th August 1732 (Fürster, iii. 112).

** For Wreech, see *Benckendorf*, v. 94., for Schulenburg, ib. 26; — and *Militair Lexikon*, iii. 432, 433, and iv. 268, 269. — Vacant on the gossiping points; cautiously official, both these.

affair which we shall omit. "Corporals will be got back: "but as these Polack gentlemen will see, by the course taken, "that we have no great stomach for *biting*, I fancy they will "grow more insolent; then, 'ware who tries to recruit there "for the future!

"On the same day I was apprised, from Cüstrin, That the "Prince-Royal had resolved on an excursion to Carzig, and "thence to the Bailliage of Himmelstädt" (digging and stubbing now on foot at Himmelstädt too), "which is but a couple "of miles* from this; that there would be a little hunt between the two Bailliages; and that if I chose to come, "I might, and the Prince would dine with me." — Which I did; and so, here again, Thursday 18th October 1731, in those remote Warta-Oder Countries, is a glimpse of his Royal Highness at first hand. Schulenburg continues; not even taking a new paragraph, which indeed he never does:

"They had shut up a couple of *Spiesser* (young rocs), and "some stags, in the old wreck of a *Saugarten*" (Boar-park, between Carzig and Himmelstädt; *fast ruinirten Saugarten*, he calls it, daintily throwing-in a touch of German here): "the "Prince shot one or two of them, and his companions the "like; but it does not seem as if this amusement were much "to his taste. He went on to Himmelstädt; and at noon he "arrived here," in my poor Domicile at Landsberg.

"At one o'clock we went to table, and sat till four. He "spoke only of very indifferent things; except saying to me: "Do you know, the King has promised 400,000 crowns "(60,000*l.*) towards disengaging those Bailliages of the Margraf of Baireuth's," — old Margraf, Bailliages pawned to raise ready cash; readers remember what interminable Lawpleading there was, till Friedrich Wilhelm put it into a liquid state, 'Pay me back the moneys, then!'"** — "400,000 tha-

* "*Demi-mille*" German.

** Suprà, vol. iii. pp. 226-229.

“lers to the old Margraf, in case his Prince (Wilhelmina’s
“now Bridegroom) have a son by my Sister.’ I answered, I
“had heard nothing of it. — ‘But,’ said he, ‘that is a great
“deal of money! And some hundred-thousands more have
“gone the like road, to Anspach, who never will be able to
“repay. For all is much in disorder at Anspach. Give the
“Margraf his Heron-hunt (*chasse au héron*), he cares for no-
“thing; and his people pluck him at no allowance.’ I said:
“That if these Princes would regulate their expenditure, they
“might, little by little, pay off their debts; that I had been
“told at Vienna the Baireuth Bailliages were mortgaged on
“very low terms, those who now held them making eight or
“ten per-cent of their money;” — that the Margraf ought to
make an effort; and so on. “I saw very well that these Loans
“the King makes are not to his mind.

“Directly on rising from table, he went away; excusing
“himself to me, That he could not pass the night here; that
“the King would not like his sleeping in the Town; besides
“that he had still several things to complete in a Report he
“was sending off to his Majesty. He went to Massin, and
“slept there. For my own share, I did not press him to re-
“main; what I did was rather in the way of form. There
“were with him President Münchow,” civil gentleman whom
we know, “an Engineer Captain Reger, and the three Gen-
“tlemen of his Court,” Wolden, Rohwedel, Natzmer who once
twirled his finger in a certain mouth, the insipid fellow.

“He is no great eater; but I observed he likes the small
“dishes (*petits plats*) and the high tastes: he does not care for
“fish; though I had very fine trouts, he never touched them.
“He does not take brown soup (*soupe au bouillon*). It did not
“seem to me he cared for wine: he tastes at all the wines;
“but commonly stands by burgundy with water.

"I introduced to him all the Officers of my Regiment who are here; he received them in the style of a king" (*en roi*, plenty of quiet pride in him, Herr General). "It is certain he feels what he is born to; and if ever he get to it, will stand on the top of it. As to me, I mean to keep myself retired; and shall see of him as little as I can. I perceive well he does not like advice," especially when administered in the way of preachment, by stiff old military gentlemen of the all-wise stamp;—"and does not take pleasure except with people inferior to him in mind. His first aim is to find out the ridiculous side of every one, and he loves to banter and quiz. It is a fault in a Prince: he ought to know people's faults, and not to make them known to anybody whatever,"—which, we perceive, is not quite the method with private gentlemen, of the allwise type!—

"I speak to your Excellency as a friend; and assure you he is a Prince who has talent, but who will be the slave of his passions (*se fera dominer par ses passions*,"—not a felicitous prophecy, Herr General); "and will like nobody but such as encourage him therein. For me, I think all Princes are cast in the same mould; there is only a more and a less.

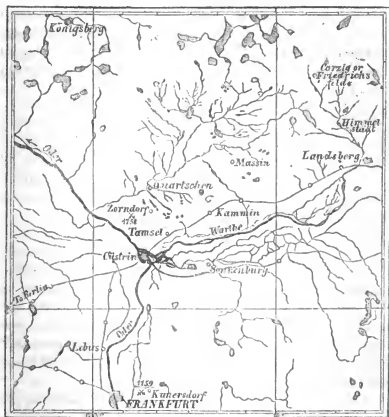
"At parting, he embraced me twice; and said: 'I am sorry I cannot stay longer; but another time I will profit better.' Wolden" (one of the Three) "told me he could not describe how well-intentioned for your Excellency the Prince-Royal is" (cunning dog!), "who says often to Wolden" (doubtless guessing it will be re-said), "'If I cannot show *him* my gratitude, I will his posterity:'"—profoundly obliged to the Grumkow kindred first and last!—"I remain your Excellency's" most pipeclayed

"VON SCHULENBURG."*

* Förster, III. 71-73.

And so, after survey of the spademen at Carzig and Himmelstädt (where Colonel Wreech, by the way, is *Ants-Hauptmann*, official Head Man), after shooting a *Spiesser* or two, and dining and talking in this sort, his Royal-Highness goes to sleep at Massin; and ends one day of his then life. We proceed to Letter No. 3.

A day or two after No. 2, it would appear, his Majesty, who is commonly at Wusterhausen hunting in



this season, has been rapidly out to Crossen, in these Landsberg regions (to south, within a day's drive of Landsberg), rapidly looking after something; Grumkow and another Official attending him: — other Official, "Truchsess," is Truchsess von Waldburg, a worthy soldier and gentleman of those parts, whom we shall again hear of. In No. 3 there is mention likewise of the "Kurfürst of Köln," — Elector of Cologne; languid lanky gentleman of Bavarian breed, whom we saw last year at Bonn, richest Pluralist of the Church; whom doubtless our poor readers have forgotten again. Mention of him; and also considerable sulky humour, of the Majesty's-Opposition kind, on Schulenburg's part; for which reason, and generally as a poor direct reflex of time and place, — reflex by ruffled bog-water, through sedges, and in twilight; dim but indubitable, — we give the Letter, though the Prince is little spoken of in it:

No. 3. *To the Excellency Grumkow (as above) in Berlin.*

"Landsberg, 22d October (Monday) 1731.

"Monsieur, — I trust your Excellency made your journey "to Crossen with all the satisfaction imaginable. Had I been "warned sooner, I would have come; not only to see the King, "but for your Excellency's sake and Truchsess's: but I received your Excellency's Letter only yesterday morning; so "I could not have arrived before yesternight, and that late; "for it is fifty miles off, and one has to send relays beforehand; "there being no posthorses on that road.

"We are, — not to make comparisons, — like Harlequin! "No sooner out of one scrape, than we get into another; and

"all for the sake of those Big Blockheads (*l'amour de ces grands colosses*). What the Kurfürst of Köln has done, in "his character of Bishop of Osnabrück," — a deed not known to this Editor, but clearly in the way of snubbing our recruiting system, — "is too droll: but if we avenge ourselves, "there will be high play, and plenty of it, all round our "borders! If such things would make any impression on the "spirit of our Master: but they do not; they" — in short, this recruiting system is delirious, thinks the stiff Schulenburg; and scruples not to say so, though not in his place in Parliament, or even Tobacco-Parliament. For there is a Majesty's Opposition in all lands and times. "We ruin the Country," says the Honourable Member, "sending annually millions of "money out of it, for a set of vagabond fellows (*gens à sac et à corde*), who will never do us the least service. One sees "clearly it is the hand of God," darkening some people's understanding; "otherwise it might be possible their eyes "would open, one time or another!" — A stiff pipeclayed gentleman of great wisdom, with plenty of sulphur burning in the heart of him. The rest of his Letter is all in the Opposition strain (almost as if from his place in Parliament, only far briefer than is usual "within these walls"); and winds up with a glance at Victor Amadeus's strange feat, or rather at the Son's feat done upon Victor, over in Sardinia; preceded by this interjectionary sentence on a Prince nearer home:

"As to the Prince-Royal, depend on it he will do whatever "is required of him" (marry anybody you like &c.), "if you "give him more elbow-room, for that is whither he aims. — "Not a bad stroke that, of the King of Sardinia" — Grand news of the day, at that time; now somewhat forgotten, and requiring a word from us:

Old King Victor Amadeus of Sardinia had solemnly

abdicated in favour of his Son; went, for a twelvemonth or more, into private felicity with an elderly Lady-love whom he had long esteemed the first of women; — tired of such felicity, after a twelvemonth; demanded his crown back, and could not get it! Lady-love and he are taken prisoners; lodged in separate castles:* and the wrath of the proud old gentleman is Olympian in character, — split an oak table, smiting it while he spoke (say the cicerones); — and his silence, and the fiery daggers he looks, are still more emphatic. But the young fellow holds out; you cannot play handy-dandy with a king's crown, your Majesty! say his new Ministers. Is and will continue King. "Not a bad stroke of him," thinks Schulenburg, —

— "especially if his Father meant to play him the same trick," that is, clap him in prison. Not a bad stroke; — which perhaps there is another that could imitate, "if *his* Papa gave him the opportunity! But *this* Papa will take good care; "and the Queen will not forget the Sardinian business, "when he talks again of abdicating," as he does when in ill humour. —

"But now had not we better have been friends with England, should war rise upon that Sardinian business? General "Schulenburg," — the famed Venetian Fieldmarshal, bruiser of the Turks in Candia,** my honoured Uncle, who sometimes

* 2d September 1730, abdicated, went to Chambéry; reclaims, is locked in Rivoli, 8th October 1731 (news of it just come to Schulenburg); dies there, 31st October 1732, his 67th year.

** Same who was beaten by Charles XII. before; a worthy soldier nevertheless, say the Authorities: *Life* of him by Varnhagen von Ense (*Biographische Denkmale*, Berlin, 1845).

used to visit his Sister the Maypole, now *Emerita*, in London, and sip beer and take tobacco on an evening, with George I. of famous memory, — he also “writes me this Victor-Amadeus news, from Paris;” so that it is certain; Ex-King locked in Rivoli near a fortnight ago: “he, General Schulenburg, says farther, To judge by the outside, all appears very quiet; but many think, at the bottom of the bag it will “not be the same.” —

“I am, with respect,” your Excellency's much in buckram,
“LE COMTE DE SCHOULENBOURG.”*

So far Lieutenant-General Schulenburg; whom we thank for these contemporary glimpses of a young man that has become historical, and of the scene he lived in. And with these three accidental utterances, as if they (which are alone left) had been the sum of all he said in the world, let the Lieutenant-General withdraw now into silence: he will turn up twice again, after half-a-score of years, once in a nobler than talking attitude, the close-harnessed, stalwart, slightly atrabiliar military gentleman of the old Prussian school.

These glimpses of the Crown-Prince, reflected on us in this manner, are not very luculent to the reader, — light being indifferent, and mirror none of the best: — but some features do gleam forth, good and not so good; which, with others coming, may gradually coalesce into something conceivable. A Prince clearly of much spirit, and not without petulance; abundant fire, much of it shining and burning irregularly at present; being sore held down from without, and anomalously situated.

* Förster, III. 73-75.

Pride enough, thinks Schulenburg, capricious petulance enough, — likely to go into “a reign of the passions,” if we live. As will be seen! —

Wilhelmina was betrothed in June last: Wilhelmina, a Bride these six months, continues to be much tormented by Mamma. But the Bridegroom, Prince of Baireuth, is gradually recommending himself to persons of judgment, to Wilhelmina among others. One day he narrowly missed an unheard-of accident: a foolish servant, at some boar-hunt, gave him a loaded piece on the half-cock; half-cock slipped in the handling; bullet grazed his Majesty's very temple, was felt twitching the hair there: — ye Heavens! Whereupon impertinent remarks from some of the Dessau people (allies of Schwedt and the Margravine in high colours); which were well answered by the Prince, and noiselessly but severely checked by a well-bred King.* King has given the Prince of Baireuth a regiment; and likes him tolerably, though the young man will not always drink as could be wished. Wedding, in spite of clouds from her Majesty, is coming steadily on.

His Majesty's Building Operations.

“This year,” says Fassmann, “the building operations both in Berlin and Stettin,” — in Stettin where new fortifications are completed, in Berlin where gradually whole new quarters are getting built, — “were

* Wilhelmina, i. 356.

"exceedingly pushed forward (*äusserst poussirt*).” Alas, yes; this too is a questionable memorable feature of his Majesty's reign. Late Majesty, old King Friedrich I., wishful, as others had been, for the growth of Berlin, laid out a new Quarter, and called it Friedrichs Stadt; — scraggy boggy ground, planned out into streets, Friedrichs Strasse the chief street, with here and there a house standing lonesomely prophetic on it. But it is this present Majesty, Friedrich Wilhelm, that gets the plan executed, and the Friedrichs Strasse actually built, not always in the soft or spontaneous manner. Friedrich Wilhelm was the Ædile of his Country, as well as the Drill-sergeant; Berlin City did not rise of its own accord, or on the principle of leave-alone, any more than the Prussian Army itself. Wreck and rubbish Friedrich Wilhelm will not leave alone, in any kind; but is intent by all chances to sweep them from the face of the Earth, that something useful, seemly to the Royal mind, may stand there instead. Hence these building-operations in the Friedrich Street and elsewhere, so “exceedingly pushed forward.”

The number of scraggy waste places he swept clear, first and last, and built tight human dwellings upon, is almost uncountable. A common gift from him (as from his Son after him) to a man in favour, was that of a new good House, — an excellent gift. Or if the man is himself able to build, Majesty will help him, incite him: “Timber enough is in the royal forests; stone, lime are in the royal quarries; scraggy waste is abundant: why should any man, of the least industry or

private capital, live in a bad house?" By degrees, the pressure of his Majesty upon private men to build with encouragement became considerable, became excessive, irresistible; and was much complained of, in these years now come. Old Colonel Derschau is the King's Agent, at Berlin, in this matter; a hard stiff man; squeezes men, all manner of men with the least capital, till they build.

Nüssler, for example, whom we once saw at Hanover, managing a certain contested Heritage for Friedrich Wilhelm; adroit Nüssler, though he has yet got no fixed appointment, nor pay except by the job, is urged to build; — second year hence, 1733, occurs the case of Nüssler, and is copiously dwelt upon by Büsching his biographer: "Build yourself a house in the Friedrichs Strasse!" urges Derschau. "But I have no pay, no capital!" pleads Nüssler. — "Tush, your Father-in-law, abstruse *Kanzler* von Ludwig, in Halle University, monster of law-learning there, is not he a monster of hoarded moneys withal? He will lend you, for his own and his Daughter's sake.* Or shall his Majesty compel him?" urges Derschau. And slowly, continually turns the screw upon Nüssler, till he too raises for himself a firm good house in the Friedrichs Stadt, — Friedrichs Strasse, or *Street*, as they now call it, which the Tourist of these days knows. Substantial clear ashlar Street, miles or half-miles long; straight as a line: — Friedrich Wilhelm found it scrag and quagmire; and left it what the Tourist sees, by these hard methods. Thus Herr

* Büsching: *Beiträge*, i. 324.

Privy-Councillor Klinggräf too, Nüssler's next neighbour: he did not want to build; far from it; but was obliged, on worse terms than Nüssler. You have such work, founding your house; — for the Nüssler-Klinggräf spot was a fish-pool, and "carps were dug up" in founding; — such piles, bound platform of solid beams; "4,000 thalers gone before the first stone is laid:" and in fact, the house must be built honestly, or it will be worse for the house and you. "Cost me 12,000 thalers (1,800*l.*) in all, and is worth perhaps 2,000!" sorrowfully ejaculates Nüssler, when the job is over. Still worse with Privy-Councillor Klinggräf: his house, the next to Nüssler's, is worth mere nothing to him when built; a soap-boiler offers him 800 thalers (120*l.*) for it; and Nüssler, to avoid suffocation, purchases it himself of Klinggräf for that sum. Derschau, with his slow screw-machinery, is very formidable; — and Büsching knows it for a fact, "that respectable Berlin persons "used to run out of the way of Bürgermeister Koch "and him, when either of them turned up on the "streets!"

These things were heavy to bear. Truly, yes: where is the liberty of private capital, or liberty of almost any kind, on those terms? Liberty to *annihilate* rubbish and chaos, under known conditions, you may have; but not the least liberty to keep them about you, though never so fond of doing it! What shall we say? Nüssler and the Soapboiler do both live in houses more human than they once had. Berlin itself, and some other things, did not spring from Free-trade. Berlin

City would, to this day, have been a Place of *Scrubs* ("the *Berlin*," a mere appellative noun to that effect), had Free-trade always been the rule there. I am sorry his Majesty transgresses the limits; — and we, my friends, if we can make our Chaos into Cosmos by firing Parliamentary eloquence into it, and bombarding it with Blue-Books, we will much triumph over his Majesty, one day! —

Thus are the building operations exceedingly pushed forward, the Ear of Jenkins torn off, and Victor Amadeus locked in ward, while our Crown-Prince, in the eclipsed state, is inspected by a Sage in pipeclay, and Wilhelmina's wedding is coming on.

CHAPTER VI.

WILHELMINA'S WEDDING.

TUESDAY, 20th November 1731, Wilhelmina's wedding-day arrived, after a brideship of eight months; and that young Lady's troublesome romance, more happily than might have been expected, did at last wind itself up. Mamma's unreasonable humours continued, more or less; but these also must now end. Old wooers and outlooks, "the four or three crowned heads," — they lie far over the horizon; faded out of one's very thoughts, all these. Charles XII., Peter II. are dead, Weissenfels is not, but might as well be. Prince Fred, not yet wedded elsewhere, is doing French madrigals in Leicester House; tending towards the "West Wickham" set of Politicians, the Pitt-Lyttleton set; stands ill with Father and Mother, and will not come to much. August the Dilapidated-Strong is deep in Polish troubles, in Anti-Kaiser politics, in drinking-bouts; — his great toe never mended, never will mend. Gone to the spectral state all these: here, blooming with life in its cheeks, is the one practical Fact, our good Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, — privately our fate all along; — which we will welcome cheerfully; and be thankful to Heaven that we have not died in getting it decided for us! —

Wedding was of great magnificence; Berlin Palace

and all things and creatures at their brightest; the Brunswick-Beverns here, and other high Guests; no end of pompous ceremonials, solemnities and splendours, — the very train of one's gown was "twelve yards long." Eschewing all which, the reader shall commodiously conceive it all, by two samples we have picked out for him: one sample of a Person, high Guest present; one of an Apartment where the sublimities went on.

The Duchess Dowager of Sachsen-Meiningen, who has come to honour us on this occasion, a very large Lady, verging towards sixty; she is the person. A living elderly Daughter of the Great Elector himself; half-sister to the late King, half-aunt to Friedrich Wilhelm; widow now of her third husband: a singular phenomenon to look upon, for a moment, through Wilhelmina's satirical spectacles. One of her three husbands, "Christian Ernst of Baireuth" (Margraf there, while the present Line was but expectant), had been a kind of Welsh-Uncle to the Prince now Bridegroom; so that she has a double right to be here. "She had found the secret of totally ruining Baireuth," says Wilhelmina; "Baireuth, and Courland, as well, where her "first wedlock was;" — perhaps Meiningen was done to her hand? Here is the Portrait of "my Grand-Aunt;" dashed off in very high colours, not by a flattering pencil: -

"It is said she was very fond of pleasing, in her youth; "one saw as much still by her affected manners. She would "have made an excellent actress, to play fantastic parts of

"that kind. Her flaming red countenance, her shape, of such "monstrous extent that she could hardly walk, gave her the "air of a Female Bacchus. She took care to expose to view "her," — a part of her person, large but no longer beautiful, — "and continually kept patting it with her hands, to attract "attention thither. Though sixty gone," — fifty-seven in point of fact, — "she was tricked out like a girl; hair done "in ribbon-locks (*marronnés*), all filled with gewgaws of rose- "pink colour, which was the prevailing tint in her complexion, "and so loaded with coloured jewels, you would have taken "her for the rainbow."*

This charming old Lady, daughter of the *Grosse Kurfürst*, and so very fat and rubicund, had a Son once: he too is mentionable in his way, — as a mile-stone (parish milestone) in the obscure Chronology of those parts. Her first Husband was the Duke of Courland; to him she brought an heir, who became Duke in his turn, — and was the final Duke, *last* of the "Kettler" or native Line of Dukes there. The Kettlers had been 'Teutsch Ritters, Commandants in Courland; they picked up that Country, for their own behoof, when the Ritterdom went down; and this was the last of them. He married Anne of Russia with the big cheek (Czar Peter's Niece, who is since become Czarina); and died shortly after, twenty years ago; with tears doubtless from the poor rosepink Mother, far away in Baireuth and childless otherwise; and also in a sense to the sorrow of Courland, which was hereby left vacant, a prey to enterprising neighbours. And on those terms

* *Wilhelmina*, i. 375.

it was that Saxon Moritz (our dissolute friend, who will be *Maréchal de Saxe* one day) made his clutch at Courland, backed by moneys of the French Actress; rumour of which still floats vaguely about. Moritz might have succeeded, could he have done the first part of the feat, fallen in love with swoln-cheeked Anne, Dowager there; but he could not; could only pretend it: Courland therefore (now that the Swoln-cheek is become Czarina) falls to one Bieren, a born Courlander, who could.* — We hurry to the "Grand Apartment" in Berlin Schloss, and glance rapidly, with Wilhelmina (in an abridged form), how magnificent it is:

Royal Apartment, third floor of the Palace at Berlin, one must say, few things equal it in the world. "From the Outer "Saloon or Antechamber, called *Salle des Suisses*" (where the halberdier and valet people wait) "you pass through six "grand rooms, into a saloon magnificently decorated; thence "through two rooms more, and so into what they call the "Picture-Gallery, a room ninety feet long. All this is in a "line." Grand all this; but still only common in comparison. From the Picture-Gallery you turn (to right or left, is not said, nor does it matter) into a suite of Fourteen great rooms, each more splendid than the other: lustre from the ceiling of the first room, for example, is of solid silver; weighs, in

* Last Kettler, Anne's Husband, died (leaving only an old Uncle, fallen into Papistry and other futility, who, till his death some twenty years after, had to reside abroad and be nominal merely), 1711; Moritz's attempt with Adrienne Lecouvreur's cash was, 1726; Anne became Sovereign of all the Russias (on her poor Cousin Peter II.'s death), 1730; Bieren (*Biron* as he tried to write himself, being of poor birth) did not get installed till 1737; and had, he and Courland both, several tumbles after that before getting to stable equilibrium.

pounds avoirdupois I know not what, but in silver coin "10,000 crowns:" ceilings painted as by Correggio; "wall-mirrors between each pair of windows are twelve feet high, "and their piers (*trumeaux*) are of massive silver; in front of "each mirror, table can be laid for twelve;" twelve Serenities may dine there, flanked by their mirror, enjoying the Correggiosities above, and the practical sublimities all round. "And this is but the first of the Fourteen;" and you go on increasing in superbness, till, for example, in the last, or superlative Saloon, you find "a lustre weighing 50,000 "crowns; the globe of it big enough to hold a child of eight "years; and the branches (*guéridons*) of it," I forget how many feet or fathoms in extent: silver to the heart. Nay the music-balcony is of silver; wearied fiddler lays his elbow on balustrades of that precious metal. Seldom if ever was seen the like. In this superlative Saloon, the Nuptial Benediction was given.*

Old King Friedrich, the expensive Herr, it was he that did the furnishing and Correggio-painting of these sublime rooms: but this of the masses of wrought silver, this was done by Friedrich Wilhelm, — incited thereto by what he saw at Dresden in August the Strong's Establishment; and reflecting, too, that silver is silver, whether you keep it in barrels in a coined form, or work it into chandeliers, mirror-frames and music-balconies. — These things we should not have mentioned, except to say that the massive silver did prove a hoard available, in after times, against a rainy day. Massive silver (well mixed with copper first) was all melted

* *Wilhelmina*, i. 381; *Nicolas*, ii. 881.

down, stamped into current coins, native and foreign, and sent wandering over the world, before a certain Prince got through his Seven-Years Wars and other pinches that are ahead! —

In fine, Wilhelmina's Wedding was magnificent; though one had rubs too; and Mamma was rather severe. "Hair went all wrong, by dint of over-dressing; and hung on one's face like a boy's. Crown-royal they had put (as indeed was proper) on one's head: "hair was in twenty-four locks the size of your arm: "such was the Queen's order. Gown was of cloth-of-silver, trimmed with Spanish gold-lace (*avec un point d'Espagne d'or*); train twelve yards long; — one was "like to sink to the earth in such equipment." Courage, my Princess! — In fact, the Wedding went beautifully off; with dances and sublimities, slow solemn Torch-dance to conclude with, in those unparalleled upper rooms; Grand-Aunt Meiningen and many other stars and rainbows witnessing; even the Margravine of Schwedt, in her high colours, was compelled to be there. Such variegated splendour, such a dancing of the Constellations; sublunary Berlin, and all the world, on tiptoe round it! Slow Torch-dance, winding it up, melted into the shades of midnight, for this time; and there was silence in Berlin.

But, on the following nights, there were Balls of a less solemn character; far pleasanter for dancing purposes. It is to these, to one of these, that we direct the attention of all readers. Friday 23d, there was

again Ball and Royal Evening Party — “Grand Apartment” so-called. Immense Ball, “seven hundred couples, all people of condition;” there were “Four Quadrilles,” or dancing places in the big sea of quality-figures; each at its due distance in the grand suite of rooms: Wilhelmina presides in Quadrille *Number One*: placè assigned her was in the room called Picture-Gallery; Queen and all the Principalities were with Wilhelmina, she is to lead-off their quadrille, and take charge of it. Which she did, with her accustomed fire and elasticity; — and was circling there, on the light fantastic toe, time six in the evening, when Grumkow, whom she had been dunning for his bargain about Friedrich the day before, came up:

“I liked dancing,” says she, “and was taking advantage of my chances. Grumkow came up, and interrupted me in the middle of a minuet: ‘*Eh, mon Dieu, Madame!*’ said Grumkow, ‘you seem to have got bit by the tarantula!’ “Don’t you see those strangers who have just come in?’ I stopt short; and looking all round, I noticed at last a young man dressed in gray, whom I did not know. ‘Go, then, embrace the Prince-Royal; there he is before you!’ said Grumkow. All the blood in my body went topsy-turvy for joy. ‘O Heaven, my Brother?’ cried I: ‘But I don’t see him; where is he? In God’s name, let me see him!’ Grumkow led me to the young man in gray. Coming near, I recognised him, though with difficulty: he had grown amazingly stouter (*prodigieusement engraisé*), shortened about the neck; his face too had much changed, and was no longer so beautiful as it had been. I sprang upon him with open arms (*sautai*

"*au cou*); I was in such a state, I could speak nothing but "broken exclamations: I wept, I laughed, like one gone delirious. In my life I have never felt so lively a joy.

"The first sane step was to throw myself at the feet of the "King: King said, 'Are you content with me? You see I "have kept my word!' I took my Brother by the hand; and "entreated the King to restore him his friendship. This scene "was so touching, it drew tears from the eyes of everybody. "I then approached the Queen. She was obliged to embrace "me, the King being close opposite; but I remarked that her "joy was only affected." — Why then, O Princess? Guess, if you can, the female humours of her Majesty! —

"I turned to my Brother again; I gave him a thousand "carcasses, and said the tenderest things to him: to all which "he remained cold as ice, and answered only in monosyllables. "I presented the Prince (my Husband); to whom he did not "say one word. I was astonished at this fashion of procedure! "But I laid the blame of it on the King, who was observing "us, and who I judged might be intimidating my Brother. "But even his countenance surprised me: he wore a proud air, "and seemed to look down on everybody."

A much-changed Crown-Prince. What can be the meaning of it? Neither King nor he appeared at supper: they were supping elsewhere, with a select circle; and the whisper ran among us, His Majesty was treating him with great friendliness. At which the Queen, contrary to hope, could not conceal her secret pique. "In fact," says Wilhelmina, again too hard on Mamma, "she did not love her children except "as they served her ambitious views." The fact that it was I, and not she, who had achieved the Prince's deliverance, was painful to her Majesty: alas, yes, in some degree!

"Ball having recommenced, Grumkow whispered to me, "That the King was pleased with my frank kind ways to my

"Brother; and not pleased with my Brother's cold way of
"returning it: Does he simulate, and mean still to deceive
"me? Or is that all the thanks he has for Wilhelmina?
"thinks his Majesty. Go on with your sincerity, Madam;
"and for God's sake admonish the Crown-Prince to avoid
"finessing!" Crown-Prince, when I did, in some interval of
"the dance, report this of Grumkow, and say, Why so changed
"and cold, then, Brother of my heart? answered, That he
"was still the same; and that he had his reasons for what he
"did." Wilhelmina continues; and cannot understand her
Crown-Prince at all:

"Next morning, by the King's order, he paid me a visit.
"The Prince," my Husband, "was polite enough to with-
"draw, and left me and Sonsfeld alone with him. He gave
"me a recital of his misfortunes; I communicated mine to
"him,"—and how I had at last bargained to get him free again
by my compliance. "He appeared much discountenanced at
"this last part of my narrative. He returned thanks for the
"obligations I had laid on him, — with some caressings,
"which evidently did not proceed from the heart. To break
"this conversation, he started some indifferent topic; and,
"under pretence of seeing my Apartment, moved into the
"next room, where the Prince my Husband was. Him he ran
"over with his eyes from head to foot, for some time; then,
"after some constrained civilities to him, went his way."
What to make of all this? "Madam Sonsfeld shrugged her
"shoulders;" no end of Madam Sonsfeld's astonishment at
such a Crown-Prince.

Alas, yes, poor Wilhelmina; a Crown-Prince got
into terrible cognisance of facts since we last met him!
Perhaps already sees, not only what a Height of place
is cut out for him in this world, but also in a dim way

what a solitude of soul, if he will maintain his height? Top of the frozen Schreckhorn; — have you well considered such a position! And even the way thither is dangerous, is terrible in this case. Be not too hard upon your Crown-Prince. For it is certain he loves you to the last!

Captain Dickens, who alone of all the Excellencies was not at the Wedding, — and never had believed it would be a wedding, but only a rumour to bring England round, — duly chronicles this happy reappearance of the Prince-Royal: “about six, yesterday evening, as the company was dancing, — to the great joy and surprise of the whole Court;” — and adds: “This morning the Prince came to the public Parade; where crowds of people of all ranks flocked to see his Royal Highness, and gave the most open demonstrations of pleasure.”*

Wilhelmina, these noisy tumults, not all of them delightful, once done, gets out of the perplexed hurly-burly, home towards still Baireuth, shortly after New-year.** “Berlin was become as odious to me as it had once been dear. I flattered myself that, renouncing grandeurs, I might lead a soft and tranquil life in my new Home, and begin a happier year than the one that had just ended.” Mamma was still perverse; but on the edge of departure Wilhelmina contrived to get a word of her Father, and privately open her heart to him. Poor Father, after all that has come and gone:

* Despatch, 24th Nov. 1731.

** 11th Jan. 1732 (Wilhelmina, li. 2).

"My discourse produced its effect; he melted into tears, "could not answer me for sobs; he explained his thoughts by "his embracings of me. Making an effort, at length, he "said: 'I am in despair that I did not know thee. They had "told me such horrible tales, I hated thee as much as I now "love thee. If I had addressed myself direct to thee, I "should have escaped much trouble, and thou too. But they "hindered me from speaking; said thou wert ill-natured as "the Devil, and wouldst drive to extremities I wanted to "avoid. Thy Mother, by her intrigings, is in part the "cause of the misfortunes of the family; I have been deceived "and duped on every side. But my hands are tied; and "though my heart is torn in pieces, I must leave these ini- "quities unpunished!' — The Queen's intentions were al- ways good, urged Wilhelmina. "Let us not enter into that "detail," answered he: "what is past is past; I will try to "forget it;" and assured Wilhelmina that she was the dearest to him of the family, and that he would do great things for her still, — only part of which came to effect in the sequel. "I am too sad of heart to take leave of you," con- cluded he: "embrace your Husband on my part; I am so "overcome that I must not see him."* And so they rolled away.

Crown-Prince was back to Cüstrin again many weeks before. Back to Cüstrin; but under totally changed omens: his history, after that first emergence in Wilhelmina's dance, "23d November about six P.M.," and appearance at Parade on the morrow (Saturday morning), had been as follows. Monday November 26th, there was again grand Ball, and the Prince there,

* Wilhelmina, II. 4; who dates, 11th January 1732.

not in gray this time. Next day, the Old Dessauer and all the higher Officers in Berlin petitioned, "Let us have him in the Army again, your Majesty!" Majesty consented: and so, Friday 30th, there was grand dinner at Seckendorf's, Crown-Prince there, in soldier's uniform again; a completely pardoned youth. His uniform is of the Goltz Regiment, Infantry: Goltz Regiment, which lies at Ruppin, — at and about, in that moory Country to the Northeast, some thirty or forty miles from Berlin; — whither his destination now is.

Crown-Prince had to resume his Kammer work at Cüstrin, and see the Buildings at Carzig, for a three months longer, till some arrangements in the Regiment Goltz were perfected, and finishing improvements given to it. But "on the last day of February" (29th, 1732 being leap-year), his Royal Highness's Commission to be Colonel Commandant of said Regiment is made out; and he proceeds, in discharge of the same, to Ruppin, where his men lie. And so puts off the pike-gray coat, and puts on the military blue one,* — never to quit it again, as turned out.

Ruppin is a little Town, in that northwest Fehrbellin region: Regiment Goltz had lain in detached quarters hitherto; but is now to lie at Ruppin, the first Battalion of it there, and the rest within reach. Here, in Ruppin itself, or ultimately at Reinsberg in the neighbourhood, was Friedrich's abode, for the next

* Preuss, i. 69.

eight years. ³ Habitual residence; with transient excursions, chiefly to Berlin in Carnival time, or on other great occasions, and always strictly on leave; his employment being that of Colonel of Foot, a thing requiring continual vigilance and industry in that Country. Least of all to be neglected, in any point, by one in his circumstances. He did his military duties to a perfection satisfactory even to Papa; and achieved on his own score many other duties and improvements, for which Papa had less value. These eight years, it is always understood, were among the most important of his life to him.

BOOK IX.

LAST STAGE OF FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP:
LIFE IN RUPPIN.

1732-1736.

Feb. 1732.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHRISTINA OF BRUNSWICK-BEVERN.

WE described the Crown-Prince as intent to comply, especially in all visible external particulars, with Papa's will and pleasure; — to distinguish himself by real excellence in Commandantship of the Regiment Goltz, first of all. But before ever getting into that, there has another point risen, on which obedience, equally essential, may be still more difficult.

Ever since the grand Catastrophe went off *without* taking Friedrich's head along with it, and there began to be hopes of a pacific settlement, question has been, Whom shall the Crown-Prince marry? And the debates about it in the royal breast and in Tobacco-Parliament, and rumours about it in the world at large, have been manifold and continual. In the Schulenburg Letters we saw the Crown-Prince himself, much interested, and eagerly inquisitive on that head. As was natural: but it is not in the Crown-Prince's mind, it is in the Tobacco-Parliament, and the royal breast as influenced there, that the thing must be decided. Who in the world will it be, then?

Crown-Prince himself hears now of this party, now of that. England is quite over, and the Princess Amelia sunk below the horizon. Friedrich himself appears a little piqued that Hotham carried his nose so

high; that the English would not, in those life-and-death circumstances, abate the least from their "Both marriages or none," — thinks they should have saved Wilhelmina, and taken his word of honor for the rest. England is now out of his head; — all romance is too sorrowfully swept out: and instead of the "sacred air cities of hope" in this high section of his history, the young man is looking into the "mean clay hamlets of reality," with an eye well recognising them for real. With an eye and heart already tempered to the due hardness for them. Not a fortunate result, though it was an inevitable one. We saw him flirting with the beautiful wedded Wreech; talking to Lieutenant-General Schulenburg about marriage, in a way which shook the pipeclay of that virtuous man. He knows he would not get his choice, if he had one; strives not to care. Nor does he, in fact, much care; the romance being all out of it. He looks mainly to outward advantages: to personal appearance, temper, good manners; to "religious principle," sometimes rather in the reverse way (fearing an *overplus* rather); — but always to likelihood of moneys by the match, as a very direct item. Ready command of money, he feels, will be extremely desirable in a Wife; desirable and almost indispensable, in present straitened circumstances. These are the notions of this ill-situated Cœlebs.

The parties proposed first and last, and rumoured of in Newspapers and the idle brains of men, have been very many, — no limit to their numbers; it *may* be anybody: an intending purchaser, though but possessed

of sixpence, is in a sense proprietor of the whole Fair! Through Schulenburg we heard his own account of them, last Autumn; — but the far noblest of the lot was hardly glanced at, or not at all, on that occasion. The Kaiser's eldest Daughter, sole heiress of Austria and these vast Pragmatic-Sanction operations; Archduchess Maria Theresa herself, — it is affirmed to have been Prince Eugene's often-expressed wish, That the Crown-Prince of Prussia should wed the future Empress.* Which would indeed have saved immense confusions to mankind! Nay she alone of Princesses, beautiful, magnanimous, brave, was the mate for such a Prince, — had the Good Fairies been consulted, which seldom happens: — and Romance itself might have become Reality in that case; with high results to the very soul of this young Prince! Wishes are free: and wise Eugene will have been heard, perhaps often, to express this wish; but that must have been all. Alas, the preliminaries, political, especially religious, are at once indispensable and impossible: we have to dismiss that day-dream. A Papal-Protestant controversy still exists among mankind; and this is one penalty they pay for not having settled it sooner. The Imperial Court cannot afford its Archduchess on the terms possible in that quarter.

What the Imperial Court can do is, to recommend a Niece of theirs, insignificant young Princess, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, who is Niece to the

* Hormayr: *Allgemeine Geschichte der neuesten Zeit* (Wien, 1817), I. 13; cited in Preuss, I. 71.

Empress; and may be made useful, in this way, to herself and us, think the Imperial Majesties; — will be a new tie upon the Prussians and the Pragmatic Sanction, and keep the Alliance still surer for our Archduchess in times coming, think their Majesties. She, it is insinuated by Seckendorf in Tobacco-Parliament; ought not she, Daughter of your Majesty's esteemed friend, — modest-minded, innocent young Princess, with a Brother already betrothed in your Majesty's House, — to be the Lady? It is probable she will.

Did we inform the reader once about Kaiser Karl's young marriage adventures; and may we, to remind him, mention them a second time? How Imperial Majesty, some five-and-twenty years ago, then only King of Spain, asked Princess Caroline of Anspach, who was very poor, and an orphan in the world. Who at once refused, declining to think of changing her religion on such a score; — and now governs England, telegraphing with Walpole, as Queen there instead. How Karl, now Imperial Majesty, then King of Spain, next applied to Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel; and met with a much better reception there. Applied to old Anton Ulrich, reigning Duke, who writes big Novels, and does other foolish goodnatured things; — who persuaded his Granddaughter that a change to Catholicism was nothing in such a case, that he himself should not care in the least to change. How the Granddaughter changed accordingly, went to Barcelona, and was

wedded; — and had to dun old Grand-Papa, “Why don’t you change, then!” Who did change thereupon; thinking to himself, “Plague on it, I must then!” the foolish old Herr. He is dead; and his Novels, in six volumes quarto, are all dead: and the Granddaughter is Kaiserinn, on those terms, a serene monotonous well-favoured Lady, diligent in her Catholic exercises; of whom I never heard any evil, good rather, in her eminent serene position. Pity perhaps that she had recommended her Niece for this young Prussian gentleman; whom it by no means did “attach to the Family” so very careful about him at Vienna! But if there lay a sin, and a punishment following on it, here or elsewhere, in her Imperial position, surely it is to be charged on foolish old Anton Ulrich; not on her, poor Lady, who had never coveted such height, nor durst for her soul take the leap thitherward, till the serene old literary gentleman showed her how easy it was.

Well, old Anton Ulrich is long since dead,* and his religious accounts are all settled beyond cavil; and only the sad duty devolves on me of explaining a little what and who his rather insipid offspring are, so far as related to readers of this History. Anton Ulrich left two sons; the elder of whom was Duke,* and the younger had an Apanage, Blankenburg by name. Only this younger had children, — serene Kaiserinn that now is, one of them. The elder died childless,** pre-

* 1714, age 70. Hübner, t. 190.

** 1731, Michaelis, i. 132.

cisely a few months before the times we are now got to; reigning Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel,* all but certain Apanages; and does not concern us farther. To that supreme dignity the younger has now come, and his Apanage of Blankenburg and children with him; — so that there is now only one outstanding Apanage (Bevern, not known to us yet); which also will perhaps get reunited, if we cared for it. Ludwig Rudolf is the name of this new sovereign Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, or Duke in chief; age now sixty; has a shining, bustling, somewhat irregular Duchess, says Wilhelmina; and a nose — or rather almost no nose, for sad reasons!** Other qualities or accidents I know not of him, — except that he is Father of the Vienna Kaiserinn; Grandfather of the Princess whom Seckendorf suggests for our Friedrich of Prussia.

In Ludwig Rudolf's insipid offspring our readers are unexpectedly somewhat interested: let readers patiently attend, therefore. He had three Daughters, never any son. Two of his Daughters, eldest and youngest, are alive still; the middle one had a sad fate long ago. She married, in 1711, Alexius the Czarowitz of Peter the Great: foolish Czarowitz,

* "Welf-booths" (Hatted Camp of the Welfs), according to Etymology. "Brunswick," again, is *Braun's-Wick*; "Braun" (Brown) being an old militant Welf in those parts, who built some lodge for himself, as a convenience there, — Year 880, say the uncertain old Books. Hübner, t. 149; Michaelis, &c.

** Wilhelmina, II. 121.

miserable and making others miserable, broke her heart by ill conduct, ill usage, in four years; so that she died; leaving him only a poor small Peter II., who is now dead too, and that matter ended all but the memory of it. Some accounts bear, that *she* did not die; that she only pretended it, and ran and left her intolerable Czarowitz. That she wedded, at Paris, in deep obscurity, an Officer just setting out for Louisiana; lived many years there as a thrifty soldier's-wife; returned to Paris with her Officer reduced to halfpay; and told him, — or told some select Official person after him, under sevenfold oath, being then a widow and necessitous, — her sublime secret. Sublime secret, which came thus to be known to a supremely select circle at Paris; and was published in Books, where one still reads it. No vestige of truth in it, — except that perhaps a necessitous soldier's widow at Paris, considering of ways and means, found that she had some trace of likeness to the Pictures of this Princess, and had heard her tragic story.

Ludwig Rudolf's second Daughter is dead long years ago; nor has this fable as yet risen from her dust. Of Ludwig Rudolf's other two Daughters, we have said that one, the eldest, was the Kaiserinn; Empress Elizabeth Christina, age now precisely forty; with two beautiful Daughters, sublime Maria Theresa the elder of them, and no son that would live. Which last little circumstance has caused the Pragmatic Sanction, and tormented universal Nature for so many years

back! Ludwig Rudolf has a youngest Daughter, also married, and a Mother in Germany, — to this day conspicuously so; — of whom next, or rather of her Husband and Family-circle, we must say a word.

Her Husband is no other than the esteemed Friend of Friedrich Wilhelm; Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, by title; who, as a junior branch, lives on the Apanage of Bevern, as his Father did; but is sure now to inherit the Sovereignty and be Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel at large, he or his Sons, were the present incumbent, Ludwig Rudolf, once out. Present incumbent, we have just intimated, is his Father-in-law; but it is not on that ground that he looks to inherit. He is Nephew of old Anton Ulrich, Son of a younger Brother (who was also "Bevern" in Anton's time); and is the evident Heir-male; old Anton being already fallen into the distaff, with nothing but three Granddaughters. Anton's heir will now be this Nephew: Nephew has wedded one of the Granddaughters, youngest of the Three, youngest Daughter of Ludwig Rudolf, Sovereign Duke that now is; — which Lady, by the family she brought him, if no otherwise, is memorable or mentionable here, and may be called a Mother in Germany.

Father Bevern her Husband, Ferdinand Albert the name of him, is now just fifty, only ten years younger than his serene Father-in-law Ludwig Rudolf: — whom, I may as well say here, he does at last succeed, three years hence (1735), and becomes Duke of Brunswick in General, according to hope; — but only for a few

months, having himself died that same year.* Poor Duke; rather a good man, by all the accounts I could hear; though not of qualities that shone. He is at present "Duke of Brunswick-Bevern," — such his actual nomenclature in those ever-fluctuating Sibyl's-leaves of German History-Books, Wilhelmina's and the others; — expectant Duke of Brunswick in General; much a friend of Friedrich Wilhelm. A kind of Austrian soldier he was formerly, and will again be for brief times; General-Feldmarschall so-styled; but is not notable in War, nor otherwise at all, except for the offspring he had by this serene Spouse of his. Insipid offspring, the impatient reader says; but permits me to enumerate one or two of them:

* ANTON ULRICH (1633-1714), Duke in Chief; that is, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.

FERDINAND ALBERT (1636-1687), his younger Brother apanged in Bevern; that is, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern.

AUGUST WILHELM, elder Son and Heir (1662, 1714, 1731); had no Children.

LUDWIG RUDOLF, the younger Son (1671, 1731, 1735, apanged in Blankenburg; Duke of Brunswick-Blankenburg; became *Wolfenbüttel*, 1731; died, 1st March 1735. No Son: so that now the Bevern succeeded. Three Daughters:

FERDINAND ALBERT, eldest Son (an elder had perished, 1704, on the Schellenberg under Marlborough), followed in Bevern (1680, 1687-1704, 1735); Kaiser's soldier, Friedrich Wilhelm's friend; married his Cousin, Antoinette Amelia ("Mother in Germany," as we call her). Duke in Chief, 1st March 1735, on Ludwig Rudolf's decease; died himself, 3d September same year.

Elizabeth Christina, the Kaiser-*Inn* (1691, 1708, 1750). Charlotte Christina (1694, 1711, 1715), Alexis of Russia's; had a wife, — a "Mother *fabulous* end." Antoinette Amelia (1695, 1712, 1762); Bevern's Wife, — a "Mother in Germany."

Born 1713, Karl the Heir (to marry our Friedrich's Sister). 1714, Anton Ulrich (Russia; tragedy of Czar Iwan) 1715, 8th November, Elizabeth Christina (Crown-Prince's).

1718, Ludwig Ernest (Holland, 1787).

1721, Ferdinand (Chatham's and England's) 1722, 1724, 1725, 1732, Four others; Boys the youngest Two, who were both killed in Friedrich's Wars.

1^o. Karl, eldest Son; who is sure to be Brunswick in General; who is betrothed to Princess Charlotte of Prussia, — “a satirical creature, she, fonder of my Prince than of him,” Wilhelmina thinks. The wedding nevertheless took effect. Brunswick in General duly fell in, first to the Father; then, in a few months more, to Karl with his Charlotte: and from them proceeded, in due time, another Karl, of whom we shall hear in this History; — and of whom all the world heard much in the French Revolution Wars; in 1792, and still more tragically afterwards. Shot, to death or worse, at the Battle of Jena, October 1806; “battle lost before it was begun,” — such the strategic history they give of it. He peremptorily ordered the French Revolution to suppress itself; and that was the answer the French Revolution made him. From this Karl, what *new* Queens Caroline of England and portentous Dukes of Brunswick, sent upon their travels through the anarchic world, profitable only to Newspapers, we need not say! —

2^o. Anton Ulrich; named after his august Great-Grandfather; does not write novels like him. At present a young gentleman of eighteen; goes into Russia before long, hoping to beget Czars; which issues dreadfully for himself and the potential Czars he begot. The reader has heard of a potential “Czar Iwan,” violently done to death in his room, one dim moonlight night of 1764, in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, middle of Lake Ladoga; misty moon looking down on the stone battlements, on the melancholy waters, and saying nothing. — But let us not anticipate.

3^o. Elizabeth Christina; to us more important than any of them. Namesake of the Kaiserinn, her august Aunt; age now seventeen; insipid fine-complexioned young lady, who is talked of for the Bride of our Crown-Prince. Of whom the reader will hear more. Crown-Prince fears she is “too reli-

gious," — and will have "*cagots*" about her (solemn persons in black, highly unconscious how little wisdom they have), who may be troublesome.

4°. A merry young Boy now ten, called Ferdinand; with whom England within the next thirty years will ring, for some time, loud enough: the great "Prince Ferdinand" himself, — under whom the Marquis of Granby and others became great; Chatham superintending it. This really was a respectable gentleman, and did considerable things, — a Trismegistus in comparison with the Duke of Cumberland whom he succeeded. A cheerful, singularly polite, modest, well-conditioned man withal. To be slightly better known to us, if we live. He at present is a Boy of ten, chasing the thistle's beard.

5°. Three other sons, all soldiers, two of them younger than Ferdinand; whose names were in the gazettes down to a late period; — whom we shall ignore in this place. The last of them was marched out of Holland, where he had long been Commander-in-chief on rather Tory principles, in the troubles of 1787. Others of them we shall see storming forward on occasion, valiantly meeting death in the field of fight, all conspicuously brave of character; but this shall be enough of them at present.

It is of these that Ludwig Rudolf's youngest daughter, the serene Ferdinand Albert's wife, is Mother in Germany; highly conspicuous in their day. If the question is put, it must be owned they are all rather of the insipid type. Nothing but a kind of albuminous simplicity noticeable in them; no wit, originality, brightness in the way of uttered intellect. If it is asked, How came they to the least distinction in this world?

— the answer is not immediately apparent. But indeed they are Welf of the Welfs, in this respect as in others. One asks, with increased wonder, noticing in the Welfs generally nothing but the same albuminous simplicity, and poverty rather than opulence of uttered intellect, or of qualities that shine, How the Welfs came to play such a part, for the last thousand years, and still to be at it, in conspicuous places?

Reader, I have observed that uttered intellect is not what permanently makes way, but *unuttered*. Wit, logical brilliancy, spiritual effulgency, true or *false*, — how precious to idle mankind, and to the Newspapers and History Books, even when it is false: while, again, Nature and Practical Fact care next to nothing for it in comparison, even when it is true! Two silent qualities you will notice in these Welfs, modern and ancient; which Nature much values: *First*, consummate human Courage; a noble, perfect, and as it were unconscious superiority to fear. And then *secondly*, much weight of mind, a noble not too conscious Sense of what is Right and Not-Right, I have found in some of them; — which means mostly *weight*, or good gravitation, good observance of the perpendicular; and is called justice, veracity, high honour, and other such names. These are fine qualities indeed, especially with an “albuminous simplicity” as vehicle to them. If the Welfs had not much articulate intellect, let us guess they made a good use, not a bad or indifferent, as is commoner, of what they had! —

Who his Majesty's Choice is; and what the Crown-Prince thinks of it.

Princess Elizabeth Christina, the insipid Brunswick specimen, backed by Seckendorf and Vienna, proves on consideration the desirable to Friedrich Wilhelm in this matter. But his Son's notions, who as yet knows her only by rumour, do not go that way. Insipidity, triviality; the fear of "cagotage," and frightful fellows in black supremely unconscious what blockheads they are, haunts him a good deal. And as for any money coming, — her sublime Aunt the Kaiserinn never had much ready money; one's resources on that side are likely to be exiguous. He would prefer the Princess of Mecklenburg, Semi-Russian Catharine or Anna, of whom we have heard; would prefer the Princess of Eisenach (whose name he does not know rightly); thinks there are many Princesses preferable. Most of all he would prefer, what is well known of him in Tobacco-Parliament, but known to be impossible, this long while back, to go upon a round of travel, — as for instance the Prince of Lorraine is now doing, — and look about him a little.

These candid considerations the Crown-Prince earnestly suggests to Grumkow, and the secret committee of Tobacco-Parliament; earnestly again and again, in his Correspondence with that gentleman, which goes on very brisk at present. "Much of it lost," we hear; — but enough, and to spare, is saved! Not a beautiful

Correspondence: the tone of it shallow, hard of heart; tragically flippant, especially on the Crown-Prince's part; now and then, even a touch of the hypocritical from him, slight touch and not with will: alas, what can the poor young man do? Grumkow — whose ground, I think, is never quite so secure since that Nosti business, — professes ardent attachment to the real interests of the Prince; and does solidly advise him of what is feasible, what not, in headquarters: very exemplary "attachment;" credible to what length, the Prince well enough knows. And so the Correspondence is unbeautiful; not very descriptive even, — for poor Friedrich is considerably under mask, while he writes to that address; and of Grumkow himself we want no more "description;" — and is, in fact, on its own score, an avoidable article rather than otherwise; though perhaps the reader, for a poor involved Crown-Prince's sake, will wish an exact Excerpt or two before we quite dismiss it.

Towards turning off the Brunswick speculation, or turning on the Mecklenburg or Eisenach or any other in its stead, the Correspondence naturally avails nothing. Seckendorf has his orders from Vienna: Grumkow has his pension, — his creambowl duly set, — for helping Seckendorf. Though angels pleaded, not in a tone of tragic flippancy, but with the voice of breaking hearts, it would be to no purpose. The Imperial Majesties have ordered, Marry him to Brunswick, "bind him the better to our House in time coming;" nay the Royal mind at Potsdam gravitates, of itself, that way, after

the first hint is given. The Imperial will has become the Paternal one; no answer but obedience. What Grumkow can do will be, if possible, to lead or drive the Crown-Prince into obeying smoothly, or without breaking of harness again. Which, accordingly, is pretty much the sum of his part in this unlovely Correspondence: the geeho-ing of an expert waggoner, who has got a fiery young Arab thoroughly tied into his dastard sandcart, and has to drive him by voice, or at most by slight *crack* of whip; and does it. Can we hope, a select specimen or two of these Documents, not on Grumkow's part, or for Grumkow's unlovely sake, may now be acceptable to the reader? A Letter or two picked from that large stock, in a legible state, will show us Father and Son, and how that tragic matter went on, better than description could.

Papa's Letters to the Crown-Prince during that final Cüstrin period, when Carzig and Himmelstädt were going on, and there was such progress in Economics, are all of hopeful ruggedly affectionate tenor; and there are a good few of them: style curiously rugged, intricate, headlong; and a strong substance of sense and worth tortuously visible everywhere. Letters so delightful to the poor retrieved Crown-Prince then and there; and which are still almost pleasant reading to third-parties, once you introduce grammar and spelling. This is one exact specimen; most important to the Prince and us. Suddenly, one night, by estafette, his Majesty, meaning nothing but kindness, and grateful to Seckendorf and Tobacco-Parliament for such an

idea, proposes, — in these terms (merely reduced to English and the common spelling):

"To the Crown-Prince at Cüstrin (From Papa)

"Potsdam, 4th February 1732.

"My dear Son Fritz, — I am very glad you need no more "physic. But you must have a care of yourself, some days "yet, for the severe weather; which gives me and every- "body colds: so pray be on your guard (*nehmet Euch hübsch "in Acht*).

"You know, my dear Son, that when my children are "obedient, I love them much: so, when you were at Berlin, "I from my heart forgave you everything; and from that "Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought of nothing but "of your well-being and how to establish you, — not in the "Army only, but also with a right Step-daughter, and so "see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded "I have had the Princesses of Germany 'taken survey of, "so far as possible, and examined by trusty people, what "their conduct is, their education and so on: and so a "Princess has been found, the Eldest one of Bevern, who "is well brought up, modest and retiring, as women ought "to be.

"You will, without delay (*citò*) write me your mind on "this. I have purchased the Von Katsch House; the Feld- "marschall," old Wartensleben, poor Katte's grandfather, "as Governor" of Berlin, "will get that to live in: and his "Government House* I will have made-new for you, and

* Fine enough old House, or Palace, built by the Great Elector; given by him to Graf Feldmarschall von Schomberg, the "Duke Schomberg" who was killed in the Battle of the Boyne: "same House, opposite the "Arsenal, which belongs now (1855) to his Royal Highness Prince Friedrich "Wilhelm of Prussia." (*Prenas*, i. 73; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 12n.)

"furnish it all; and give you enough to keep house yourself there; and will command you into the Army, April coming" (which is quite a subordinate story, your Majesty!).

"The Princess is not ugly, nor beautiful. You must mention it to no mortal; — write indeed to Mamma (*der Mama*) that I have written to you. And when you shall have a Son, I will let you go on your Travels, — wedding, however, cannot be before winter next. Meanwhile I will try and contrive opportunity that you see one another, a few times, in all honour, yet so that you get acquainted with her. She is a God-fearing creature (*gottesfürchtiges Mensch*), which is all in all; will suit herself to you" (be comfortable to you) "as she does to the Parents-in-law.

"God give his blessing to it; and bless You and your Posterity, and keep Thee as a good Christian. And have God always before your eyes; — and don't believe that damnable *Particular tenet*" (Predestination); "and be obedient and faithful: so shall it, here in Time and there in Eternity, go well with thee; — and whoever wishes that from the heart, let him say Amen.

"Your true Father to the death,

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

"When the Duke of Lorraine comes, I will have thee come. I think thy Bride will be here then. Adieu; God be with you."*

This important Missive reached Cüstrin, by estafette, that same midnight, 4th-5th February; when Wolden, "Hofmarschall of the Prince's Court" (titular

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 55.

Goldstick there, but with abundance of real functions laid on him), had the honour to awaken the Crown-Prince into the joy of reading. Crown-Prince instantly despatched, by another estafette, the requisite responses to Papa and Mamma, — of which Wolden does not know the contents at all, not he, the obsequious Goldstick; — but doubtless they mean "Yes," Crown-Prince appearing so overjoyed at this splendid evidence of Papa's love, as the Goldstick could perceive.*

What the Prince's actual amount of joy was, we shall learn better from the following three successive utterances of his, confidentially despatched to Grumkow in the intermediate days, before Berlin or this "Duke of Lorraine" (whom our readers and the Crown-Prince are to wait upon), with actual sight of Papa and the Intended, came in course. Grumkow's Letters to the Crown-Prince in this important interval are not extant, nor if they were could we stand them; from the Prince's Answers it will be sufficiently apparent what the tenor of them was. Utterance *first* is about a week after that of the estafette at midnight:

To General Feldmarschall von Grumkow, at Potsdam (From the Crown-Prince).

"Cüstrin, 11th February 1732.

"My dear General and Friend, — I was charmed to learn "by your Letter that my affairs are on so good a footing"

* Wolden's *Letter* to Friedrich Wilhelm, "5th February 1732:" in *Preuss.*, II. part 2d (or *Urkundenbuch*), p. 206. Mamma's answer to the message brought her by this return estafette, a mere formal *Very-well*, written from the fingers outward, exists (*Envers*, xxvi. 65); the rest have happily vanished.

(Papa so well satisfied with my professions of obedience); "and you may depend on it I am docile to follow your advice. "I will lend myself to whatever is possible for me; and provided I can secure the King's favour by my obedience, I will "do all that is within my power.

"Nevertheless, in making my bargain with the Duke of "Bevern, manage that the *Corpus Delicti*" (my Intended) "be "brought up under her Grandmother" (Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Ludwig Rudolf's Spouse, an airy coquettish Lady, — let her be the tutoress and model of my Intended, O General). "For I should prefer being made a" — what shall we say? by a light wife, — "or to serve under the "haughty *fontange** of my Spouse" (as Ludwig Rudolf does, by all accounts), "than to have a blockhead who would drive "me mad by her ineptitudes, and whom I should be ashamed "to produce.

"I beg you labour at this affair. When one hates romance "heroines as heartily as I do, one dreads those 'virtues' of the "ferocious type" (*les vertus farouches*, so terribly aware that they are virtuous); "and I had rather marry the greatest" — (unnameable) — "in Berlin, than a devotee with half-a-dozen "ghastly hypocrites (*cagots*) at her beck. If it were still "möglich" (possible, in German) "to make her Calvinist" (*Réformée*; our Court-Creed, which might have an allaying tendency, and at least would make her go with the stream)? "But I doubt that: — I will insist, however, that her Grand- "mother have the training of her. What you can do to help "in this, my dear Friend, I am persuaded you will do.

"It afflicted me a little that the King still has doubts of me, "while I am obeying in such a matter, diametrically opposite "to my own ideas. In what way shall I offer stronger proofs?

* Species of top-knot; so named from Fontange, an unfortunate-female of Louis Fourteenth's, who invented the ornament.

"I may give myself to the Devil, it will be to no purpose; no-
thing but the old song over again, doubt on doubt. — Don't
"imagine I am going to disoblige the Duke, the Duchess or
"the Daughter, I beseech you! I know too well what is due
"to them, and too much respect their merits, not to observe
"the strictest rules of what is proper, — even if I hated their
"progeny and them like the pestilence.

"I hope to speak to you with open heart at Berlin." — —
"You may think, too, how I shall be embarrassed, having
"to do the *Amoroso* perhaps without being it, and to take an
"appetite for mute ugliness, — for I don't much trust Count
"Seckendorf's taste in this article," — in spite of his testi-
monies in Tobacco-Parliament and elsewhere. "Monsieur!
"Once more, get this Princess to learn by heart the *Ecole des*
"*Maris* and the *Ecole des Femmes*; that will do her much more
"good than *True Christianity* by the late Mr. Arndt!* If,
"besides, she would learn steadiness of humour (*toujours*
"*danser sur un pied*), learn music; and, *nota bene*, become
"rather too free than too virtuous, — ah then, my dear Gene-
"ral, then I should feel some liking for her, and a Colin
"marrying a Phyllis, the couple would be in accordance:
"but if she is stupid, naturally I renounce the Devil and her."
— — "It is said she has a Sister, who at least has common
"sense. Why take the eldest, if so? To the King it must
"be all one. There is also a Princess Christina Marie of
"Eisenach" (real name being Christina *Wilhelmina*, but no
matter), "who would be quite my fit, and whom I should
"like to try for. In fine, I mean to come soon into your
"Countries;** and perhaps will say like Cæsar, *Veni, vidi,*
"*vici.*" * *

* Johann Arndt ("late" this long while back): *Vom wahren Christen-
thum*, Magdeburg, 1610.

** Did come, 26th February, as we shall see.

Paragraph of tragic compliments to Grumkow we omit. Letter ends in this way:

"Your Baireuth News is very interesting; I hope, in "September next" (time of a grand problem coming there for Wilhelmina), "my Sister will recover her first health. If I go "travelling, I hope to have the consolation of seeing her for a "fortnight or three weeks: I love her more than my life; and "for all my obediences to the King, surely I shall deserve that "recompense. The diversions for the Duke of Lorraine are "very well schemed; but" — but what mortal can now care about them? Close, and seal.*

As to this Duke of Lorraine just coming, he is Franz Stephan, a pleasant young man of twenty-five, son of that excellent Duke Leopold Joseph, whom young Lyttelton of Hagley was so taken with, while touring in those parts in the Congress-of-Soissons time. Excellent Duke Leopold Joseph is since dead; and this Franz has succeeded to him, — what succession there was; for Lorraine as a Dukedom has its neck under the foot of France this great while, and is evidently not long for this world. Old Fleury, men say, has his eye upon it. And in fact it was, as we shall see, eaten up by Fleury within four years time; and this Franz proved the last of all the Dukes there. Let readers notice him: a man of high destiny otherwise, of whom we are to hear much. For ten years past he has lived about Vienna, being a born Cousin of that House (Grandmother was Kaiser Leopold's own Sister); and it is understood, nay it is privately settled, he is to

* Förster, lil. 160-162; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 37-39.

marry the transcendent Archduchess, peerless Maria Theresa herself; and is to reap, he, the whole harvest of that Pragmatic Sanction sown with such travail of the Universe at large. May be King of the Romans (which means successor to the Kaisership) any day; and actual Kaiser one day.

We may as well say here, he did at length achieve these dignities, though not quite in the time or on the terms proposed. King of the Romans old Kaiser Karl never could quite resolve to make him, — having always hopes of male progeny yet; which never came. For his peerless Bride he waited six years still (owing to accidents), "attachment mutual all the while;" did then wed, 1738, and was the happiest of men and expectant Kaisers: — but found, at length, the Pragmatic Sanction to have been a strange sowing of dragon's teeth, and the first harvest reaping from it a world of armed men! — For the present he is on a grand Tour, for instruction and other objects; has been in England last; and is now getting homewards again, to Vienna, across Germany; conciliating the Courts as he goes. A pacific friendly eupeptic young man: Crown-Prince Friedrich, they say, took much to him in Berlin; — did not quite swear eternal friendship; but kept up some correspondence for a while, and "once sends him a present of salmon." — But to proceed with the utterances to Grumkow.

Utterance *second* is probably of prior date; but introducible here, being an accidental Fragment, with the date lost:

To the Feldmarschall von Grumkow (From the Crown-Prince;
exact date lost).

“* * As to what you tell me of the Princess of Mecklenburg,” for whom they want a Brandenburg Prince, — “could not I marry her? Let her come into this Country, and think no more of Russia: she would have a Dowry of two or three millions of roubles, — only fancy how I could live with that! I think that project might succeed. The Princess is Lutheran; perhaps she objects to go into the Greek Church? — I find none of these advantages in this Princess of Bevern; who, as many people, even of the Duke’s Court, say, is not at all beautiful, speaks almost nothing, and is given to pouting (*faisant la fûchée*). The good Kaiserinn has so little herself, that the sums she could afford her Niece would be very moderate.”*

“Given to pouting,” too! No, certainly; your Insipidity of Brunswick, without prospects of ready money; dangerous for *cagotage*; “not a word to say for herself in company, and given to pouting:” I do not reckon her the eligible article! —

Seckendorf, Schulenburg, Grumkow and all hands are busy in this matter; geeho-ing the Crown-Prince towards the mark set before him. With or without explosion, arrive there he must; other goal for him is none! — In the mean while, it appears, illustrious Franz of Lorraine, coming on, amid the proper demonstrations, through Magdeburg and the Prussian Towns, has caught some slight illness, and been obliged to

* Fragment given in *Seckendorfs Leben*, iii. 249 n.

pause; so that Berlin cannot have the happiness of seeing him quite so soon as it expected. The high guests invited to meet Duke Franz, especially the high Brunswicks, are already there. High Brunswicks, Bevern with Duchess, and still more important, with Son and with Daughter: — insipid *Corpus delicti* herself has appeared on the scene; and Grumkow, we find, has been writing some description of her to the Crown-Prince. Description of an unfavourable nature; below the truth, not above it, — to avert disappointment, nay to create some gleam of inverse joy, when the actual meeting occurs. That is his art in driving the fiery little Arab ignominiously yoked to him; and it is clear he has overdone it, for once. This is Friedrich's *third* utterance to him; much the most emphatic there is:

To the General Feldmarschall von Grumkow.

"Cüstrin, 19th February 1732.

"Judge, my dear General, if I can have been much "charmed with the description you give of the abominable object of my desires! For the love of God, disabuse the King "in regard to her" (show him that she is a fool, then); "and "let him remember well that fools commonly are the most "obstinate of creatures.

"Some months ago he wrote a Letter to Wolden," the obsequious Goldstick, "of his giving me the choice of several "Princesses: I hope he will not give himself the lie in that. "I refer you entirely to the Letter, which Schulenburg will "have delivered," — little Schulenburg called here, in passing your way; all hands busy. "For there is no hope of wealth,

“no reasoning, nor chance of fortune that could change my
“sentiment as expressed there” (namely, that I will not have
her, whatever become of me): “and miserable for miserable,
“it is all one! Let the King but think that it is not for him-
“self he is marrying me, but for *myself*; nay he too will have
“a thousand chagrins, to see two persons hating one another,
“and the miserablest marriage in the world; — to hear their
“mutual complaints, which will be to him so many reproaches
“for having fashioned the instrument of our yoke. As a good
“Christian, let him consider, If it is well done to wish to force
“people; to cause divorces, and to be the occasion of all the
“sins that an ill-assorted marriage leads us to commit! I am
“determined to front everything in the world sooner: and
“since things are so, you may in some good way apprise
“the Duke” of Bevern “that, happen what may, I never will
“have her.

“I have been unfortunate (*malheureux*) all my life; and I
“think it is my destiny to continue so. One must be patient,
“and take the time as it comes. Perhaps a sudden tract of
“good fortune, on the back of all the chagrins I have made
“profession of ever since I entered this world, would have
“made me too proud. In a word, happen what will, I have
“nothing to reproach myself with. I have suffered sufficiently
“for an exaggerated crime” (that of ‘attempting to desert;’
— Heavens!) — “and I will not engage myself to extend
“my miseries (*chagrins*) into future times. I have still re-
“sources: — a pistol-shot can deliver me from my sorrows and
“my life: and I think a merciful God would not damn me for
“that; but taking pity on me, would, in exchange for a life
“of wretchedness, grant me salvation. This is witherward
“despair can lead a young person, whose blood is not so
“quiescent as if he were seventy. I have a feeling of myself,
“Monsieur; and perceive that, when one hates the methods

"of force as much as I, our boiling blood will carry us always
"towards extremities."

* * "If there are honest people in the world, they must
"think how to save me from one of the most perilous passages
"I have ever been in. I waste myself in gloomy ideas; I fear
"I shall not be able to hide my grief, on coming to Berlin.
"This is the sad state I am in; — but it will never make me
"change from being," — surely to an excessive degree, the
illustrious Grumkow's most &c. &c.

"FRIEDRICH."

"I have received a Letter from the King; all agog (*bien
"coiffé*) about the Princess. I think I may still finish the
"week here.* When his first fire of approbation is spent,
"you might, praising her all the while, lead him to notice
"her faults. *Mon Dieu*, has he not already seen what an ill-
"assorted marriage comes to, — my Sister of Anspach and
"her Husband, who hate one another like the fire! He has
"a thousand vexations from it every day. ** And what aim has
"the King? If it is to assure himself of me, that is not the
"way. Madame of Eisenach might do it; but a fool not (*point
"une bête*); — on the contrary, it is morally impossible to love
"the cause of our misery. The King is reasonable; and I am
"persuaded he will understand this himself."**

Very passionate pleading; but it might as well address itself to the east-winds. Have east-winds a heart, that they should feel pity? *Jarni-bleu*, Herr Feldzeugmeister, — only take care he don't overset things again!

Grumkow, in these same hours, is writing a Letter

* 26th, did arrive in Berlin: Preuss (in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 58 n.)

** *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 41-42.

to the Prince, which we still have,* How charmed his Majesty is at such obedience; "shed tears of joy," writes Grumkow, "and said it was the happiest day of his life." Judge Grumkow's feelings soon after, on this furious recalcitration breaking out! Grumkow's Answer, which also we still have,** is truculence itself in a polite form: — horrorstruck as a Christian at the suicide notion, at the — in fact at the whole matter; and begs, as a humble individual, not wishful of violent death and destruction upon self and family, to wash his poor hands of it altogether. Dangerous for the like of him: "interfering between Royal Father and Royal Son of such opposite humours, would break the neck of any man," thinks Grumkow; and sums-up with this pithy reminiscence: "I remember always what the King said to me at Wusterhausen, when your Royal Highness lay prisoner in the Castle of Cüstrin, and I wished to take your part: '*Nein, Grumkow, denket an diese Stelle, Gott gebe dass ich nicht wahr rede, aber mein Sohn stirbt nicht eines natürlichen Todes; und Gott gebe dass er nicht unter Henkers Hände komme.*' No, Grumkow, think of what I now tell you: God grant "it do not come true, — but my Son won't die a natural death; God grant he do not come into the Hangman's hands yet!" I shuddered at these words, and the King repeated them twice to me: that is true, or may I never see God's face, or have part in the merits of Our Lord." — The Crown-Prince's "pleadings" may fitly terminate here.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 43.

** *Ib.* pp.44-46.

Duke of Lorraine arrives in Potsdam, and in Berlin.

Saturday, 23d February 1732, his Serene Highness of Lorraine did at length come to hand. Arrived in Potsdam that day; where the two Majesties, with the Serene Bevern, with the Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, and the other high guests, had been some time in expectation. Suitable persons invited for the occasion: Bevern, a titular Austrian Feldmarschall; Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, an actual one (poor old Eberhard Ludwig's Cousin, and likely to be Heir there soon): high quasi-Austrian Serenities; — not to mention Schulenburg and others officially related to Austria, or acquainted with it. Nothing could be more distinguished than the welcome of Duke Franz; and the things he saw and did, during his three-weeks visit, are wonderful to Fassmann and the extinct Gazetteers. Saw the Potsdam Giants do their "*exercitia*," transcendent in perfection; had a boarhunt; "did divine-service in the Potsdam Catholic Church;" — went by himself to Spandau, on the Tuesday (26th), where all the guns broke forth, and dinner was ready: King, Queen and Party having made off for Berlin, in the interim, to be ready for his advent there "in the evening about five." Majesties wait at Berlin, with their Party, — among whom, say the old Newspapers, "is his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince:" Crown-Prince just come in from Cüstrin; just blessed with the first sight of his Charmer, whom he finds perceptibly less detestable than he expected.

Serene Highness of Lorraine arrived punctually at five, with outburst of all the artilleries and hospitalities; balls, soirees, *exercitia* of the Kleist Regiment, of the Gens d'Armes; dinners with Grumkow, dinners with Seckendorf, evening party with the Margravine Philip (Margravine in high colours); — one scenic miracle succeeding another, for above a fortnight to come.

The very first spectacle his Highness saw, a private one, and of no intense interest to him, we shall mention here for our own behoof. "An hour after his arrival the Duke was carried away to his Excellency Herr Creutz the Finance Minister's; to attend a wedding there, along with his Majesty. Wedding of Excellency Creutz's only Daughter to the Herr *Hofjägermeister* "von Hacke," — *Hofjägermeister* (Master of the Hunt), and more specifically Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard or Giant regiment, much and deservedly a favourite with his Majesty. Majesty has known, a long while, the merits military and other of this Hacke; a valiant expert exact man, of good stature, good service among the Giants and otherwise, though not himself gigantic; age now turned of thirty; — and unluckily little but his pay to depend on. Majesty, by way of increment to Hacke, small increment on the pecuniary side, has lately made him "Master of the Hunt;" will, before long, make him Adjutant-General, and his right-hand man in Army matters, were he only rich; — has, in the mean while, made this excellent match for him; which supplies that defect. Majesty was the making of Creutz himself; who is grown very rich, and has but

one Daughter: "Let Hacke have her!" his Majesty advised; — and snatches off the Duke of Lorraine to see it done. *

Did the reader ever hear of Finance-Minister Creutz, once a poor Regiments-Auditor, when his Majesty, as yet Crown-Prince, found talent in him? Can readers fish-up from their memory, twenty years back, anything of a terrific Spectre walking in the Berlin Place, for certain nights, during that "Stralsund Expedition" or famed Swedish-War time, to the terror of mankind? Terrific Spectre, thought to be in Swedish pay, — properly a spy Scullion, in a small concern of Grumkow *versus* Creutz? ** This is the same Creutz; of whom we have never spoken more, nor shall again, now that his rich Daughter is well married to Hacke, a favourite of his Majesty's and ours. It was the Duke's first sight in Berlin; February 26th; prologue to the flood of scenic wonders there.

But perhaps the wonderfulest thing, had he quite understood it, was that of the 10th March, which he was invited to. Last obligation laid upon the Crown-Prince, "to bind him to the House of Austria," that evening. Of which take this account, external and internal, from authentic Documents in our hand.

* Fassmann, p. 430.

** Antea, vol. II. pp. 173-177; Wilhelmina.

*Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to the Brunswick Charmer,
Niece of Imperial Majesty, Monday Evening,
10th March 1732.*

Document *first* is of an internal nature, from the Prince's own hand, written to his Sister four days before:

"To the Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth.

"Berlin, 6th March 1732.

"My dearest Sister, — Next Monday comes my Betrothal, which will be done just as yours was. The Person in question is neither beautiful nor ugly, not wanting for sense, but very ill brought up, timid, and totally behind in manners and social behaviour (*manières du savoir-vivre*): that is the candid portrait of this Princess. You may judge by that, dearest Sister, if I find her to my taste or not. The greatest merit she has is that she has procured me the liberty of writing to you; which is the one solacement I have in your absence.

"You never can believe, my adorable Sister, how concerned I am about your happiness; all my wishes centre there, and every moment of my life I form such wishes. You may see by this that I preserve still that sincere friendship which has united our hearts from our tenderest years: — recognise at least, my dear Sister, that you did me a sensible wrong when you suspected me of fickleness towards you, and believed false reports of my listening to tale-bearers; me, who love only you, and whom neither absence nor lying rumours could change in respect of you. At least don't again believe such things on my score, and never mistrust me till you have had clear proof, — or till God has forsaken me, and I have lost my wits. And being persuaded that such miseries are not in store to overwhelm

"me, I here repeat how much I love you, and with what respect and sincere veneration, — I am and shall be till death, "my dearest Sister, — Your most humble and faithful Brother "and Valet, — FRIDERICH."*

That was on the Thursday; Betrothal is on the Monday following. Document *second* is from poor old Fassmann, and quite of external nature; which we much abridge:

"Monday evening, all creatures are in gala, and the "Royal Apartments upstairs are brilliantly alight; Duke of "Lorraine with the other high strangers are requested to take "their place up there, and wait for a short while. Prussian "Majesty, Queen and Crown-Prince with him, proceeds then, "in a solemn official manner, to the Durchlaucht of Bevern's "Apartment, in a lower floor of the Palace; where the Bevern "Party, Duke, Duchess, Son and intended Charmer are. "Prussian Majesty asks the Durchlaucht and Spouse, "Whether the Marriage, some time treated of, between that "their Princess here present, and this his Crown-Prince "likewise here, is really a thing to their mind?' Serene "Spouses answer, to the effect, 'Yea surely, very much!' "Upon which they all solemnly ascend to the Royal Apartments up stairs" (where we have seen Wilhelmina dancing before now), "where Lorraine, Würtemberg and the other "sublimities are in waiting. Lorraine and the sublimities "form a semicircle; with the two Majesties, and pair of young "creatures, in the centre. You young creatures, you are of "one intention with your parents in this matter? Alas, there "is no doubt of it. Pledge yourselves, then, by exchange of "rings! said his Majesty with due business brevity. The "rings are exchanged: Majesty embraces the two young crea-

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 5.

"tures with great tenderness;" as do Queen and Serenities; and then all the world takes to embracing and congratulating: and so the Betrothal is a finished thing. Bassoons and violins, striking up, whirl it off in universal dancing, — in "supper of "above Two hundred and sixty persons," princely, or otherwise sublime in rank, "with spouses and noble ladies there" in the due proportion.*

Here is fraction of another Note from the Crown-Prince to his Sister at Baireuth, a fortnight after that event:

*Berlin, 24th March 1732 (To Princess Wilhelmina). — * **
"God be praised that you are better, dearest Sister! For "nobody can love you more tenderly than I do. — As to the "Princess of Bevern" (my Betrothed), "the Queen" (Mamma, whom you have been consulting on these etiquettes) "bids me "answer, That you need not style her 'Highness,' and that "you may write to her quite as to an indifferent Princess. As "to 'kissing of the hands,' I assure you I have not kissed "them, nor will kiss them; they are not pretty enough to "tempt one that way. God long preserve you in perfect "health! And you, preserve for me always the honour of your "good graces; and believe, my charming Sister, that never "brother in the world loved with such tenderness a sister so "charming as mine; in short, believe, dear Sister, that with- "out compliments, and in literal truth, I am yours wholly (*tout à vous*): FRIDERICH."**

This is the Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to an Insipidity of Brunswick. Insipidity's private feelings, perhaps of a languidly glad sort, are not known to us;

* Fassmann, pp. 432-433.

** Ib. xxvii. part. 1st, p. 5.

Crown-Prince's we have in part seen. He has decided to accept his fate without a murmur farther. Against his poor Bride or her qualities not a word more. In the Schloss of Berlin, amid such tempests of female gossip (Mamma still secretly corresponding with England), he has to be very reserved, on this head especially. It is understood he did not, in his heart, nearly so much dislike the insipid Princess as he wished Papa to think he did.

Duke Franz of Lorraine went off above a week ago, on the Saturday following the Betrothal; an amiable serene young gentleman, well-liked by the Crown-Prince and everybody. "He avoided the Saxon Court, "though passing near it," on his way to old Kur-Maintz; "which is a sign," thinks Fassmann, "that mutual matters are on a weak footing in that quarter;" — Pragmatic Sanction never accepted there, and plenty of intricacies existing. Crown-Prince Friedrich may now go to Ruppin and the Regiment Goltz; his business and destinies being now all reduced to a steady condition; — steady sky, rather leaden, instead of the tempestuous thunder-and-lightning weather which there heretofore was. Leaden sky, he, if left well to himself, will perhaps brighten a little. Study will be possible to him; improvement of his own faculties, at any rate. It is much his determination. Outwardly, besides drilling the Regiment Goltz, he will have a steady correspondence to keep up with his Brunswick Charmer; — let him see that he be not slack in that.

CHAPTER II.

SMALL INCIDENTS AT RUPPIN.

FRIEDRICH, after some farther pause in Berlin, till things were got ready for him, went to Ruppın. This is in the Spring of 1732;* and he continued to have his residence there till August 1736. Four important years of young life; of which we must endeavour to give, in some intelligible condition, what traces go hovering about in such records as there are.

Ruppın, where lies the main part of the Regiment Goltz, and where the Crown-Prince Colonel of it dwells, is a quiet dull little Town, in that northwestern region; inhabitants, grown at this day to be 10,000, are perhaps guessable then at 2,000. Regiment Goltz daily rolls its drums in Ruppın: Town otherwise lifeless enough, except on market-days; and the grandest event ever known in it, this removal of the Crown-Prince thither, — which is doubtless much a theme, and proud temporary miracle, to Ruppın at present. Of society there or in the neighbourhood, for such a resident, we hear nothing.

Quiet Ruppın stands in grassy flat country, much of which is natural moor, and less of it reclaimed at

* Still in Berlin, 6th March; dates from *Nauen* (in the Ruppın neighbourhood) for the first time, 25th April 1732, among his *Letters* yet extant: *Preuss. Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 4; xvi. 49.

that time than now. The environs, except that they are a bit of the Earth, and have a bit of the sky over them, do not set up for loveliness. Natural woods abound in that region; also peatbogs not yet drained; and fishy lakes and meres, of a dark complexion: plenteous cattle there are, pigs among them; — thick-soled husbandmen inarticulately toiling and moiling. Some glass-furnaces, a royal establishment, are the only manufactures we hear of. Not a picturesque country; but a quiet and innocent, where work is cut out, and one hopes to be well left alone after doing it. This Crown-Prince has been in far less desirable localities.

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one for him, in the place. He laid out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a "temple" in it, — some more or less ornamental garden-house, — from which I have read of his "letting off rockets" in a summer twilight. Rockets to amuse a small dinner-party, I should guess, — dinner of Officers, such as he had weekly or twice a week. On stiller evenings we can fancy him there in solitude; reading meditative, or musically fluting; — looking out upon the silent death of Day: how the summer gloaming steals over the moorlands, and over all lands; shutting up the toil of mortals; their very flocks and herds collapsing into silence, and the big Skies and endless Times over-arching him and them. With thoughts perhaps sombre enough now and then, but profitable if he face them piously.

His Father's affection is returning; would so fain

return if it durst. But the heart of Papa has been sadly torn up: it is too good news to be quite believed, that he has a son grown wise, and doing son-like! Rumour also is very busy, rumour and the Tobacco-Parliament for or against; a little rumour is capable of stirring up great storms in the suspicious paternal mind. All along during Friedrich's abode at Ruppın, this is a constantly recurring weather-symptom; very grievous now and then; not to be guarded against by any precaution; — though steady persistence in the proper precaution will abate it, and as good as remove it, in course of time. Already Friedrich Wilhelm begins to understand that "there is much in this Fritz," — who knows how much, though of a different type from Papa's? — and that it will be better if he and Papa, so discrepant in type, and ticklishly related otherwise, live not too constantly together, as heretofore. Which is emphatically the Crown-Prince's notion too.

I perceive he read a great deal at Ruppın: what Books I know not specially; but judge them to be of more serious solid quality than formerly; and that his reading is now generally a kind of studying as well. Not the express Sciences or Technologies; not these, in any sort, — except the military, and that an express exception. These he never cared for, or regarded as the noble knowledges for a king or man. History and Moral Speculation; what mankind have done and been in this world (so far as "History" will give one any glimpse of that), and what the wisest men, poetical or

other, have thought about mankind and their world: this is what he evidently had the appetite for; appetite insatiable, which lasted with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament: — what suppers of the gods one may privately have at Ruppin, without expense of wine! Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before.

In his soldier business he is punctual, assiduous; having an interest to shine that way. And is, in fact, approvable as a practical officer and soldier, by the strictest judge then living. Reads on soldiering withal; studious to know the rationale of it, the ancient and modern methods of it, the essential from the unessential in it; to understand it thoroughly, — which he got to do. One already hears of conferences, correspondences, with the Old Dessauer on this head: "Account of the Siege of Stralsund," with plans, with didactic commentaries, drawn up by that gunpowder Sage for behoof of the Crown-Prince, did actually exist, though I know not what has become of it. Now and afterwards this Crown-Prince must have been a great military reader. From Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and earlier, to the Chevalier Folard, and the Marquis Feuquière;* from Epaminondas at Leuctra to Charles XII. at Pultawa, all

* *Mémoires sur la Guerre* (specially on the Wars of Louis XIV., in which Feuquière had himself shone): a new Book at this time (Amsterdam, 1731; first complete edition in, Paris, 1770, 4 vols. 4to); at Ruppin, and afterwards, a chief favourite with Friedrich.

manner of Military Histories, we perceive, are at his finger-ends; and he has penetrated into the essential heart of each, and learnt what it had to teach him. Something of this, how much we know not, began at Ruppín; and it did not end again.

On the whole, Friedrich is prepared to distinguish himself henceforth by strictly conforming, in all outward particulars possible, to the paternal will, and becoming the most obedient of sons. Partly from policy and necessity, partly also from loyalty; for he loves this rugged Father, and begins to perceive that there is more sense in his peremptory notions than at first appeared. The young man is himself rather wild, as we have seen, with plenty of youthful petulance and longings after forbidden fruit. And then he lives in an element of gossip; his whole life enveloped in a vast Dionysius'-Ear, every word and action liable to be debated in Tobacco-Parliament. He is very scarce of money, too, Papa's allowance being extremely moderate, "not above 6,000 thalers (900*l.*)," says Seckendorf once.* There will be contradictions enough to settle: caution, silence, every kind of prudence will be much recommendable.

In all outward particulars the Crown-Prince will conform; in the inward, he will exercise a judgment, and if he cannot conform, will at least be careful to hide. To do his Commandant duties at Ruppín, and avoid offences, is much his determination. We observe he takes great charge of his men's health; has the

* Förster, iii. 114 (Seckendorf to Eugene).

Regiment Goltz in a shinningly exact condition at the grand reviews; — is very industrious now and afterwards to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa. Knows that nothing in Nature is so sure of conciliating that strange old gentleman; — corresponds, accordingly, in distant quarters; lays out, now and afterwards, sums far too heavy for his means upon tall recruits for Papa. But it is good to conciliate in that quarter, by every method, and at every expense; — Argus of Tobacco-Parliament still watching one there; and Rumour needing to be industriously dealt with, difficult to keep down.

Such, so far as we can gather, is the general figure of Friedrich's life at Ruppín. Specific facts of it, anecdotes about it, are few in those dim Books; are uncertain as to truth, and without importance whether true or not. For all his gravity and Colonelship, it would appear the old spirit of frolic has not quitted him. Here are two small incidents, pointing that way; which stand on record; credible enough, though vague and without importance otherwise. Incident *first* is to the following feeble effect; indisputable, though extremely unmomentous: Regiment Goltz, it appears, used to have gold trimmings; the Colonel Crown-Prince petitioned that they might be of silver, which he liked better: Papa answers, 'Yes. Regiment Goltz gets its new regimentals done in silver; the Colonel proposes they shall solemnly *burn* their old regimentals. And they do it, the Officers of them, *sub dio*, perhaps in the Prince's garden, stripping successively in the

"Temple" there, — with such degree of genial humour, loud laughter, or at least boisterous mock-solemnity, as may be in them. This is a true incident of the Prince's history, though a small one.

Incident *second* is of slightly more significance; and intimates, not being quite alone in its kind, a questionable habit or method the Crown-Prince must have had of dealing with Clerical Persons hereabouts when they proved troublesome. Here are no fewer than three such Persons, or Parsons, of the Ruppın Country, who got mischief by him. How the first gave offence shall be seen, and how he was punished: offences of the second and the third we can only guess to have been perhaps pulpit-rebukes of said punishment; perhaps general preaching against military levities, want of piety, nay open sinfulness, in thoughtless young men with cockades. Whereby the thoughtless young men were again driven to think of nocturnal charivari? We will give the story in Dr. Büsching's own words, who looks before and after to great distances, in a way worth attending to. The Herr Doctor, and endless Collector and Compiler on all manner of subjects, is very authentic always, and does not want for natural sense: but he is also very crude, — and here and there not far from stupid, such his continual haste, and slobbery manner of working up those Hundred and odd Volumes of his:*

* See his Autobiography, which forms *Beyträge*, B. vi. (the biggest and last Volume).

"The sanguine-choleric temperament of Friedrich," says this Doctor, "drove him, in his youth, to sensual enjoyments and wild amusements of different kinds; in his middle age, to fiery enterprises; and in his old years to decisions and actions of a rigorous and vehement nature; yet so that the primary form of utterance, as seen in his youth, never altogether ceased with him. There are people still among us (1788) who have had, in their own experience, knowledge of his youthful pranks; and yet more are living, who know that he himself, at table, would gaily recount what merry strokes were done by him, or by his order, in those young years. To give an instance or two.

"While he was at Neu-Ruppin as Colonel of the Infantry Regiment there, the Chaplain of it sometimes waited upon him about the time of dinner, — having been used to dine occasionally with the former Colonel. The Crown-Prince, however, put him always off, did not ask him to dinner; spoke contemptuously of him in presence of the Officers. The Chaplain was so inconsiderate, he took to girding at the Crown-Prince in his Sermons. 'Once on a time,' preached he, one day, 'there was Herod who had Herodias' — to dance before him; and he, — he gave her John the Baptist's head for her pains!'" This *Herod*, Büsching says, was understood to mean, and meant, the Crown-Prince; *Herodias*, the merry corps of Officers who made sport for him; *John the Baptist's head* was no other than the Chaplain not invited to dinner! "To punish him for such a sally, the Crown-Prince with the young Officers of his Regiment went, one night, to the Chaplain's house," somewhere hard by, with cow's-grass adjoining to it, as we see: and "first, they knocked-in the windows of his sleeping-room upon him" (*hinge-windows*, glass not entirely broken, we may hope); "next there were crackers" (*Schwärmer*, "enthusiasts," so to

"speak!) "thrown in upon him; and thereby the Chaplain, "and his poor Wife," more or less in an interesting condition, poor woman, "were driven out into the court-yard, and at last "into the dungheap there;" — and so left, with their Head on a Charger to that terrible extent!

That is Büsching's version of the story; no doubt substantially correct; of which there are traces in other quarters, — for it went farther than Ruppın: and the Crown-Prince had like to have got into trouble from it. "Here is piety!" said Rumour, carrying it to Tobacco-Parliament. The Crown-Prince plaintively assures Grumkow that it was the Officers, and that they got punished for it. A likely story, the Prince's! —

"When King Friedrich, in his old days, recounted this "after dinner, in his merry tone, he was well pleased that the "guests, and even the pages and valets behind his back, "laughed aloud at it." Not a pious old King, Doctor, still less an orthodox one! The Doctor continues: "In a like "style, at Nauen, where part of his regiment lay, he had, — "by means of Herr von der Gröben, his First-Lieutenant," much a comrade of his, as we otherwise perceive, — "the "Diaconus of Nauen and his Wife hunted out of bed, and "thrown into terror of their lives, one night:" offence of the Diaconus not specified. "Nay he himself once pitched his "goldheaded stick through Salpius the Church Inspector's "window," — offence again not specified, or perhaps merely for a little artillery practice? — "and the throw was so "dextrous that it merely made a round hole in the glass: stick "was lying on the floor; and the Prince," on some excuse or other, "sent for it next morning." "Margraf Heinrich of

"Schwedt," continues the Doctor, very trustworthy on points of fact, "was a diligent helper in such operations. Kaiserling," whom we shall hear of, "First-Lieutenant von der Gröben," these were prime hands; "Lieutenant Buddenbrock" (old Feldmarschall's son) "used, in his old days, when himself grown high in rank and dining with the King, to be appealed to as witness for the truth of these stories."*

These are the two Incidents at Ruppín, in such light as they have. And these are all. Opulent History yields from a ton of broken nails these two brass farthings, and shuts her pocket on us again. A Crown-Prince given to frolic, among other things; though aware that gravity would beseem him better. Much gay bantering humour in him, cracklings, radiations, — which he is bound to keep well under cover, in present circumstances.

* Blüsching: *Beiträge zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v. 19-21. Vol. v., — wholly occupied with *Friedrich II. King of Prussia* (Halle, 1788), — is accessible in French and other languages; many details, and (as Blüsching's wont is) few or none not authentic, are to be found in it; a very great secret spleen against Friedrich is also traceable, — for which the Doctor may have had his reasons, not obligatory upon readers of the Doctor. The truth is, Friedrich never took the least special notice of him; merely employed and promoted him, when expedient for both parties; and he really was a man of considerable worth, in an extremely crude form.

CHAPTER III.

THE SALZBURGERS.

FOR three years past there has been much rumour over Germany, of a strange affair going on in the remote Austrian quarter, down in Salzburg and its fabulous Tyrolese valleys. Salzburg, city and territory, has an Archbishop, not theoretically Austrian, but sovereign Prince so-styled; it is from him, and his orthodoxies, and pranks with his sovereign crosier, that the noise originates. Strange rumour of a body of the population discovered to be Protestant among the remote Mountains, and getting miserably ill-used by the Right Reverend Father in those parts. Which rumour, of a singular, romantic, religious interest for the general Protestant world, proves to be but too well founded. It has come forth in the form of practical complaint to the *Corpus Evangelicorum* at the Diet, without result from the Corpus; complaint to various persons; — in fine, to his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, with result.

With result at last; actual "Emigration of the Salzburgers:" and Germany, — in these very days while the Crown-Prince is at Berlin betrothing himself, and Franz of Lorraine witnessing the *exercitia* and wonders there, — sees a singular phenomenon of a touching idyllic nature going on; and has not yet quite forgotten

it in our days. Salzburg Emigration was all in motion, flowing steadily onwards, by various routes, towards Berlin, at the time the Betrothal took place; and seven weeks after that event, when the Crown-Prince had gone to Ruppin, and again could only hear of it, the first Instalment of Emigrants arrived bodily at the Gates of Berlin, "30th April, at four in the afternoon;" Majesty himself and all the world going out to witness it, with something of a poetic, almost of a psalmist feeling, as well as with a practical on the part of his Majesty. First Instalment this; copiously followed by others, all that year; and flowing on, in smaller rills and drippings, for several years more, till it got completed. A notable phenomenon, full of lively picturesque and other interest to Brandenburg and Germany;—which was not forgotten by the Crown-Prince in coming years, as we shall transiently find; nay which all Germany still remembers, and even occasionally sings. Of which this is in brief the history.

The Salzburg Country, north-eastern slope of the Tyrol (Donau draining that side of it, Etsch or Adige the Italian side), is celebrated by the Tourist for its airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys and swift-rushing streams; perhaps some readers have wandered to Bad Gastein, or Ischl, in these nomadic summers; have looked into Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, and the Bavarian-Austrian boundary-lands; seen the wooden-clock makings, salt-works, toy-manufactures, of those simple people in their slouch-hats; and can bear some testimony to the phenomena of Nature there.

Salzburg is the Archbishop's City, metropolis of his bit of sovereignty that then was.* A romantic City, far off among its beautiful Mountains, shadowing itself in the Salza River, which rushes down into the Inn, into the Donau, now becoming great with the tribute of so many valleys. Salzburg we have not known hitherto except as the fabulous restingplace of Kaiser Barbarossa: but we are now slightly to see it in a practical light; and mark how the memory of Friedrich Wilhelm makes an incidental lodgment for itself there.

It is well known there was extensive Protestantism once in those countries. Prior to the Thirty-Years War, the fair chance was, Austria too would all become Protestant; an extensive minority among all ranks of men in Austria too, definable as the serious intelligence of mankind in those countries, having clearly adopted it, whom the others were sure to follow. In all ranks of men; only not in the highest rank, which was pleased rather to continue Official and Papal. Highest rank had its Thirty-Years War, "its sleek Fathers Lämmerlein and Hyacinth in Jesuit serge, its terrible Fathers Wallenstein in chain-armour;" and, by working late and early then and afterwards, did manage at length to trample out Protestantism, — they know with what

* Tolerable description of it in the Baron Riesbeck's *Travels through Germany* (London, 1787, Translation by Maty, 3 vols. 8vo), i. 124-222; — whose details otherwise, on this Emigration business, are of no authenticity or value. A kind of Playactor and miscellaneous Newspaper-man in that time (not so opulent to his class as ours is); who takes the title of "Baron" on this occasion of coming out with a Book of Imaginary "*Travels*." Had personally lived, practising the miscellaneous arts, about Lintz and Salzburg, — and may be heard on the look of the Country, if on little else.

advantage by this time. Trample out Protestantism; or drive it into remote nooks, where under sad conditions it might protract an unnoticed existence. In the Imperial Free-Towns, Ulm, Augsburg, and the like, Protestantism continued, and under hard conditions contrives to continue: but in the country parts, except in unnoticed nooks, it is extinct. Salzburg Country is one of those nooks; an extensive Crypto-Protestantism lodging, under the simple slouch-hats, in the remote valleys there. Protestantism peaceably kept concealed, hurting nobody; wholesomely forwarding the wooden-clock manufacture, and arable or grazier husbandries, of those poor people. More harmless sons of Adam, probably, did not breathe the vital air, than those dissentient Salzburgers; generation after generation of them giving offence to no creature.

Successive Archbishops had known of this Crypto-Protestantism, and in remote periods had made occasional slight attempts upon it; but none at all for a long time past. All attempts that way, as ineffectual for any purpose but stirring up strife, had been discontinued for many generations;* and the Crypto-Protestantism was again become a mythical romantic object, ignored by Official persons. However, in 1727, there came a new Archbishop, one "Firmian," Count Firmian by secular quality, of a strict lean character, zealous rather than wise; who had brought his orthodoxies with him in a rigid and very lean form.

Right Reverend Firmian had not been long in Salz-

* Buchholz, i. 148-161.

burg till he smelt out the Crypto-Protestantism; and determined to haul it forth from the mythical condition into the practical; and in fact, to see his law-beagles there worry it to death as they ought. Hence the rumours that had risen over Germany, in 1729: Law-terriers penetrating into human cottages in those remote Salzburg valleys, smelling out some German Bible or devout Book, making lists of Bible-reading cottagers; haling them to the Right Reverend Father-in-God; thence to prison, since they would not undertake to cease reading. With fine, with confiscation, tribulation: for the peaceable Salzburgers, respectful creatures, doffing their slouch-hats almost to mankind in general, were entirely obstinate in that matter of the Bible. "Cannot, your Reverence; must not, dare not!" and went to prison or whithersoever rather; a wide cry rising, Let us sell our possessions and leave Salzburg then, according to Treaty of Westphalia, Article so-and-so. "Treaty of Westphalia? Leave Salzburg?" shrieked the Right Reverend Father: "Are we getting into open mutiny then? Open extensive mutiny!" shrieked he. Borrowed a couple of Austrian regiments, — Kaiser and we always on the pleasantest terms; — and marched the most refractory of his Salzburgers over the frontiers (retaining their properties and families); whereupon noise rose louder and louder.

Refractory Salzburgers sent Deputies to the Diet; appealed, complained to the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, Treaty of Westphalia in hand, — without result. *Corpus*, having verified matters, complained to the Kaiser,

to the Right Reverend Father. The Kaiser, intent on getting his Pragmatic Sanction through the Diet, and anxious to offend nobody at present, gave good words; but did nothing: the Right Reverend Father answered a Letter or two from the *Corpus*; then said at last, He wished to close the Correspondence, had the honour to be, — and answered no farther, when written to. *Corpus* was without result. So it lasted through 1730; rumour, which rose in 1729, waxing ever louder into practicable or impracticable shape, through that next year; tribulation increasing in Salzburg; and noise among mankind. In the end of 1730, the Salzburger sent Two Deputies to Friedrich Wilhelm at Berlin; solid-hearted, thick-soled men, able to answer for themselves, and give real account of Salzburg and the phenomena: this brought matters into a practicable state.

“Are you actual Protestants, the Treaty of Westphalia applicable to you? Not mere fanatic mystics, as Right Reverend Firmian asserts; protectible by no Treaty?” That was Friedrich Wilhelm’s first question; and he set his two chief Berlin Clergymen, learned Roloff one of them, a divine of much fame, to catechise the two Salzburg Deputies, and report upon the point. Their Report, dated Berlin, 30th November 1730, with specimens of the main questions, I have read;* and can fully certify, along with Roloff and friend, That here are orthodox Protestants, apparently of very pious peaceable nature, suffering hard wrong; — orthodox

* Fassmann, pp. 446-448.

beyond doubt, and covered by the Treaty of Westphalia. Whereupon his Majesty dismisses them with assurance, "Return, and say there shall be help!" — and straightway lays hand on the business, strong swift steady hand as usual, with a view that way.

Salzburg being now a clear case, Friedrich Wilhelm writes to the Kaiser; to the King of England, King of Denmark; — orders preparations to be made in Preussen, vacant messuages to be surveyed, moneys to be laid up; — bids his man at the Regensburg Diet signify, That unless this thing is rectified, his Prussian Majesty will see himself necessitated to take effectual steps: "reprisals" the first step, according to the old method of his Prussian Majesty. Rumour of the Salzburg Protestants rises higher and higher. Kaiser intent on conciliating every *Corpus*, Evangelical and other, for his Pragmatic Sanction's sake, admonishes Right Reverend Firmian; intimates at last to him, That he will actually have to let those poor people emigrate if they demand it; Treaty of Westphalia being express. In the end of 1731 it has come thus far.

"Emigrate, says your Imperial Majesty? Well, they shall emigrate," answers Firmian; "the sooner the better!" And straightway, in the dead of winter, marches, in convenient divisions, some Nine hundred of them over the frontiers: "Go about your business, then; emigrate — to the Old One, if you like!" — "And our properties, our goods and chattels?" ask they. — "Be thankful you have kept your skins. Emigrate, I say!" And the poor Nine hundred had to go out, in

the rigour of winter, "hoary old men among them, and "women coming near their time;" and seek quarters, in the wide world mostly unknown to them. Truly Firmian is an orthodox Herr; acquainted with the laws of fair usage and the time of day. The sleeping Barbarossa does not awaken upon him within the Hill here: — but in the Roncalic Fields, long ago, I should not have liked to stand in his shoes!

Friedrich Wilhelm, on this procedure at Salzburg, intimates to his Halberstadt and Minden Catholic gentlemen, that their Establishments must be locked up, and incomings suspended; that they can apply to the Right Reverend Firmian upon it; — and bids his man at Regensburg signify to the Diet that such is the course adopted here. Right Reverend Firmian has to hold his hand; finds both that there shall be Emigration, and that it must go forward on human terms, not inhuman; and that in fact the Treaty of Westphalia will have to guide it, not he henceforth. Those poor ousted Salzburgers cower into the Bavarian cities, till the weather mend, and his Prussian Majesty's arrangements be complete for their brethren and them.

His Prussian Majesty has been maturing his plans, all this while; — gathering moneys, getting lands ready. We saw him hanging Schlubhut in the Autumn of 1731, who had peculated from said moneys; and surveying Preussen, under storms of thunder and rain on one occasion. Preussen is to be the place for these people; Tilsit and Memel region, same where the big Fight of Tannenberg and ruin of the Teutsch Ritters

took place: in that fine fertile Country there are homes got ready for this Emigration out of Salzburg.

Long ago, at the beginning of this History, did not the reader hear of a Pestilence in Prussian Lithuania? Pestilence in old King Friedrich's time; for which the then Crown-Prince, now Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, vainly solicited help from the Treasury, and only brought about partial change of Ministry and no help. "Fifty-two Towns" were more or less entirely depopulated; hundreds of thousands of fertile acres fell to waste again, the hands that had ploughed them being swept away. The new Majesty, so soon as ever the Swedish War was got rid of, took this matter diligently in hand: built up the fifty-two ruined towns; issued Proclamations once and again (Years 1719, 1721), to the Wetterau, to Switzerland, Saxony, Schwaben;* inviting Colonists to come, and, on favourable terms, till and reap there. His terms are favourable, well-considered; and are honestly kept. He has a fixed set of terms for Colonists: their road-expenses thither, so much a day allowed each travelling soul; homesteads, ploughing implements, cattle, land, await them at their journey's end; their rent and services, accurately specified, are light not heavy; and "immunities" from this and that are granted them, for certain years, till they get well nestled. Excellent arrangements: and his Majesty has, in fact, got about 20,000 families in that way. And still there is room for thousands more. So that if the tyrannous Firmian took to tribulating Salz-

* Buchholz, i. 148.

burg in that manner, Heaven had provided remedies and a Prussian Majesty. Heaven is very opulent; has alchemy to change the ugliest substances into beautifullest. Privately to his Majesty, for months back, this Salzburg Emigration is a most manageable matter. Manage well, it will be a godsend to his Majesty, and fit as by preëstablished harmony into the ancient Prussian sorrow; and "two afflictions well put together shall become a consolation," as the proverb promises! Go along then, Right Reverend Firmian, with your Emigration there: only no foul play in it, — or Halberstadt and Minden get locked: — for the rest of the matter we will undertake.

And so, February 2d, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm's Proclamation* flew abroad over the world; brief and business-like, cheering to all but Firmian; — to this purport: "Come ye poor Salzburger, there are homes provided for you. Apply at Regensburg, at Halle: "Commissaries are appointed; will take charge of your "long march and you. Be kind, all Christian German "Princes; do not hinder them and me." And in a few days farther, still early in February (for the matter is all ready before proclaiming), an actual Prussian Commissary hangs out his announcements and officialities at Donauwörth, old City known to us, within reach of the Salzburg Boundaries; collects, in a week or two, his first lot of Emigrants, near a thousand strong; and fairly takes the road with them.

A long road and a strange: I think, above five

* Copy of it in Mauvillon, February 1732, ii. 311.

hundred miles before we get to Halle, within Prussian land; and then seven hundred more to our place there, in the utmost East. Men, women, infants and hoary grandfathers are here; most of their property sold, — still on ruinous conditions, think of it, your Majesty. Their poor bits of preciousities and heirlooms they have with them; made up in succinct bundles, stowed on ticketed baggage-wains: "some have their own poor "cart and horse, to carry the too old and the too "young, those that cannot walk." A pilgrimage like that of the Children of Israel: such a pilgrim caravan as was seldom heard of in our Western Countries. Those poor succinct bundles, the making of them up and stowing of them; the pangs of simple hearts, in those remote native valleys; the tears that were not seen, the cries that were addressed to God only: and then at last the actual turning out of the poor caravan, in silently practical condition, staff in hand, no audible complaint heard from it; ready to march; practically marching here: — which of us can think of it without emotion, sad and yet in a sort blessed!

Every Emigrant man has four *groschen* a day (four-pence odd) allowed him for road expenses, every woman three *groschen*, every child two: and regularity itself, in the shape of Prussian Commissaries, presides over it. Such marching of the Salzburgers; host after host of them, by various routes, from February onwards; above Seven thousand of them this year, and Ten thousand more that gradually followed, — was heard of at all German firesides, and in all European lands.

A phenomenon much filling the general ear and imagination; especially at the first emergence of it. We will give from poor old authentic Fassmann, as if caught up by some sudden photograph-apparatus, a rude but undeniable glimpse or two into the actuality of this business: the reader will in that way sufficiently conceive it for himself.

Glimpse *first* is of an Emigrant Party arriving, in the cold February days of 1732, at Nördlingen, Protestant Free-Town in Bavaria: Three hundred of them; first section, I think, of those Nine hundred who were packed away unceremoniously by Firmian last winter, and have been wandering about Bavaria, lodging "in Kaufbeuern" and various preliminary Towns, till the Prussian arrangements became definite. Prussian Commissaries are, by this time, got to Donauwörth; but these poor Salzburger are ahead of them, wandering under the voluntary-principle as yet. Nördlingen, in Bavaria, is an old Imperial Free-Town; Protestantism not suppressed there, as it has been all round; scene of some memorable fighting in the Thirty-Years War, especially of a bad defeat to the Swedes and Bernhard of Weimar, the worst they had in the course of that bad business. The Salzburger are in number Three hundred and thirty-one; time, "first days of February 1732, weather very cold and raw." The charitable Protestant Town has been expecting such an advent:

"Two chief Clergymen, and the Schoolmaster and Scholars,
"with some hundreds of citizens and many young people,

"went out to meet them; there, in the open field, stood the "Salzburgers, with their wives and their little ones, with their "bullock-carts and baggage-wains," pilgriming towards unknown parts of the Earth. "'Come in, ye blessed of the "Lord! Why stand ye without?' said the Parson solemnly, "by way of welcome; and addressed a Discourse to them," devout and yet human, true every word of it, enough to draw tears from any Fassmann that were there; — Fassmann and we not far from weeping without words. "Thereupon they "ranked themselves two and two, and marched into the "Town," straight to the Church, I conjecture, Town all out to participate; "and there the two reverend gentlemen successively addressed them again, from appropriate texts: Text "of the first reverend gentleman was, *And every one that hath "forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or "wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an "hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.** Text of the "second was, *Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out "of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, "unto a land that I will show thee.*** Excellent texts; well handled, let us hope, — especially with brevity. "After "which the strangers were distributed, some into public-houses, others taken home by the citizens to lodge.

"Out of the Spital there was distributed to each person, for "the first three days, a half pound of flesh-meat, bread, and a "measure of beer. The remaining days they got in money six "*creutzers* (two pence) each, and bread. On Sunday, at the "Church-doors there was a collection: no less than eight "hundred *gulden* (80*l.*; population, say, three thousand) "for "this object. At Sermon they were put into the central part "of the Church," all Nördlingen lovingly encompassing them; "and were taught in two sermons," texts not given, "*What the*

* Matthew xix. 29.

** Genesis xii. 1.

"true Church is built of, and then Of true Faith, and what love a
"Christian ought to have;" Nördlingen copiously shedding
tears the while (*viele Thränen vergossen*), as it well might.
"Going to Church, and coming from it, each Landlord walked
"ahead of his party; party followed two and two. On other
"days, there was much catechising of them at different parts
"of the Town;" — orthodox enough, you see, nothing of
superstition or fanaticism in the poor people; — "they made a
"good testimony of their Evangelical truth.

"The Baggage-wagons which they had with them, ten in
"number, upon which some of their old people sat, were
"brought into the Town. The Baggage was unloaded, and
"the packages, Two hundred and eighty-one of them in all"
(for Fassmann is Photography itself), "were locked in the
"Zoll-Haus. Over and above what they got from the Spital,
"the Church-collection and the Town-chest, Citizens were
"liberal; daily sent them food, or daily had them by fours and
"fives to their own houses to meat." And so let them wait for
the Prussian Commissary, who is just at hand: "they would
"not part from one another, these Three hundred and thirty-
"one," says Fassmann, "though their reunion was but of that
"accidental nature."*

Glimpse second: not dated; perhaps some ten days
later; and a Prussian Commissary with this party:

"On their getting to the Anspach Territory, there was so
"incredible a joy at the arrival of these exiled Brothers in the
"Faith (*Glaubens-Brüder*) that in all places, almost in the
"smallest hamlets, the bells were set a-tolling; and nothing
"was heard but a peal of welcome from far and near." Prussian
Commissary, when about quitting Anspach, asked

* Fassmann, pp. 439-440.

leave to pass through Bamberg; Bishop of Bamberg, too orthodox a gentleman, declined; so the Commissary had to go by Nürnberg and Baireuth. Ask not if his welcome was good, in those Protestant places. "At Erlangen, fifteen miles "from Nürnberg, where are French Protestants and a "Dowager Margravine of Baireuth, — Widow of Wilhelmina's Father-in-law's predecessor (if the reader can count that); *daughter* of Weissenfels who was for marrying Wilhelmina not long since! — "at Erlangen, the Serene Dowager "snatched up fifty of them into her own House for christian "refection; and Burghers of means had twelve, fifteen and "even eighteen of them, following such example set. Nay "certain French Citizens, prosperous and childless, besieged "the Prussian Commissary to allow them a few Salzburg "children for adoption; especially one Frenchman was extremely urgent and specific: but the Commissary, not having "any order, was obliged to refuse."* These must have been interesting days for the two young Margravines; forwarding Papa's poor Pilgrims in that manner.

"At Baireuth," other side of Nürnberg, "it was towards "Good Friday when the Pilgrims under their Commissarius "arrived. They were lodged in the Villages about, but came "copiously into the Town; came all in a body, to Church, on "Good Friday; and at coming out, were one and all carried "off to dinner, a very scramble arising among the Townsfolk to "get hold of Pilgrims and dine them. Vast numbers were "carried to the Schloss:" one figures Wilhelmina among them, figures the Hereditary Prince and old Margraf: their treatment there was "beyond belief," says Fassmann; "not "only dinner of the amplest quality and quantity, but much "money added and other gifts." From Baireuth the route is towards Gera and Thüringen, circling the Bamberg Territory:

* Fassmann, p. 441.

readers remember Gera, where the Gera Bond was made? — “At Gera, a commercial gentleman dined the whole party in his own premises, and his wife gave eight groschen to each individual of them; other two persons, brothers in the place, doing the like. One of the poor pilgrim women had been brought to bed on the journey, a day or two before: the Commissarius lodged her in his own inn, for greater safety; Commissarius returning to his inn, finds she is off, nobody at first can tell him whither: a lady of quality (*vornehme Dame*) has quietly sent her carriage for the poor pilgrim sister, and has her in the right softest keeping. No end to people's kindness: many wept aloud, sobbing out, ‘Is this all the help we can give?’ Commissarius said, ‘There will others come shortly; them also you can help.’”

In this manner march these Pilgrims. “From Donauwörth, by Anspach, Nürnberg, Baireuth, through Gera, Zeitz, Weissenfels, to Halle,” where they are on Prussian ground, and within few days of Berlin. Other Towns, not upon the first straight route to Berlin, demand to have a share in these grand things; share is willingly conceded: thus the Pilgrims, what has its obvious advantages, march by a good variety of routes. Through Augsburg, Ulm (instead of Donauwörth), thence to Frankfurt; from Frankfurt some direct to Leipzig; some through Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, by Halberstadt and Magdeburg instead of Halle. Starting all at Salzburg, landing all at Berlin; their routes spread over the Map of Germany in the intermediate space.

“Weissenfels Town and Duke distinguished themselves by liberality: especially the Duke did;” — poor old drinking

Duke; very Protestant all these Saxon Princes, except the Apostate or Pseudo-Apostate the Physically Strong, for sad political reasons. "In Weissenfels Town, while the Pilgrim procession walked, a certain rude fellow, flax-dresser by trade, by creed Papist or worse, said floutingly, 'The Archbishop ought to have flung you all into the river, you — !' Upon which a menial servant of the Duke's suddenly broke in upon him in the way of actuality, the whole crowd blazing into flame; and the flaxman would certainly have got irreparable damage, had not the Townguard instantly hooked him away."

April 21st, 1732, the first actual body, a good nine hundred strong,* got to Halle; where they were received with devout jubilee, psalm-singing, spiritual and corporeal refection, as at Nördlingen and the other stages; "Archidiaconus Franke" being prominent in it, — I have no doubt, a connexion of that "*chien de Franke*," whom Wilhelmina used to know. They were lodged in the Waisenhaus (old Franke's *Orphan-house*); Official List of them was drawn up here, with the fit specificality; and, after three days, they took the road again for Berlin. Useful Buchholz, then a very little boy, remembers the arrival of a Body of these Salzburgers, not this but a later one in August, which passed through his native Village, Pritzwalk in the Priegnitz: How village and village authorities were all awake, with opened stores and hearts; how his Father, the Village Parson, preached at five in the afternoon. The same Buchholz, coming afterwards to College at

* Buchholz, i. 156.

Halle, had the pleasure of discovering two of the Commissaries, two of the three, who had mainly superintended in this Salzburg Pilgrimage. Let the reader also take a glance at them, as specimens worth notice:

Commissarius First: "Herr von Reck was a nobleman from "the Hanover Country; of very great piety; who, after his "Commission was done, settled at Halle; and lived there, "without servant, in privacy, from the small means he had; — "seeking his sole satisfaction in attendance on the Theological "and Ascetic College-Lectures, where I used to see him constantly in my student time."

Commissarius Second: "Herr Göbel was a medical man by "profession; and had the regular degree of Doctor; but was "in no necessity to apply his talents to the gaining of bread. "His zeal for religion had moved him to undertake this Commission. Both these gentlemen I have often seen in my "youth," but do not tell you what they were like farther; "and "both their Christian-names have escaped me."

A third Commissarius was of Preussen, and had religious-literary tendencies. I suppose these Three served gratis; — volunteers; but no doubt under oath, and tied by strict enough Prussian law. Physician, Chaplain, Road-guide, here they are, probably of supreme quality, ready to our hand.*

Buchholz, after "his student time," became a poor Country-Schoolmaster, and then a poor Country-Parson, in his native Altmärk. His poor Book is of innocent, clear, faithful nature, with some vein of "unconscious geniality" in it here and there; — a Book by no means

* Buchholz: *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 1775, 2 vols. 4to), i. 155 n.

so destitute of human worth as some that have superseded it. This was posthumous, this "*Newest History*," and has a *Life* of the Author prefixed. He has four previous Volumes on the "*Ancient History of Brandenburg*," which are not known to me. — About the Year 1745, there were Four poor Schoolmasters in that region (two at Havelberg, one at Seehausen, one at Werben), of extremely studious turn; who, in spite of the Elbe which ran between, used to meet on stated nights, for colloquy, for interchange of Books and the like. One of them, the Werben one, was this Buchholz; another, Seehausen, was the Winckelmann so celebrated in after years. A third, one of the Havelberg pair, "went into Mecklenburg in a year or two, "as Tutor to Karl Ludwig the Prince of Strelitz's children," — whom also mark. For the youngest of these Strelitz children was no other than the actual "Old Queen Charlotte" (ours and George III.'s), just ready for him with her Hornbooks about that time: Let the poor man have what honour he can from that circumstance! "Prince Karl Ludwig," rather a foolish-looking creature, we may fall in with personally by and by.

It was the 30th April 1732, seven weeks and a day since Crown-Prince Friedrich's Betrothal, that this first body of Salzburg Emigrants, nine hundred strong, arrived at Berlin; "four in the afternoon, at the Brandenburg Gate;" Official persons, nay Majesty himself, or perhaps both Majesties, waiting there to receive them. Yes, ye poor footsore mortals, there is the

dread King himself; stoutish short figure in blue uniform and white wig, straw-coloured waistcoat, and white gaiters; stands uncommonly firm on his feet; reddish, blue-reddish face, with eyes that pierce through a man: look upon him, and yet live if you are true men. His Majesty's reception of these poor people could not but be good; nothing now wanting in the formal kind. But better far, in all the essentialities of it, there had not been hitherto, nor was henceforth, the least flaw. This Salzburg Pilgrimage has found for itself, and will find, regulation, guidance, ever a stepping-stone at the needful place; a paved road, so far as human regularity and punctuality could pave one. That is his Majesty's shining merit. "Next Sunday after sermon, "they" (this first lot of Salzburgers) "were publicly "catechised in church; and all the world could hear "their pertinent answers, given often in the very Scripture texts, or express words of Luther."

His Majesty more than once took survey of these Pilgrimage Divisions, when they got to Berlin. A pleasant sight, if there were leisure otherwise. On various occasions, too, her Majesty had large parties of them over to Monbijou, to supper there in the fine gardens; and "gave them Bibles," among other gifts, if in want of Bibles through Firmian's industry. Her Majesty was Charity itself, Charity and Grace combined, among these Pilgrims. On one occasion she picked out a handsome young lass among them, and had Painter Pesne over to take her portrait. Handsome lass, by Pesne, in her Tyrolese Hat, shone thence-

forth on the walls of Monbijou; and fashion thereupon took up the Tyrolese Hat, "which has been much worn "since by the beautiful part of the Creation," says Buchholz; "but how many changes they have introduced in it no pen can trace."

At Berlin the Commissarius ceased; and there was usually given the Pilgrims a Candidatus Theologiæ, who was to conduct them the rest of the way, and be their Clergyman when once settled. Five hundred long miles still. Some were shipped at Stettin; mostly they marched, stage after stage, — four groschen a day. At the farther end they found all ready; tight cottages, tillable fields, all implements furnished, and stock, — even to "*Federvieh*," or Chanticleer with a modicum of Hens. Old neighbours, and such as liked each other, were put together: fields grew green again, desolate scrubs and scrags yielding to grass and corn. Wooden clocks even came to view, — for Berchtesgaden neighbours also emigrated; and Swiss came, and Bavarians and French: — and old trades were revived in those new localities.

Something beautifully real-idyllic in all this, surely: — Yet do not fancy that it all went on like clockwork; that there were not jarrings at every step, as is the way in things real. Of the Prussian Minister chiefly concerned in settling this new Colony I have heard one saying, forced out of him in some pressure: "There "must be somebody for a scolding-stock and scape-goat; I will be it, then!" And then the Salzburg Officials, what a humour they were in! No Letters al-

lowed from those poor Emigrants; the wickedest rumours circulated about them: "All cut to pieces by inroad of the Poles;" "Pressed for soldiers by the Prussian drill-sergeant;" "All flung into the Lakes and stagnant waters there; drowned to the last individual," and so on. Truth nevertheless did slowly pierce through. And the "*Grosse Wirth*," our idyllic-real Friedrich Wilhelm, was wanting in nothing. Lists of their unjust losses in Salzburg were, on his Majesty's order, made out and authenticated, by the many who had suffered in that way there, — forced to sell at a day's notice, and the like: — with these his Majesty was diligent in the Imperial Court; and did get what human industry could of compensation, a part but not the whole. Contradictory noises had to abate. In the end, sound purpose, built on fact and the Laws of Nature, carried it; lies, vituperations, rumour and delusion sank to zero; and the true result remained. In 1738, the Salzburg Emigrant Community in Preussen held, in all their Churches, a Day of Thanksgiving; and admitted piously that Heaven's blessing, of a truth, had been upon this King and them. There we leave them, a useful solid population ever since in those parts; increased by this time we know not how many fold.

It cost Friedrich Wilhelm enormous sums, say the Old Histories; probably "ten tons of gold." — that is to say, ten Hundred-thousand Thalers; almost 150,000*l.*, no less! But he lived to see it amply repaid, even in his own time; how much more amply since; — being a man skilful in investments to a high degree indeed.

Fancy 150,000*l.* invested there, in the Bank of Nature herself; and a Hundred-millions invested, say at Balaclava, in the Bank of Newspaper rumour: and the respective rates of interest they will yield, a million years hence! This was the most idyllic of Friedrich Wilhelm's feats, and a very real one the while.

We have only to add or repeat, that Salzburgers to the number of about 7,000 souls arrived at their place this first year; and in the year or two following, less noted by the public, but faring steadily forward upon their four groschen a day, 10,000 more. Friedrich Wilhelm would have gladly taken the whole; "but George II. took a certain number," say the Prussian Books (George II., or pious Trustees instead of him), "and settled them at Ebenezer in Virginia," — read, *Ebenezer in Georgia*, where General Oglethorpe was busy founding a Colony.* There at Ebenezer I calculate they might go ahead, too, after the questionable fashion of that country, and increase and swell; — but have never heard of them since.

Salzburg Emigration was a very real transaction on Friedrich Wilhelm's part; but it proved idyllic too, and made a great impression on the German mind. Readers know of a Book called *Hermann and Dorothea*? It is written by the great Goethe, and still worth reading. The great Goethe had heard, when still very little, much talk among the elders about this Salzburg Pil-

* Petition to Parliament, 10th (21st) May 1733, by Oglethorpe and his Trustees, for 100,000*l.* to carry over these Salzburgers; which was granted: Tindal's *Rapin* (London, 1769), xx. 184.

grimage; and how strange a thing it was, twenty years ago and more.* In middle life he threw it into Hexameters, into the region of the air; and did that unreal Shadow of it; a pleasant work in its way, since he was not inclined for more.

* 1749 was Goethe's birth-year

CHAPTER IV.

PRUSSIAN MAJESTY VISITS THE KAISER.

MAJESTY seeing all these matters well in train, — Salzburgers under way, Crown-Prince betrothed according to his Majesty's and the Kaiser's (not to *her* Majesty's, and high-flying little George of England my Brother the Comedian's) mind and will, — begins to think seriously of another enterprise, half business half pleasure, which has been hovering in his mind for some time. "Visit to my Daughter at Baireuth," he calls it publicly; but it means intrinsically Excursion into Böhmen, to have a word with the Kaiser, and see his Imperial Majesty in the body for once. Too remarkable a thing to be omitted by us here.

Crown-Prince does not accompany on this occasion; Crown-Prince is with his Regiment all this while; busy minding his own affairs in the Ruppín quarter; — only hears, with more or less interest, of these Salzburg-Pilgrim movements, of this Excursion into Böhmen. Here are certain scraps of Letters; which, if once made legible, will assist readers to conceive his situation and employments there. Letters otherwise of no importance; but worth reading on that score. The *first* (or rather first three, which we huddle into one) is from "Nauen," few miles off Ruppín; where one of our Battalions lies; requiring frequent visits there:

1. To Grumkow, at Berlin (From the Crown-Prince).

"Nauen, 25th April 1732.

"Monsieur my dearest Friend, — I send you a big mass of "papers, which a certain gentleman named Plötz has trans- "mitted me. In faith, I know not in the least what it is: I "pray you present it" (to his Majesty, or in the proper quarter), "and make me rid of it.

"Tomorrow I go to Potsdam" (a drive of forty miles south- ward), "to see the exercise, and if we do it here according to "pattern. *Neue Besen kehren gut*" (New brooms sweep clean, in German); "I shall have to illustrate my new character" of "Colonel; and show that I am *ein tüchtiger Officier* (a right "Officer). Be what I may, I shall to you always be," &c. &c.

Nauen, 7th May 1732. " * * Thousand thanks for informing "me how everything goes on in the world. Things far from "agreeable, those leagues" (imaginary, in Tobacco-Par- liament) "suspected to be forming against our House! But "if the Kaiser don't abandon us;" "if God second the valour "of 80,000 men resolved to spend their life," — "let us hope "there will nothing bad happen.

"Meanwhile, till events arrive, I make a pretty stir here "(*me trémousse ici d'importance*), to bring my Regiment to its "requisite perfection; and I hope I shall succeed. The other "day I drank your dear health, Monsieur; and I wait only the "news from my Cattlestall that the Calf I am fattening there "is ready for sending to you. I unite Mars and Housekeeping, "you see. Send me your Secretary's name, that I may ad- "dress your Letters that way," — our Correspondence needing to be secret in certain quarters. * * "With a" truly infinite esteem:

"FRÉDÉRIC."

Nauen, 10th May 1732. "You will see by this that I am "exact to follow your instruction; and that the *Schulz* of "Tremmen" (Village in the Brandenburg quarter, with a *Schulz* or Mayor to be depended on) "becomes for the present "the mainspring of our correspondence. I return you all the "things (*pièces*) you had the goodness to communicate to me, "— except *Charles Douze*,* which attaches me infinitely. The "particulars hitherto unknown which he reports; the greatness "of that Prince's actions, and the perverse singularity (*bizar-* "rie") of his fortune: all this, joined to the lively, brilliant "and charming way the Author has of telling it, renders this "Book interesting to the supreme degree. *** I send you a "fragment of my correspondence with the most illustrious "*Sieur Crochet*," some French Envoy or Emissary, I conclude: "you perceive we go on very sweetly together, and are in a "high strain. I am sorry I burnt one of his Letters, wherein "he assured me he would in the Versailles Antechamber itself "speak of me to the King, and that my name had actually "been mentioned at the King's Levee. It certainly is not my "ambition to choose this illustrious mortal to publish my "renown; on the contrary, I should think it soiled by such a "mouth, and prostituted if he were the publisher. But enough "of the Crochet: the kindest thing we can do for so con- "temptible an object is to say nothing of him at all."*** — **

Letter *Second* is to Jägermeister Hacke, Captain of the Potsdam Guard; who stands in great nearness to the King's Majesty; and, in fact, is fast becoming his factotum in Army-details. We, with the Duke of Lorraine and Majesty in person, saw his marriage to the Excellency Creutz's Fräulein Daughter not long since;

* Voltaire's new Book; lately come out, "Bâle, 1731."

** *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 49, 51.

who we trust has made him happy; — rich he is at any rate, and will be Adjutant-General before long: powerful in such intricacies as this that the Prince has fallen into.

The Letter has its obscurities; turns earnestly on Recruits tall and short; nor have idle Editors helped us, by the least hint, towards "reading" it with more than the *eyes*. Old Dessauer at this time is Commandant at Magdeburg; Buddenbrock, now passing by Ruppın, we know for a high old General, fit to carry messages from Majesty: we can guess, that the flattering Dessauer has sent his Majesty Five gigantic men from the Magdeburg regiments, and that Friedrich is ordered to hustle out Thirty of insignificant stature from his own, by way of counter-gift to the Dessauer; — which Friedrich does instantly, but cannot, for his life, see how (being totally cashless) he is to replace them with better, or replace them at all!

2. *To Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard.*

"Ruppın, 15th July 1732.

"*Mein Gott*, what a piece of news Buddenbrock has brought me! I am to get nothing out of Brandenburg, my dear "Hacke? Thirty men I had to sift out of my company in "consequence" (of Buddenbrock's order); "and where am I "now to get other thirty? I would gladly give the King tall "men, as the Dessauer at Magdeburg does; but I have no "money; and I don't get, or set up for getting, six men for "one" (thirty short for five tall), "as he does. So true is that "Scripture: To him that hath shall be given; and from him "that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath.

"Small art, that the Prince of Dessau's and the Magdeburg
"Regiments are fine, when they have money at command, and
"thirty men *gratis* over and above! I, poor devil, have
"nothing; nor shall have, all my days. Prithee, dear Hacke
"(*bitte Ihn, lieber Hacke*), think of all that: and if I have no
"money allowed, I must bring Asmus* alone as Recruit next
"year; and my Regiment will to a certainty be rubbish
"(*Kroop*). Once I had learned a German Proverb, —

"*Versprechen und halten* (To promise and to keep)

Ziemt wohl Jungen und Alten (Is pretty for young and for old)!"

"I depend alone on you (*Ihn*), dear Hacke; unless you help,
"there is a bad outlook. Today I have knocked again"
(written to Papa for money); "and if that does not help, it is
"over. If I could get any money to borrow, it would do; but
"I need not think of that. Help me then, dear Hacke! I
"assure you I will ever remember it; who, at all times, am my
"dear Herr Captain's devoted (*ganz ergebener*) servant and
"friend, — FRIDERICH."**

To which add only this Note, two days later, to
Seckendorf; indicating that the process of "borrowing"
has already, in some form, begun, — process which
will have to continue, and to develop itself; — and
that his Majesty, as Seckendorf well knows, is resolved
upon his Bohemian journey:

3. *To the General Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf.*

"Ruppin, 17th July 1732.

"My very dear General, — I have written to the King, that
"I owed you 2,125 *thalers* for the Recruits; of which he says

* Recruit unknown to me.

** In German: *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 177.

"there are 600 paid: there remain, therefore, 1,525, which he
"will pay you directly.

"The King is going to Prague: I shall not be of the party"
(as you will). "To say truth, I am not very sorry; for it
"would infallibly give rise to foolish rumours in the world. At
"the same time, I should have much wished to see the Emperor,
"Empress, and Prince of Lorraine, for whom I have a quite
"particular esteem. I beg you, Monsieur, to assure him of it;
"— and to assure yourself that I shall always be, — with a
"great deal of consideration, *Monsieur, mon très-cher Gé-*
"*néral,*" &c.

"FRÉDÉRIC."

And now for the Bohemian Journey, "Visit at
Kladrup" as they call it; — Ruppín being left in this
assiduous and wholesome, if rather hampered condition.

Kaiser Karl and his Empress, in this summer of
1732, were at Karlsbad, taking the waters for a few
weeks. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long, for various
reasons, wished to see his Kaiser face to face, thought
this would be a good opportunity. The Kaiser himself,
knowing how it stood with the Jülich-and-Berg and
other questions, was not anxious for such an interview:
still less were his official people; among whom the very
ceremonial for such a thing was matter of abstruse dif-
ficulty. Seckendorf accordingly had been instructed to
hunt wide, and throw in discouragements, so far as
possible; — which he did, but without effect. Friedrich
Wilhelm had set his heart upon the thing; wished to
behold for once a Head of the Holy Roman Empire.

and Supreme of Christendom; — also to see a little, with his own eyes, into certain matters Imperial.

And so, since an express visit to Karlsbad might give rise to newspaper rumours, and will not suit, it is settled, There shall be an accidental intersection of routes, as the Kaiser travels homeward, — say in some quiet Bohemian Schloss or Hunting seat of the Kaiser's own, whither the King may come incognito; and thus, with a minimum of noise, may the needful passage of hospitality be done. Easy all of this: only the Vienna Ministers are dreadfully in doubt about the ceremonial, Whether the Imperial hand can be given (I forget if for kissing or for shaking)? — nay at last they manfully declare that it cannot be given; and wish his Prussian Majesty to understand that it must be refused.* “*Res summae consequentiæ*,” say they; and shake solemnly their big wigs. — Nonsense (*Narrenpossen*)! answers the Prussian Majesty: You, Seckendorf, settle about quarters, reasonable food, reasonable lodging; and I will do the ceremonial.

Seckendorf, — worth glancing into, for biographical purposes, in this place, — has written to his Court: That, as to the victual department, his Majesty goes upon good common meat; flesh, to which may be added all manner of river-fish and crabs: sound old Rhenish is his drink, with supplements of brown and of white beer. Dinner-table to be spread always in some airy place, gardenhouse, tent, big clean barn, — Majesty likes air, of all things; — will sleep, too, in a clean

* Förster, i. 328.

barn or garden-house: better anything than being stifled, thinks his Majesty. Who, for the rest, does not like mounting stairs.* These are the regulations; and we need not doubt they were complied with.

Sunday, 27th July 1732, accordingly, his Majesty, with five or six carriages, quits Berlin, before the sun is up, as is his wont: eastward, by the road for Frankfurt on the Oder; "intends to look at Schulenburg's regiment," which lies in those parts, — Schulenburg's regiment for one thing: the rest is secret from the profane vulgar. Schulenburg's regiment (drawn up for Church, I should suppose) is soon looked at; Schulenburg himself, by preappointment, joins the travelling party, which now consists of the King and Eight: — known figures, seven, Buddenbrock, Schulenburg, Waldau, Derschau, Seckendorf, Grumkow, Captain Hacke of the Potsdam Guard; and for eighth the Dutch Ambassador, Ginkel, an accomplished knowing kind of man, whom also my readers have occasionally seen. Their conversation, road-colloquy, could it interest any modern reader? It has gone all to dusk; we can know only that it was human, solid, for most part, and had much tobacco intermingled. They were all of the Calvinistic persuasion, of the military profession; knew that life is very serious, that speech without cause is much to be avoided. They travelled swiftly, dined in airy places: they are a *fact*, they and their summer dustcloud there, whirling through the vacancy of that

* Seckendorf's Report (in Förster, i. 330).

dim Time; and have an interest for us, though an unimportant one.

The first night they got to Grünberg; a pleasant Town, of vineyards and of looms, across the Silesian frontier. They are now turning more southeastward; they sleep here, in the Kaiser's territory, welcomed by some Official persons; who signify that the overjoyed Imperial Majesty has, as was extremely natural, paid the bill everywhere. On the morrow, before the shuttles awaken, Friedrich Wilhelm is gone again; towards the Glogau region, intending for Liegnitz that night. Coursing rapidly through the green Silesian Lowlands, blue Giant Mountains (*Riesengebirge*) beginning to rise on the south and left. Dines, at noon, under a splendid tent, in a country place called Polkwitz,* with country Nobility (sorrow on them, and yet thanks to them) come to do reverence. At night he gets to Liegnitz.

Here is Liegnitz, then. Here are the Katzbach and the Blackwater (*Schwarzwasser*), famed in war, your Majesty; here they coalesce; gray ashlar houses (not without inhabitants unknown to us) looking on. Here are the venerable walls and streets of Liegnitz; and the Castle which defied Baty Khan and his Tartars, five hundred years ago.** — Oh, your Majesty, this Liegnitz, with its princely Castle, and wide rich Territory, the bulk of the Silesian Lowland, whose is it if right

* "Balkowitz," say Pöllnitz (II. 407) and Förster; which is not the correct name.

** 1241, the Invasion, and Battle here, of this unexpected Barbarian.

were done? Hm, his Majesty knows full well; in Seckendorf's presence, and going on such an errand, we must not speak of certain things. But the undisputed truth is, Duke Friedrich II., come of the Sovereign Piasts, made that *Erbverbrüderung*, and his Grandson's Grandson died childless: so the heirship fell to *us*, as the biggest wig in the most benighted Chancery would have to grant; — only the Kaiser will not, never would; the Kaiser plants his armed self on Schlesien, and will hear no pleading. Jägerndorf too, which we purchased with our own money — No more of that; it is too miserable! Very impossible too, while we have Berg and Jülich in the wind! —

At Liegnitz, Friedrich Wilhelm "reviews the garrison, cavalry and infantry," before starting; then off for Glatz, some sixty miles before we can dine. The goal is towards Bohemia, all this while; and his Majesty, had he liked the mountain-passes, and unlevel ways of the Giant Mountains, might have found a shorter road and a much more picturesque one. Road abounding in gloomy valleys, intricate rock-labyrinths, haunts of Sprite *Rübezahl*, sources of the Elbe and I know not what. Majesty likes level roads, and interesting rock-labyrinths built by man rather than by Nature. Majesty makes a wide sweep round to the east of all that; leaves the Giant Mountains, and their intricacies, as a blue Sierra far on his left, — had rather see Glatz Fortress than the caverns of the Elbe; and will cross into Bohemia, where the Hills are fallen lowest. At Glatz during dinner, numerous Nobilities are again in waiting. Glatz

is in Jägerndorf region: Jägerndorf, which we purchased with our own money, is and remains ours, in spite of the mishaps of the Thirty-Years War; — *ours*, the darkest Chancery would be obliged to say, from under the immensest wig! Patience, your Majesty; Time brings roses! —

From Glatz, after viewing the works, drilling the guard a little, not to speak of dining, and despatching the Nobilities, his Majesty takes the road again; turns now abruptly westward, across the Hills at their lowest point; into Bohemia, which is close at hand. Lewin. Nachod, these are the Bohemian villages, with their remnant of Czechs; not a prosperous population to look upon: but it is the Kaiser's own Kingdom; "King of Bohemia" one of his Titles ever since Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam's* time. And here now, at the meeting of the waters (*Elbe* one of them, a brawling mountain-stream) is Jaromierz, respectable little Town, with an Imperial Officiality in it, — where the Official Gentlemen meet us all in gala, "Thrice welcome to this Kingdom, your Majesty!" — and signify that they are to wait upon us henceforth, while we do the Kaiser's Kingdom of Bohemia that honour

It is Tuesday night, 29th July, this first night in Bohemia. The Official Gentlemen lead his Majesty to superb rooms, new-hung with crimson velvet, and the due gold fringes and tresses, — very grand indeed; but probably not so airy as we wish. "This is the way the Kaiser lodges in his journeys; and your Majesty is to be served like him." The goal of our journey is

now within few miles. Wednesday, 30th July 1732, his Majesty awakens again, within these crimson-velvet hangings with the gold tresses and fringes, not so airy as he could wish; despatches Grumkow to the Kaiser, who is not many miles off, to signify what honour we would do ourselves.

It was on Saturday last that the Kaiser and Kaiserinn, returning from Karlsbad, illuminated Prag with their serene presence; "attended high-mass, vespers," and a good deal of other worship, as the meagre old Newspapers report for us, on that and the Sunday following. And then "on Monday, at six in the morning," both the Majesties left Prag, for a place called Chlumetz, south-westward thirty miles off, in the Elbe region, where they have a pretty Hunting Castle; Kaiser intending "sylvan sport for a few days," says the old rag of a Newspaper, "and then to return to Prag." It is here that Grumkow, after a pleasant morning's drive of thirty miles with the sun on his back, finds Kaiser Karl VI.; and makes his announcements, and diplomatic inquiries what next.

Had Friedrich Wilhelm been in Potsdam or Wusterhausen, and heard that Kaiser Karl was within thirty miles of him, Friedrich Wilhelm would have cried, with open arms, Come, come! But the Imperial Majesty is otherwise hampered; has his rhadamanthine Aulic Counsellors, in vast amplitude of wig, sternly engaged in study of the etiquettes: they have settled that the meeting cannot be in Chlumetz; lest it might lead to night's lodgings, and to intricacies. "Let it be at

Kladrup," say the Ample-wigged; Kladrup, an Imperial Stud, or Horse-Farm, half-a-dozen miles from this; where there is room for nothing more than dinner. There let the meeting be, tomorrow at a set hour; and, in the mean time, we will take precautions for the etiquettes. So it is settled, and Grumkow returns with the decision in a complimentary form.

Through Königgrätz, down the right bank of the Upper Elbe, on the morrow morning, Thursday, 31st July 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm rushes on towards Kladrup; finds that little village, with the Horse Edifices, looking snug enough in the valley of Elbe; — alights, welcomed by Prince Eugenio von Savoye, with word that the Kaiser is not come, but steadily expected soon. Prince Eugenio von Savoye: Ach Gott, it is another thing, your Highness, than when we met in the Flanders Wars, long since; — at Malplaquet that morning, when your Highness had been to Brussels, visiting your Lady Mother in case of the worst! Slightly grayer your Highness is grown; I too am nothing like so nimble; the great Duke, poor man, is dead! — Prince Eugenio von Savoye, we need not doubt, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner.

Kladrup is a Country House as well as a Horse Farm: a square court is the interior, as I gather, the Horse-buildings at a reverent distance forming the fourth side. In the centre of this court, — see what a contrivance the Aulic Councillors have hit upon, — there is a wooden stand built, with three staircases

leading up to it, one for each person, and three galleries leading off from it into suites of rooms: no question of precedence here, where each of you has his own staircase and own gallery to his apartment! Friedrich Wilhelm looks down like a rhinoceros on all those cobwebberies. No sooner are the Kaiser's carriage-wheels heard within the court, than Friedrich Wilhelm rushes down, by what staircase is readiest; forward to the very carriage-door; and flings his arms about the Kaiser, embracing and embraced, like mere human friends glad to see one another. On these terms, they mount their wooden-stand, Majesty of Prussia, Kaiser, Kaiserinn, each by his own staircase; see, for a space of two hours, the Kaiser's foals and horses led about, — which at least fills up any gap in conversation that may threaten to occur. The Kaiser, a little man of high and humane air, is not bright in talk; the Empress, a Brunswick Princess of fine carriage, Granddaughter of old Anton Ulrich who wrote the Novels, if likewise of mute humour in public life: but old Nord-Teutschland, cradle of one's existence; Brunswick reminiscences; news of your Imperial Majesty's serene Father, serene Sister, Brother-in-Law the Feldmarschall, and Insipid Niece whom we have had the satisfaction to betroth lately, — furnish small-talk where needful.

Dinner being near, you go by your own gallery to dress. From the drawing-room, Friedrich Wilhelm leads out the Kaiserinn; the Kaiser, as Head of the world, walks first, though without any lady. How they drank the healths, gave and received the ewers

and towels, is written duly in the old Books, but was as indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm as it is to us; what their conversation was, let no man presume to ask. Dullish, we should apprehend, — and perhaps *better* lost to us? But where there are tongues, there are topics: the Loom of Time wags always, and with it the tongues of men. Kaiser and Kaiserinn have both been in Karlsbad lately; Kaiser and Kaiserinn both have sailed to Spain, in old days, and been in sieges and things memorable: Friedrich Wilhelm, solid Squire Western of the North, does not want for topics, and talks as a solid rustic gentleman will. Native politeness he knows on occasion; to etiquette, so far as concerns his own pretensions, he feels callous altogether, — dimly sensible that the Eighteenth Century is setting in, and that solid musketeers and not goldsticks are now the important thing. "I felt mad to see him so humiliate *"himself,"* said Grumkow afterwards to Wilhelmina, "*j'enrageais dans ma peau:*" why not?

Dinner lasted two hours; the Empress rising, Friedrich Wilhelm leads her to her room; then retires to his own, and "in a quarter of an hour" is visited there by the Kaiser; "who conducts him," in so many minutes exact by the watch, "back to the Empress," — for a sip of coffee, as one hopes; which may wind up the Interview well. The sun is still a good space from setting, when Friedrich Wilhelm, after cordial adieus, neglectful of etiquette, is rolling rapidly towards Nimburg, thirty miles off on the Prag Highway; and Kaiser Karl with his Spouse move deliberately towards

Chlumetz to hunt again. In Nimburg Friedrich Wilhelm sleeps, that night; — Imperial Majesties, in a much-tumbled world, of wild horses, ceremonial ewers, and Eugenios of Savoy and Malplaquet, probably peopling his dreams. If it please Heaven, there may be another private meeting, a day or two hence.

Nimburg, ah your Majesty, Son Fritz will have a night in Nimburg too; — riding slowly thither amid the wrecks of Kolin Battle, not to sleep well; — but that happily is hidden from your Majesty. Kolin, Czaslau (Chotusitz), Elbe Teinitz, — here in this Kladrup region, your Majesty is driving amid poor Villages which will be very famous by and by. And Prag itself will be doubly famed in war, if your Majesty knew it, and the Ziscaberg be of bloodier memory than the Weissenberg itself! — His Majesty, the morrow's sun having risen upon Nimburg, rolls into Prag successfully about eleven A. M., Hill of Zisca not disturbing him; goes to the Klein-Seite Quarter, where an Aulic Councillor with fine Palace is ready; all the cannon thundering from the walls at his Majesty's advent; and Prince Eugenio, the ever-present, being there to receive his Majesty, — and in fact to invite him to dinner this day at half-past twelve. It is Friday, 1st of August 1732.

By a singular chance, there is preserved for us in Fassmann's Book, what we may call an Excerpt from the old *Morning Post* of Prag, bringing that extinct Day into clear light again; recalling the vanished Dinner-Party from the realms of Hades, as a thing

that once actually *was*. The List of the Dinner-guests is given complete; vanished ghosts, whom, in studying the old History-Books, you can, with a kind of interest, fish up into visibility at will. There is Prince Eugenio von Savoye at the bottom of the table, in the Thurn-and-Taxis Palace where he lodges; there bodily, the little man, in gold-laced coat of unknown cut; the eyes and the temper bright and rapid, as usual, or more; nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips in consequence rather open. Be seated, your Majesty, high gentlemen all.

A big chair of state stands for his Majesty, at the upper end of the table: his Majesty will none of it; sits down close by Prince Eugene at the very bottom, and opposite Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, whom we had at Berlin lately, a General of note in the Turkish and other wars: here probably there will be better talk; and the big chair may preside over us in vacancy. Which it does. Prince Alexander, Imperial General against the Turks, and Heir-Apparent of Würtemberg withal, can speak of many things, — hardly much of his serene Cousin the reigning Duke; whose health is in a too interesting state, the good though unlucky man. Of the Grävenitz sitting now in limbo, or travelling about disowned, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses*, let there be deep silence. But the Prince Alexander can answer abundantly on other heads. He comes to his inheritance a few months hence; actual reigning Duke, the poor serene Cousin having died: and perhaps we shall meet him transiently again.

He is Ancestor of the Czars of Russia, this Prince Alexander, who is now dining here in the body, along with Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eugene: Paul of Russia, unbeautiful Paul, married the second time, from Mumpelgard (what the French call Montbeillard, in Alsace), a serene Granddaughter of his, from whom come the Czars, — thanks to her or not. Prince Alexander is Ancestor withal of our present "Kings of Württemberg," if that mean anything: Father (what will mean something) to the serene Duke, still in swaddling-clothes,* who will be Son-in-law to Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth (could your Majesty foresee it); and will do strange pranks in the world, upon Poet Schiller and others. Him too, and Brothers of his, were they born and become of size, we shall meet. A noticeable man, and not without sense, this Prince Alexander; who is now of a surety eating with us, — as we find by the extinct *Morning Post* in Fassmann's old Book.

Of the other eating figures, Stahrenbergs, Sternbergs, Kinsky Ambassador to England, Kinsky Ambassador to France, high Austrian dignitaries, we shall say nothing: — who would listen to us? Hardly can the Hof-Kanzler Count von Sinzendorf, supreme of Aulic men, who holds the rudder of Austrian State-Policy, and probably feels himself loaded with importance beyond most mortals now eating here or elsewhere, — gain the smallest recognition from oblivious

* Born, 21st January 1732; Karl Eugen the name of him (Michaelis, lii. 450).

English readers of our time. It is certain he eats here on this occasion; and to his Majesty he does not want for importance. His Majesty, intent on Jülich and Berg and other high matters, spends many hours next day, in earnest private dialogue with him. We mention farther, with satisfaction, that Grumkow and Ordnance-Master Seckendorf are both on the list, and all our Prussian party, down to Hacke of the Potsdam grenadiers, friend Schulenburg visibly eating among the others. Also that the dinner was glorious (*herrlich*), and ended about five.* After which his Majesty went to two evening parties, of a high order, in the Hradschin Quarter or elsewhere; cards in the one (unless you liked to dance, or grin idle talk from you), and supper in the other.

His Majesty amused himself for four other days in Prag, interspersing long earnest dialogues with Sinzen-dorf, with whom he spent the greater part of Saturday,** — results as to Jülich and Berg of a rather cloudy nature. On Saturday came the Kaiser, too, and Kaiserinn to their high House, the Schloss in Prag; and there occurred, in the incognito form, "as if by accident," three visits or counter-visits, two of them of some length. The King went dashing about; saw, deliberately or in glimpses, all manner of things, — from "the Military Hospital" to "the Tongue of St. Nepomuk" again. Nepomuk, an imaginary Saint of those parts; pitched into the Moldau, as is fancied and

* Fassmann, p. 474.

** Pöllnitz, II. 411.

fabled, by wicked King Wenzel (King and Deposed-Kaiser, whom we have heard of), for speaking and refusing to speak; Nepomuk is now become the Patron of Bridges, in consequence; stands there in bronze on the Bridge of Prag; and still shows a dried Tongue in the world:* this latter, we expressly find, his Majesty saw.

On Sunday, his Majesty, nothing of a straitlaced man, attended divine or quasi-divine worship in the Cathedral Church, — where high Prince Bishops delivered *palliums*, did histrionisms; “manifested the *absurdität* of Papistry” more or less. Coming out of the Church, he was induced to step in and see the rooms of the Schloss, or Imperial Palace. In one of the rooms, as if by accident, the Kaiser was found lounging: “Extremely delighted to see your Majesty!” — and they had the first of their long or considerable dialogues together; purport has not transpired. The second considerable dialogue was on the morrow, when Imperial Majesty, as if by accident, found himself in the Count-Nostitz Palace, where Friedrich Wilhelm lodges. Delighted to be so fortunate again! Hope your Majesty likes Prag? Eternal friendship, *Oh ja*: — and as to Jülich and Berg? Particulars have not transpired.

Prag is a place full of sights: his Majesty, dashing about in all quarters, has a busy time; affairs of state (Jülich and Berg principally) alternating with what we now call the *lions*. Zisca's drum, for instance, in the

* *Die Legende vom heiligen Johann von Nepomuk*, von D. Otto Abel (Berlin, 1865); an acute bit of Historical Criticism.

Arsenal here? Would your Majesty wish to see Zisca's own skin, which he bequeathed to be a drum when *he* had done with it? "*Narrenpossen!*" — for indeed the thing is fabulous, though in character with Zisca. Or the Council-Chamber window, out of which "the Three Prag Projectiles fell into the Night of things," as a modern Historian expresses it? Three Official Gentlemen, flung out one morning,* 70 feet, but fell on "sewerage," and did not die, but set the whole world on fire? That is too certain, as his Majesty knows: that brought the crowning of the Winter-King, Battle of the Weissenberg, Thirty-Years War; and lost us Jägerndorf and much else.

Or Wallenstein's Palace, — did your Majesty look at that? A thing worth glancing at, on the score of History and even of Natural-History. That rugged son of steel and gunpowder could not endure the least noise in his sleeping-room or even sitting-room, — a difficulty in the soldiering way of life; — and had, if I remember, one hundred and thirty houses torn away in Prag, and sentries posted all round in the distance, to secure silence for his much-meditating indignant soul. And yonder is the Weissenberg, conspicuous in the western suburban region: and here in the eastern, close by, is the Ziscaberg; — O Heaven, your Majesty, on this Zisca-Hill will be a new "Battle of Prag," which will throw the Weissenberg into eclipse; and there is awful fighting coming on in these parts again! —

* 13th (23d) May 1618 (Köhler, p. 507).

The *third* of the considerable dialogues in Prag was on this same Monday night; when his Majesty went to wait upon the Kaiserinn, and the Kaiser soon accidentally joined them. Precious gracious words passed; — on Berg and Jülich nothing particular, that we hear; — and the High Personages, with assurances of everlasting friendship, said adieu; and met no more, in this world. On his toilet-table Friedrich Wilhelm found a gold Tobacco-box, sent by the highest Lady extant; gold Tobacco-box, item gold Tobacco-stopper or Pipe-picker: such the parting gifts of her Imperial Majesty. Very precious indeed, and grateful to the honest heart; — yet testifying too (as was afterwards suggested to the royal mind) what these high people think of a rustic Orson King; and how they fling their nose into the air over his Tabagies and him.

On the morrow morning early, Friedrich Wilhelm rolls away again homewards, by Karlsbad, by Baireuth; all the cannon of Prag saying thrice, Good speed to him. "He has had a glorious time," said the Berlin Court-lady to Queen Sophie one evening; "no end of "kindness from the Imperial Majesties: but has he "brought Berg and Jülich in his pocket?" — Alas, not a fragment of them; nor of any solid thing whatever, except it be the gold Tobacco-box; and the confirmation of our Claims on East Friesland (cheap liberty to let us vindicate them if we can), if you reckon that a solid thing. These two Imperial gifts, such as they are, he has consciously brought back with him; — and perhaps, though as yet unconsciously, a third gift, of

much more value, once it is developed into clearness: some dim trace of insight into the no-meaning of these high people; and how they consider *us* as mere Orsons, and wild Bisons, whom they will do the honour to consume as provision, if we behave well!

The great King Friedrich, now Crown-Prince at Ruppın, writing of this Journey long afterwards, — hastily, incorrectly, as his wont is, in regard to all manner of minute outward particulars; and somewhat maltreating, or at least misplacing, even the inward meaning, which was well known to him *without* investigation, but which he is at no trouble to *date* for himself, and has dated at random, — says, in his thin rapid way, with much polished bitterness:

“His” (King Friedrich Wilhelm’s) “experience on this occasion served to prove that good-faith and the virtues, so “contrary to the corruption of the age, do not succeed in it. “Politicians have banished sincerity (*la candeur*) into private “life: they look upon themselves as raised quite above the “laws which they enjoin on other people; and give way “without reserve to the dictates of their own depraved mind.

“The guaranty of Jülich and Berg, which Seckendorf had “formally promised in the name of the Emperor, went off in “smoke; and the Imperial Ministers were in a disposition so “opposed to Prussia, the King saw clearly” (not for some years yet) “that if there was a Court in Europe intending to “cross his interests, it was certainly that of Vienna. This “Visit of his to the Emperor was like that of Solon to Cræsus” (Solon not recognisable, in the grenadier costume, amid the tobacco-smoke, and dim accompaniments!) — “and he re- “turned to Berlin, rich still in his own virtue. The most

"punctilious censors could find no fault in his conduct, except "a probity carried to excess. The Interview ended as those "of Kings often do: it cooled" (not for some time yet), "or to "say better, it extinguished the friendship there had been "between the two Courts. Friedrich Wilhelm left Prag full "of contempt" (dimly, altogether unconsciously, *tending* to have some contempt, and in the end to be full of it) "for the "deceitfulness and pride of the Imperial Court: and the Em- "peror's Ministers disdained a Sovereign who looked without "interest on frivolous ceremonials and precedences. Him they "considered too ambitious in aiming at the Berg and Jülich "succession: them he regarded" (came to regard) "as a pack "of knaves, who had broken their word, and were not punished "for it."

Very bitter, your Majesty; and, in all but the dates, true enough. But what a drop of concentrated absynth follows next, by way of finish, — which might itself have corrected the dating!

"In spite of so many subjects of discontent, the King "wedded his Eldest Son" (my not too fortunate self), "out of "complaisance to the Vienna Court, with a Princess of "Brunswick-Bevern, Niece to the Empress:" — bitter fact; necessitating change of date in the paragraphs just written.*

Friedrich Wilhelm, good soul, cherishes the Imperial gifts, Tobacco-box included; — claps the Arms of East-Friesland on his escutcheon; will take possession of Friesland, if the present Duke die heirless, let George of England say what he will. And so he rolls

* *Œuvres de Frédéric (Mémoires de Brandebourg)*, t. 1. 162, 163.

homeward, by way of Baireuth. He staid but a short while in Karlsbad; has warned his Wilhelmina that he will be at Baireuth on the 9th of the month.*

Wilhelmina is very poorly; "near her time," as wives say; rusticated in "the Hermitage," a Country-House in the vicinity of Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law gone away, towards the Bohemian frontier, to hunt boars. Oh, the bustle and the bother that high Lady had; getting her little Country-House stretched out to the due pitch to accommodate everybody, — especially her foolish Sister of Anspach and foolish Brother-in-law and suite, — with whom, by negligence of servants and otherwise, there had like to have risen incurable quarrel on the matter. But the dextrous young Wife, gladdest, busiest and weakliest of hopeful creatures, contrived to manage everything, like a female Field-marshal, as she was. Papa was delighted; bullied the foolish Anspach people, — or would have done so, had not I intervened, that the matter might die. Papa was gracious, happy; very anxious about me in my interesting state. "Thou hast lodged me to perfection, good Wilhelmina. Here I find my wooden stools, tubs to wash in; all things as if I were at Potsdam: — a good girl; and thou must take care of thyself, my child (*mein Kind*)."

At dinner, his Majesty, dreading no ill, but intent only on the practical, got into a quiet, but to me most dreadful, lecture to the old Margraf (my Father-in-law)

* Wilhelmina, II. 55.

upon debt and money and arrears: How he, the Margraf, was cheated at every turn, and led about by the nose, and kept weltering in debt: how he should let the young Margraf go into the Offices, to supervise, and withal to learn tax-matters and economics betimes. How he (Friedrich Wilhelm) would send him a fellow from Berlin who understood such things, and would drill his scoundrels for him! To which the old Margraf, somewhat flushed in the face, made some embarrassed assent, knowing it in fact to be true; and accepted the Berlin man: — but he made me (his poor Daughter-in-law) smart for it afterwards: "Not quite dead *yet*, Madam; you will have to wait a little!" — and other foolish speech; which required to be tempered down again by a judicious female mind.

Grumkow himself was pleasant on this occasion; told us of Kladrup, the Prag etiquettes; and how he was like to go mad seeing his Majesty so humiliate himself. Fräulein Grumkow, a niece of his, belonging to the Austrian Court, who is over here with the rest, a satirical intriguing baggage, she, I privately perceive, has made a conquest of my foolish Brother-in-law the Anspach Margraf here; — and there will be jealousies, and a cat-and-dog life over yonder, worse than ever! Tush, why should we talk? — These are the phenomena at Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law having quitted their boar-hunt and hurried home.

After three days, Friedrich Wilhelm rolled away again; lodged, once more, at Meuschwitz, with abstruse Seckendorf and his good old Wife, who do the hospi-

talities well when they must, in spite of the single candle once visible. On the morrow after which, 14th August 1732, his Majesty is off again, "at four in the morning," towards Leipzig, intending to be home that night, though it is a long drive. At Leipzig, not to waste time, he declines entering the Town; positively will not, though the cannon-salvoes are booming all round; — "breakfasts, in the suburbs, with a certain "Horse-dealer (*Ross-Händler*) now deceased:" respectable Centaur, capable, no doubt, of bargaining a little about cavalry mountings, while one eats, with appetite and at one's ease. Which done, Majesty darts off again, the cannon-salvoes booming out a second time; and by assiduous driving gets home to Potsdam about eight at night. And so has happily ended this Journey to Kladrup.*

* Fassmann, pp. 474-479; *Wilhelmina*, li. 46-55; *Pöllnitz*, li. 407-412; *Förster*, i. 328-334.

CHAPTER V.

GHOST OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE RISES; TO NO PURPOSE.

WE little expected to see the "Double-Marriage" start up into vitality again, at this advanced stage; or, of all men, Seckendorf, after riding 25,000 miles to kill the Double-Marriage, engaged in resuscitating it! But so it is: by endless intriguing, matchless in History or Romance, the Austrian Court had, at such expense to the parties and to itself, achieved the first problem of stifling the harmless Double-Marriage; and now, the wind having changed, it is actually trying its hand the opposite way.

Wind is changed: consummate Robinson has managed to do his thrice-salutary "Treaty of Vienna;"* to clout up all differences between the Sea-Powers and the Kaiser, and restore the old Law of Nature, — Kaiser to fight the French, Sea-Powers to feed and pay him while engaged in that necessary job. And now it would be gratifying to the Kaiser, if there remained, on this side of the matter, no rent anywhere; if between his chief Sea ally and his chief Land one, the Britannic Majesty, and the Prussian, there prevailed a complete understanding, with no grudge left.

The honour of this fine resuscitation project is

* 16th March 1731, the *tail* of it (accession of the Dutch, of Spain, &c.) not quite coiled up till 20th February 1722: Schöll, i. 218-222.

ascribed to Robinson by the Vienna people: "Robinson's suggestion," they always say: how far it was, or whether at all it was or not, nobody at present knows. Guess rather, if necessary, it had been the Kaiser's own! Robinson, as the thing proceeds, is instructed from St. James's to "look on and not interfere;"* Prince Eugene too, we can observe, is privately against it, though officially urgent, and doing his best. Who knows, — or need know?

Enough that High Heads are set upon it; that the diplomatic wigs are all wagging with it, from about the beginning of October 1732; and rumours are rife and eager, occasionally spurting out into the Newspapers: Double-Marriage after all, hint the old Rumours: Double-Marriage somehow or other; Crown-Prince to have his English Princess, Prince Fred of England to console the Brunswick one for loss of her Crown-Prince; or else Prince Karl of Brunswick to — And half-a-dozen other ways; which Rumour cannot settle to its satisfaction. The whispers upon it, from Hanover, from Vienna, at Berlin, and from the Diplomatic world in general, occasionally whistling through the Newspapers, are manifold and incessant, — not worthy of the least attention from us here.** What is certain is, Seckendorf, in the end of October, is corresponding on it with Prince Eugene; has got instructions to propose the matter in Tobacco-Parliament; and does not like it at all. Grumkow, who perhaps has seen dangerous

* Despatches, in State-Paper Office.

** Förster, iii. 111, 120, 108, 113, 122.

clouds threatening to mount upon him, and never been quite himself again in the Royal Mind since that questionable *Nosti* business, dissuades earnestly, constantly. "Nothing but mischief will come of such a proposal," says Grumkow steadily; and for his own share absolutely declines concern in it.

But Prince Eugene's orders are express; remonstrances, cunctations only strengthen the determination of the High Heads or Head: Forward with this beautiful scheme! Seckendorf, puckered into dangerous anxieties, but summoning all his cunning, has at length, after six-weeks hesitation, to open it, as if casually, in some favourable hour, to his Prussian Majesty. December 5th, 1732, as we compute; — a kind of epoch in his Majesty's life. Prussian Majesty stares wide-eyed; the breath as if struck out of him; repeats, "Jülich and Berg absolutely secured, say you? But — hm, na!" — and has not yet taken in the unspeakable dimensions of the occurrence. "What? Imperial Majesty will make me break my word before all the world? Imperial Majesty has been whirling me about, face now to the east, face straightway round to the west: Imperial Majesty does not feel that I am a man and king at all; takes me for a mere machine, to be seesawed and whirled hither and thither, like a rotatory Clothes-horse, to dry his Imperial Majesty's linen upon. *Tausend Himmel* — ! —"

The full dimensions of all this did not rise clear upon the intellect of Prussian Majesty, — a slow intellect, but a true and deep, with terrible earthquakes and

poetic fires lying under it, — not at once, or for months, perhaps years to come. But they had begun to dawn upon him painfully here; they rose gradually into perfect clearness: all things seen at last as what they were: — with huge submarine earthquake for consequence, and total change of mind towards Imperial Majesty and the drying of his Pragmatic linen, in Friedrich Wilhelm. Amiable Orson, true to the heart; amiable, though terrible when too much put upon!

This dawning process went on for above two years to come, painfully, reluctantly, with explosions, even with tears. But here, directly on the back of Seckendorf's proposal, and recorded from a sure hand, is what we may call the peep-of-day in that matter: First Session of Tobacco-Parliament, close after that event. Event is on the 5th December 1732; Tobacco Session is of the 6th; — glimpse of it is given by Speaker Grumkow himself; authentic to the bone.

Session of Tobacco-Parliament, 6th December 1732.

Grumkow, shattered into "headache" by this Session, writes Report of it to Seckendorf before going to bed. Look, reader, into one of the strangest Political Establishments; and how a strange Majesty comports himself there, directly after such Proposal from Vienna to marry with England still — "Schwerin" is incidentally in from Frankfurt on the Oder, where his Regiment and business usually lie: the other Honourable Members we sufficiently know. Majesty has been a

little out of health lately; perceptibly worse the last two days. "Syberg" is a Gold-Cook (Alchemical gentleman, of very high professions), come to Berlin some time ago; whom his Majesty, after due investigation, took the liberty to hang.* Readers can now understand what Speaker Grumkow writes, and despatches by his lackey, in such haste:

"I never saw such a scene as this evening. Derschau, "Schwerin, Buddenbrock, Rochow, Flanz were present. We "had been about an hour in the Red Room" (languidly doing "our tobacco off and on), when he" (the King) "had us shifted "into the Little Room; drove out the servants; and cried, "looking fixedly at me: 'No, I cannot endure it any longer! "*Es stösset mir das Herz ab,*' cried he, breaking into German: "It crushes the heart out of me; to make me do a bit of "scoundrelism, me, me! No, I say; no, never! Those "damned intrigues; may the Devil take them!" —

"*Ego* (Grumkow). 'Of course, I know of nothing. But I "do not comprehend your Majesty's inquietude, coming thus "on the sudden, after our common indifferent mood.'

"*King*. 'What, make me a villain! I will tell it right out. "Certain damned scoundrels have been about betraying me. "People that should have known me better have been trying "to lead me into a dishonourable scrape' — ("Here I called- "in the hounds, *Je rompis les chiens*," reports Grumkow, "for "he was going to blab everything; I interrupted, saying):

"*Ego*. 'But, your Majesty, what is it ruffles you so? I "know not what you talk of. Your Majesty has honourable "people about you; and the man who lets himself be em- "ployed in things against your Majesty must be a traitor.'

* Förster, iii. 126.

"*King.* 'Yes, ja, ja. I will do things that will surprise
"them! I' —

"And, in short, a torrent of exclamations: which I strove
"to soften by all manner of incidents and contrivances; suc-
"ceeding at last," — by dexterity and time (but, at this point,
the light is now blown-out, and we see no more): — "so that
"he grew quite calm again, and the rest of the evening passed
"gently enough.

"Well, you see what the effect of your fine Proposal is,
"which you said he would like! I can tell you, it is the most
"detestable incident that could have turned up. I know, you
"had your orders: but you may believe and depend on it, he
"has got his heart driven rabid by the business, and says,
"Who knows now whether that villain Syberg' Gold-cook,
that was hanged the other day, 'was not set-on by some
"people to poison me?' In a word, he was like a madman.

"What struck me most was when he repeated, 'Only think!
"Think! Who would have expected it of people that should
"have known me; and whom I know, and have known, better
"than they fancy!'" — Pleasant passage for Seckendorf to
chew the cud upon, through the night-watches!

"In fine, as I was somewhat confused; and anxious, above
"all, to keep him from exploding with the secret, I cannot re-
"member everything. But Derschau, who was more at his
"ease, will be able to give you a full account. He" (the King)
"said more than once: '*This* was his sickness; the thing that
"ailed him, this: it gnawed his heart, and would be the death
"of him!' He certainly did not affect; he was in a very con-
"vulsive condition." — (*Jarni-Bleu*, here is a piece of work,
Herr Seckendorf!) — "Adieu, I have a headache." Where-
upon to bed. — "GRUMKOW."*

This Hansard Report went off direct to Prince Eugene; and ought to have been a warning to the high Vienna heads and him. But they persisted not the less, to please Robinson or themselves; considering his Prussian Majesty to be, in fact, a mere rotatory Clothes-horse for drying the Imperial linen on, and to have no intellect at all, because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all. In which they were very much mistaken indeed. History is proud to report that the guileless Prussian Majesty, steadily attending to his own affairs in a wise manner, though hoodwinked and led about by Black-Artists as he had been, turned out, when Fact and Nature subsequently pronounced upon it, to have had more intellect than the whole of them together, — to have been, in a manner, the only one of them that had any real "intellect," or insight into Fact and Nature, at all. Consummate Black-art Diplomacies overnetting the Universe, went entirely to water, running down the gutters to the last drop; and a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact, organic in every part, from diligent plough-sock to shining bayonet and iron ramrod, remained standing. "A full Treasury and "200,000 well-drilled men would be the one guarantee "to your Pragmatic Sanction," Prince Eugene had said. But that bit of insight was not accepted at Vienna; Black-art, and Diplomatic spiderwebs from pole to pole, being thought the preferable method.

Enough, Seckendorf was ordered to manipulate and soothe-down the Prussian Majesty, as surely would be easy; to continue his galvanic operations on the Double

Match, or produce a rotation in the purposes of the royal breast. Which he diligently strove to do, when once admitted to speech again; — Grumkow steadily declining to meddle, and only Queen Sophie, as we can fancy, auguring joyfully of it. Seckendorf, admitted to speech the third day after that explosive Session, snuffles his softest, his cunningest; — continues to ride diligently, the concluding portion (such it proved) of his 25,000 miles, with the Prussian Majesty up and down through winter and spring; but makes not the least progress, the reverse rather.

Their dialogues and arguings on the matter, here and elsewhere, are lost in air: or gone wholly to a single point unexpectedly preserved for us. One day, riding through some village, Priort some say his Majesty calls it, some give another name, — advocate Seckendorf, in the fervour of pleading and arguing, said some word, which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his Majesty's mind, and never would go out of it again while he lived after. In passionate moments, his Majesty spoke of it sometimes, a clangorous pathos in his tones, as of a thing hideous, horrible, never to be forgotten, which had killed him, — death from a friend's hand. "It was the 17th of April 1733,* riding through Priort, "a man said something to me; it was as if you had

* All the Books (Fürster, II. 142, for one) mention this utterance of his Majesty, on what occasion we shall see farther on; and give the date "1732," not 1733; but except as amended above, it refuses to have any sense visible at this distance. The Village of Priort is in the Potsdam region.

"turned a dagger about in my heart. That man
"was he that killed me; there and then I got my
"death!"

A strange passion in that utterance; the deep dumb
soul of his Majesty, of dumb-poetic nature, suddenly
brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. "Oh
Kaiser, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire; and this is
your return for my loyal faith in you? I had nearly
killed my Fritz, my Wilhelmina, broken my Feekin's
heart and my own, and reduced the world to ruins for
your sake. And because I was of faith more than
human, you took me for a dog? Oh Kaiser, Kaiser!" —
Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, he spoke of this often, in
excited moments, in his later years; the tears running
down his cheeks, and the whole man melted into tragic
emotion: but if Fritz were there, the precious Fritz
whom he had almost killed for their sake, he would
say, flashing out into proud rage, "There is one that
"will avenge me, though; that one! *Da steht Einer,*
"*der mich rächen wird!*"* Yes, your Majesty; perhaps
that one. And it will be seen whether *you* were a
rotatory Clothes-horse to dry their Pragmatic linen upon,
or something different a good deal.

* Förster, II. 153.

END OF VOL. IV.

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